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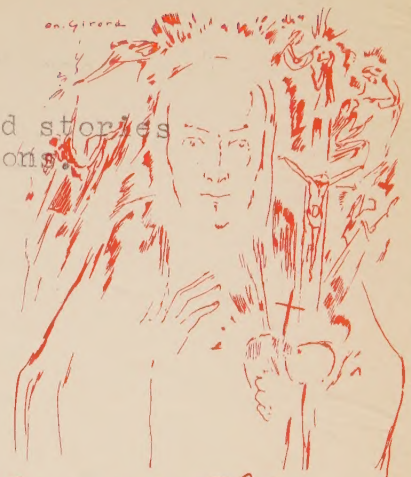

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FIVE HUNDRED STORIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

ADAPTED TO THE CHRISTIAN YEAR
FOR THE USE OF CATECHISTS
TEACHERS AND PREACHERS

EDITED BY
THE REV. WALKER GWYNNE
AUTHOR OF "MANUALS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE," ETC.

"*He spake many things unto them in parables.*"

NEW YORK
EDWIN S. GORHAM, PUBLISHER
FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTIETH STREET
1906

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS book is intended as a companion to the editor's "Manuals of Christian Doctrine," and "Bible Lessons for the Christian Year." While there are many books of anecdotes on Christian morality, telling and "tellable" illustrations of Christian doctrine are far from abundant. The editor feels confident, therefore, that this book needs no apology. It is the result of fourteen years of patient gathering from every quarter. The editor has lately carefully scrutinised two books (one of them by a Church clergyman), containing together about three thousand illustrations, and found only two for his purpose. Out of another collection of over six thousand he succeeded in getting only one!

He will regard it as a great favour if those into whose hands this book may come will kindly send him, from time to time, any apt illustrations or anecdotes bearing on the topics here treated. He will be glad to have them for the enlargement of a future edition, if such should be called for.

Except in a few cases no credit has been given for authorship, partly because it was impossible to say to whom the selections really belonged, and partly because in borrowing the editor had to adapt them for his purpose. He desires, however, to record his special indebtedness to the many excellent books of Mr. Wilmot-

Buxton and Dr. Hardman; to Mr. Jackson's "Missioner's Manual," and also to Mr. Lane's popular "Illustrated Notes on English Church History."

WALKER GWYNNE.

Calvary Rectory, Summit, N. J., July, 1897.

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FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE CHRIST.

Christ our King.

When we become the servants of God we engage to be so for ever. An aged Bishop who was acquainted, in his younger days, with the Apostle S. John, and whose name was Polycarp, was brought before the Roman Proconsul, or Magistrate, to be tried for being a Christian. He was told to reproach Christ. Raising his grey head, and looking steadfastly upon the judge with a grave and solemn aspect, he said, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who has saved me?" Upwards of a hundred years old, he chose rather to be burnt to death than deny Christ.

Christ our Present Helper.

It was this thought which supported the dead hero for whom all England wept. Day after day passed over Gordon in his lonely exile far away. Day after day he saw the sunrise flash on the white walls and fair palm trees of Khartoum, and the sunset redden the desert sand. Cut off from home, and comrades, and countrymen, far from the sound of English voices, and of English prayers; there is no more lonely figure than that of this martyr of duty. Day by day he strained his eyes to

see the rescue which never came, and yet in all this lonely waiting we cannot believe that the heart of Gordon failed, for he could say to his Master, Christ, "I am not alone, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Always Learning from Christ.

When the famous artist Michael Angelo was an old man, and had risen to the highest point of his fame, he was frequently seen walking among the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome studying the architecture. His friends asked the great artist why he did so, and the old man answered, "I still go to school that I may continue to learn."

Christ the Light of the World.

In the Oriental Church they have a service called the "Feast of Lights." It is held at night, because, when Christ came the world spiritually was in darkness. The whole church is filled with people who come there with unlighted tapers in their hands. Each taper signifies the human soul without Christ. Some of the clergy represent the Twelve Apostles, and as soon as each Apostle receives a taper, he lights it from a central taper on the altar and communicates the light to another and another and another. Soon the whole church is filled with a sea of glittering lights, all coming from the central one, and yet no man has lost anything by giving to his neighbour.

Without Christ.

It is said that an asylum for the blind was once constructed without windows, because the committee saw no use in providing light for those who cannot see. The consequence was that the patients languished and fell sick; but when the committee resolved to open the win-

dows the sun's rays poured in, and the health of the inmates was restored.

The Eye of Christ.

CHARLES SIMEON kept the picture of Henry Martyn in his study. Move where he would through the apartment, it seemed to keep its eyes upon him, and ever to say to him, "Be earnest, be earnest! don't trifle, don't trifle!" And the good Simeon would gently bow to the speaking picture, and, with a smile, reply, "Yes; I will be in earnest; I will, I will be in earnest. I will not trifle, for souls are perishing and Jesus is to be glorified."

Watching for Christ.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S favourite dog, "Watch," always followed his footsteps in the park and about the house. When service went on in the chapel, Watch stretched himself on the mat at the open door. On one occasion the Archbishop read the second lesson, which ended with the words, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!" and the dog immediately started up and walked to his master as if he had been called, and lay at his feet until the end of the service. Surely we, with our greater intelligence, ought to have that quickness to hear and to obey when Christ our Master calls us and bids us watch for His coming.

Seeing Christ in His Servants.

SISTER DORA gave up her life to nursing sick people. At the head of her bed a bell was fixed by which sufferers could summon her at any hour of the night. As she arose at the sound of the signal, she used to murmur these words, as if they were a charm: "The Master is

come and is calling for thee." It was as if the sick sufferer faded away, and in the couch she saw the Face that was marred with a world's anguish. Christ's Face across her fancy came, and gave the battle to her hands.

Christ our Deliverer.

THERE is a touching story told that at the end of the long French war a rough sailor landed near London bridge, and meeting a man selling larks in a cage, bought the whole lot, and then, opening the door, let the birds fly free. The bystanders remonstrated, but he replied with a laugh, "If you had, like me, spent six years in a French prison, you would learn to feel for caged things!"

"One is your Master, even Christ."

"ICH DIEN," I serve, is the motto of the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne of England. It declares that though he is the heir to such honour, his true greatness is in serving. We, too, are heirs to a kingdom, soldiers of a King, servants of a Master. How can we say that the Lord Jesus is *our* King and Master unless we serve Him? "Ich Dien" must be the motto of every soldier of Christ, as, indeed, it was that of Christ Himself when He said, "I am among you as He that serveth" (S. Luke xxii. 27).

The Everlasting Christ.

OVER the door of the mosque in Damascus, which was once a Christian church, but for twelve centuries has ranked among the holiest of the Mahometan sanctuaries, are inscribed these words: "Thy kingdom, O Christ! is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Though the Name of

Christ has been regularly blasphemed, and the disciples of Christ regularly cursed, for twelve hundred years within it, the inscription has, nevertheless, remained unimpaired by time, and undisturbed by man.

For the Love of Christ.

Did you ever read how the last fight of gladiators in the Colosseum ended? It was when Rome had become Christian, but still the cruel sports of the people had not been entirely given up. After a famous victory, the Emperor, a feeble boy, and all the great men of Rome, went to the crowded theatre to witness the amusements given in honour of the triumph. After the harmless sports were over, some gladiators entered the arena armed with sharp swords. The people shouted with delight because the old savage amusements of their heathen days were restored to them. Suddenly an old man, named Telemachus, dressed in the habit of a hermit, and unknown to all, sprang into the arena, and declared that as Christian people they must not suffer men to slay each other thus. An angry cry rose from the eager crowd. The gladiators, disappointed of their gain, menaced the hermit fiercely, crying, "Back, old man, for thy life." But the stranger stood fearless before that angry mob; he heeded not the swords of the gladiators, nor the yells of the people, but solemnly protested against the deed of blood. In another moment he lay dead on the red sand, pierced by a dozen wounds. He died, but his words lived. When the people saw the fearless courage of a weak old man, shame filled their hearts; the sports were stopped, and never again did the gladiators fight in the Colosseum. My brothers, if we are learning the love of Christ, we shall be brave to do the right, come what may.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE.

Need of Watchfulness.

About a hundred years ago, when the English and French were fighting in North America, both of them used wickedly to hire the savage Indian tribes to help them in the war. The English army was encamped on a certain plain: it was autumn and the nights were long. The sentinels were set all around the camp, with their watchfires, as usual, to give alarm in case of any attack. One morning the sentinel at a particular post was found dead, stabbed in the back with an Indian knife. Next morning the same thing happened. On the third morning also the sentinel was found dead. A young officer volunteered to take this post of danger, and in the night he saw, as he thought, one of the black hogs common in that country, rooting amongst the trees. As he watched, it drew closer and closer to him, and at last he fired at it. With a wild yell an Indian sprang up and fell dead on the spot. He had disguised himself in a hogskin, and so contrived to get behind the unsuspecting sentinels and stab them. Now, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!"

"Be ye also Ready."

It is related of the Count von Moltke that when war was declared by France, the great general was seriously in-

disposed. On learning the news at an advanced hour in the evening, the king had him aroused. "War is declared," said the messenger. "With whom?" asked the general. "With France," was the reply. "The third portfolio on the left," was all the count vouchsafed to say, and he fell asleep immediately.

Similitude of the Last Judgment.

THERE is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns, as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through, the machinery by unerring laws throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterises the judgment of the great Day. There are no mistakes or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before they go in.

Daily Duty the Preparation for Judgment.

AN eclipse of the sun happened in New England about a century ago. The heavens became very dark, and it seemed by many that the Day of Judgment was at hand. The Legislature of Connecticut happened then to be in session, and on the darkness coming on, a member moved the adjournment of the House, on which an old legislator, Davenport of Stamford, rose up and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found in his place and doing his duty; for which reasons he moved that candles should be brought, so that the House might proceed with its business. Waiting at the post of Duty

was the maxim of this wise man, and he carried his motion.

"If Christ were at hand."

S. CARLO BORROMEO was one day playing at chess, when the conversation of the company turned upon the Day of Judgment. One of the company asked the rest what they should do if it were suddenly announced that Christ was at hand. "I should begin to pray," said one; "I should go to confession," said another. At last they asked the Saint what he should do. "*I should go on with my game of chess,*" was his reply, "for I began it to the glory of God, and should continue it for the same end."

Certainty of the End of this World.

THE Word of God holds up before mankind two great days—the first day and the last. The first was when He spake this earth into form; the last, when it shall be dissolved. The world we inhabit had a birth-day: it will have a death-day. As the body we occupy was born, and must die; so this planetary body had its cradle, and will have its grave. As our frames testify to the presence of diseases that can destroy them, so this goodly frame of earth testifies to the presence of diseases that could instantly and easily destroy it. Sir Charles Lyell says, "In view of the activity of these elements, the wonder is, not that the earth will be dissolved, but that it exists for a moment."

How Christ will Judge.

THERE is a quaint legend told of a haughty and wealthy prince, who determined to build a noble church, on a lofty site, entirely at his own expense. No one was permitted in any way to share in the work. It was to be

his own offering and his alone, and in his pride he thought that he should have the sole credit of this fine structure. It was at length completed, and he was about to add his own statue, and had his name written in the niche that it was to occupy—but lo, it was found to be effaced, and that of a poor widow substituted (by an angel's hand it was said)! The widow was summoned before the astonished prince, and asked what part or act she had taken in the erection of the glorious church. Alarmed, she confessed that she had ventured to give a few handfuls of hay to the horses that drew the stone up the hill-side, because they were working in so good a cause. And thus it was showed that while God refused and disregarded the offering of pride and self-exaltation, He recognised the quiet sympathy and interest showed by the poor widow—in accordance with what is written —" Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward " (S. Matt. x. 42).

God's Present Judgment.

A FRIEND, who had been an officer in the army during the great civil war between North and South, told me that one day when he was lying wounded on the field of battle, and suffering terribly from burning thirst, he saw another wounded soldier of the opposite army lying near him and drinking from a canteen. He looked over toward him and begged him to give him a little of the precious water, but instead of granting his request, the man raised himself on his elbow and aimed his rifle at my friend, prepared to shoot. At that very moment a bullet penetrated his own head and he fell back dead. Surely God's judgment!

The Certainty of Judgment.

Said Anne of Austria, the Queen of France, to her implacable enemy, Cardinal Richelieu, "My lord cardinal, there is one fact which you seem entirely to have forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week, or month, or year; but I charge you, remember that He pays in the end."

The Certainty of Judgment.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
grinds He all.—*Longfellow.*

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

Unclaimed Riches.

THERE is a story told of an old Indian who lived a miserable life by begging, and was welcome wherever he was known. A kind settler, who knew him well, asked him what it was that he carried about his neck. He said that it was a charm to keep away evil spirits and disease. On opening the old leather cover of the charm, the settler found a regular discharge for the Indian from the revolutionary army, and a certificate in the writing of George Washington that would entitle him to a pension every year, and to many years of back pay. He supposed himself to be a poor, miserable beggar, and here was a fortune for him. So we go on. The promises and engagements of God's Word are worthy of princes. They would make of us kings and priests and sons of God. And yet we live in pinching spiritual poverty. Let us look up our unclaimed possessions, and inherit the promises given us in our baptism.

Christians Worthy of their Name.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT once saw in his army a strong, powerful-looking man, yet when it came to trial he proved a very coward. He asked him what was his name.

The man answered, "Alexander." "Nay, then," said Alexander, "either deny thy name, or do something worthy of it. I will not have a coward of my name."

Christians Worthy of their Name.

WEDGWOOD, the great English pottery maker, had the spirit of the true worker. Though risen from the ranks, he was never satisfied until he had done his best. He looked especially to the quality of his work, to the purposes it would serve, and to the appreciation of it by others. This was the source of his power and success. He would tolerate no inferior work. If it did not come up to his idea of what it should be, he would take up his stick, break the vessel, and throw it away, saying, "This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood!"

The Name Blotted out.

AMONG the insane convicts in the Eastern penitentiary is a middle-aged man who was literally nameless. He had brought on his disease by vicious and intemperate habits. He had wandered away from all who knew him, had lost his memory, and finally been sent to the asylum as a pauper. Recently one of the inspectors inquired his name. "Well, sir," replied the convict, as he pressed one of his hands against his forehead, as if to refresh his memory, "You have got the best of me. I did have a name once—I think it was Jack—but the fact is I am now too miserably poor to have a name. But, sir," and there was a look of earnestness in the man's eyes, "I wish you would please inquire among those who know me, and if you can find out what my name is tell me. It's frightful to be without a name."

"Leading Straight."

THE fact that you have a Christian name should remind you of your duty as a Christian. Your example, remember, is either leading or misleading. As a baptised boy or girl you simply cannot escape doing one or other—which shall it be? At the battle of Tel-el-Keber the English troops had no sufficient plans of the ground. The General, therefore, ordered a young naval officer to lead the Highland Brigade by the light of the stars to their destined post. When the fight began the Highlanders were ready, and among the first to fall was their young leader. The victory was gained, and the General hastened to the tent of his wounded officer. The dying man smiled as he raised his trembling hand to his commander, and looking him in the face, said, "General, didn't I lead them straight?" We are always leading our fellow-men by the example of our lives; the question is, *Are we leading them straight?*"

"Calling the Roll."

A SOLDIER during the great civil war lay dying, and his friends heard him say, "Here!" They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said, "Hush! they are calling the roll in Heaven, and I am answering to my name." Then presently he whispered, "Here!" and he was gone. Yes, we are soldiers. Our names are written in the book of Christ's great army, and some day we must answer to His roll-call. Then the question will be what *kind* of soldiers we were, and whether we stood in our ranks to the end, or turned and deserted to the enemy. Let us make sure that when Christ calls our name, we may answer, "Here, Lord, at Thy side!"

Remember your Name is Christian.

Not long ago I saw two soldiers at a railway station—one a grey-haired sergeant, the other a young recruit. The young man was inclined to be noisy and troublesome, and the elder said to him in a loud whisper, "Don't be a fool. Remember you are a Scotsman." I say to you take care of your good name. Remember you are Christians.

"The Marks of the Lord Jesus."

Our Christian name is one of these marks. The cross signed on our forehead is another. When Lord Nelson was going into his last battle, they wished him to cover, or lay aside, the glittering orders of victory which adorned his breast. But the hero refused, and perhaps his refusal cost him his life. Well, let us never hide the marks of our profession as Christian soldiers, even if we have to suffer; let men know that we bear about in our bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MEMBERS OF CHRIST.

The Branches must be Fruitful.

THE grape-vine is the most perfect of plants. Its stem, branches, leaves, and fruit are more elegant than those of any other in shape and hue. In a bunch of grapes we see the perfection of form and color. The vine combines beauty, shade, and fruitfulness. There are two great orders of plants, the *endogens* and the *exogens;* the former are unbranched, as the grass, lily, and palm,—the palm stands alone in the desert, graceful but solitary, drinking in sunshine and dew for its own selfish use; but the *exogens*, like the vine, sending out many branches and repeating itself in numberless miniature copies, converts earth, dew, rain, and sunshine into means for the nourishment and growth of branches and fruit.

"Christ in You."

THERE was a great and holy man, called Ignatius, who lived, in his younger days, while some of the apostles were yet in the world. To indicate his union with Christ, he called himself also by another name, Theophorus, which signifies, one with whom God is present. When he was brought before the emperor to be tried for being a Christian, and had told him the name which he had assumed, "Pray, who is Theophorus?" asked the emperor. Igna-

tius said, "He who has Christ in his breast." "Dost thou, then," demanded the other, "carry Him who was crucified within thee?" "I do," replied the good old man, raising his voice with holy animation,—"I do, for it is written, 'I dwell in them and walk in them.'"

The Responsibility of Christ's Members.

THERE is a legend that as S. Macarius wandered among those ancient Egyptian tombs, wherein he had made himself a dwelling-place, he found the skull of a mummy, and turning it over with his crutch he inquired to whom it belonged; and it replied, "To a pagan." "Where, then, is thy soul?" And the head replied, "In hell." S. Macarius asked, "How deep?" and the head replied, "The depth is greater than the distance from heaven to earth." Then S. Macarius asked, "Are there any deeper than thou art?" The skull replied, "Yes, the Jews are deeper still." And S. Macarius asked, "Are there any deeper than the Jews?" To which the head replied, "Yes, in sooth! for the Christians whom Jesus Christ hath redeemed, and who show in their actions that they despise His doctrine, are deeper still."

"Noblesse Oblige."

THAT is the old motto of the nobility of France. It means "Nobility binds," or "obliges"; that is, a nobleman must act nobly. How true that should be of us Christians! Members of Christ must be Christ-like.

Members of Christ.

TWO gentlemen were discussing the subject of baptism, one of whom doubted its value to a child, regarding it only in the light of an empty form. "Let us go

into the garden," said the doctor, "and I will show you." He and his friend paused before a tree, and the doctor pointed with his stick to a withered branch, carefully tied with twine to a round limb. "I used to believe that in baptism a child was dedicated to God: that is, that he was fastened on to the Church, but with no present spiritual influence. If such be the true doctrine, there is an illustration of the result. Now see here," he continued, pointing to another limb, "the Prayer-book taught me that in baptism the child is not tied on, but grafted in by the Holy Spirit. See that little twig. I put it there, and the life-giving Lord has made it a part of the tree."

Not much of a Christian.

When a boy was once asked if his father was a Christian, he answered, "Yes, he is a Christian, but he is not working much at it just now." How true that is of many who have been made members of Christ in holy baptism—branches of a very fruitful vine, but withered branches!

"Ye are the Light of the World."

An English clergyman relates the following incident: "During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible.

In a half minute's time I heard the joyful cry 'It's all right; he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life. It was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him. 'Let your light so shine.'"

"Ye are not your Own."

One day a poor pit-man in the Black Country, or coal region, of England, was brought to the hospital with his right arm shattered. The doctors said it must be cut off, but Sister Dora, who had charge of the nurses, felt sure that with good care the arm might be saved. She persuaded the doctors to spare it, and after a long time and good nursing the shattered arm grew well. Soon after Sister Dora herself became very ill, and every day the grateful pit-man walked miles after his weary work to inquire for his friend. And this was always the message that he left at the door: "Tell Sister Dora that *her arm* knocked at the gate to inquire for her." Let us remember that both our souls and bodies belong to the Lord Jesus. He has redeemed them, and they are His members.

"The Best."

Members of Christ can have no lower standard of conduct than their Divine Head—Christ Himself. They must aim at "the best." An American hammer maker was once asked whether, after twenty years' practice, he did not make a pretty good hammer. "No," he replied, "I never make a pretty good hammer; I make the best hammer in the United States." Nothing lower than "the best" must satisfy us.

Not Ashamed of being Christians.

WHAT would the Queen think of her soldiers, if they should swear they were loyal and true, and were to say, "Your Majesty, we prefer not to wear these regimentals: let us wear the dress of civilians! We are right honest men and upright, but do not care to stand in your ranks, acknowledged as your soldiers: we had rather slink into the enemy's camp, and into your camps too, and not wear anything that would mark us as being your soldiers." Ah! some of you do the same with Christ. You are going to be secret Christians, are you, and slink into the Devil's camp, and into Christ's camp, but acknowledged by none?

Power of Christian Example.

WHEN native converts on the Island of Madagascar presented themselves for baptism, it was often asked of them, "What first led you to think of becoming Christians? Was it a particular sermon or address, or the reading of God's Word?" The answer usually was, that the changed conduct of others who had become Christians was what first arrested their attention. "I knew this man to be a thief: that one was a drunkard; another was very cruel and unkind to his family. Now they are all changed. The thief is an honest man, the drunkard is sober and respectable, and the other is gentle and kind in his home. There must be something in a religion that can work such changes."

Christians "the Light of the World."

So said our Lord, and it was perhaps in derision of His words that the Emperor Nero covered the Christians of

Rome all over with pitch and then set them on fire as torches to give light to the city. His very act, however, only made Christ's words more true, for these martyrs have lighted the world ever since by their faith and sufferings for Christ.

FIRST SUNDAY IN CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

CONCEIVED AND BORN, ETC.

The Foundation of Humility.

"Do you wish to be great?" asks S. Augustine. "Then begin by being little. Do you desire to construct a vast and lofty fabric? Think first about the foundations of humility. The higher your structure is to be the deeper must be its foundation." Who so great as Christ? Yet who so humble?

Humility a Sign of Worth.

A FARMER went with his son into a wheat-field to see if it was ready for the harvest. "See, father," exclaimed the boy, "how straight these stems hold up their heads! They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down I am sure cannot be good for much." The farmer plucked a stalk of each kind, and said, "See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight is light-headed, and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly is full of the most beautiful grain."

The Mark of a True Gentleman.

AT Plymouth there is a narrow ledge of rock, only wide enough for the small feet of a goat to walk upon. On

each side there is a deep chasm. On this ledge it happened that two goats met. There was no room for them to pass each other, or to turn round. The one that did so must fall and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The goats felt their danger, and made loud cries of distress. Many people heard them, but none could give the least help. The goats stood face to face for a long time; at last one was seen to kneel and crouch down as close as it could lie upon the ground, and the other walked over him, and so both were saved. About this story Cecil truly says, "The goat who lay down that the other might pass over him was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield."

Imitation of Christ its own Reward.

King Wenceslas, of Bohemia, looked forth from his castle window one night at Christmastide, and saw a poor man gathering sticks a league away. Calling to his page to bring provisions, he took a bundle of wood on his shoulder, and went forth to the poor man through the snow, the page following behind. And as they went, the page's heart failed him. "Sire," he said, "let us return; the wind freezes my very blood. I can go no further." "Seems it so much?" asked the king. "Was not His journey from heaven a wearier and a colder way than this?" The page made no reply. "Follow me on still," said his master; "only tread in my footsteps, and you will proceed more easily." The servant knew that his master spoke not at random. He set his feet in the prints of his lord's feet, and as he trod those steps gained life and heat. He felt not the wind; he heeded not the frost. The footprints glowed as with a holy fire; and zealously he followed his king on his errand of mercy.—*Ancient Legend.*

Christ Present to us in His Poor.

SOME pleasing incidents are associated with Falk's early career. One evening at supper-table, a little boy had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou hast provided"; when a little fellow looked up and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes. We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes!" "Dear children, only wait, and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation." "I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor half-frozen boy entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome. The chair stood empty for him. Every child wanted him to have his plate, and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger. The little one, who had been thinking hard all the time, said, "Jesus could not come, *and so He sent this poor boy in His place.*"

"He Humbled Himself."

IN the little Dutch village of Saardam, there is a poor, low, one-storied wooden cottage, which is, however, very carefully preserved from weather and decay by an elevated roof, supported on pillars. It is thus protected on account of its very interesting history. In this lowly cabin once dwelt the famous Czar Peter, Emperor of Russia. For a space of time he left his dominions, and, disguised, sought the great maritime States of Holland and England. He desired to make Russia a great power in Europe, and, as a part of this scheme, to supply his country with a navy. He was determined to know and understand the whole matter for himself, and used to work with his own hands. It was in gaining a practical

knowledge of shipbuilding, in the dockyards of Holland, that he was content to live for a time in this poor cottage, and to lay aside all the pomp, splendour, and implicit obedience of a court, or a camp, to which he had been accustomed. This is some slight illustration of the King of Heaven stooping to the cradle of Bethlehem, and the workshop of Nazareth.

Christ the Leader.

When Alexander the Great marched through Persia, his way was stopped with ice and snow. His soldiers became tired out with hard marching, and, being discouraged, would have gone no farther; but he, perceiving it, dismounted from his horse, and made his way through the ice in the midst of them all with a pickaxe. They were all ashamed; and his friends, the captains of the army, and, lastly, the common soldiers, followed him. So should all men follow Christ by that rough and unpleasant way of the Cross; He having left them an example, they are to follow in His steps.

Christ the Ladder.

To the north of Scotland lies an island called Bressay. It is one of the Shetland Islands, and its shores are very rocky. On the south coast of Bressay is a slate-quarry. The workmen had to descend the cliff to it by means of a ladder. One evening a violent and sudden storm drove the quarry-men from their work. The ladder was left fastened to the cliff. The night was very dark and stormy. A ship which was struggling with the waves was driven close to the island. Her crew beheld with terror the white foam of the breakers as they dashed against the

rocks. They knew that if the ship were stranded they must be wrecked. Still the howling winds drove her forward. The waves dashed over her, filled the cabin with water, and drowned the wife of the captain. The sailors now climbed into the rigging. They were at the mercy of the furious wind and of the raging sea. They gave themselves up for lost. Many prayers and cries for deliverance were uttered. On came the ship, and struck against the shore. The poor seamen felt that death was almost certain. On the summit of the cliff was safety, but how could they reach it who were helplessly dashed at its foot? Just as the ship struck near the rock their terror was changed to joy. Close beside them, on the steep face of the cliff, was a ladder. It seemed as if placed there on purpose for them. In haste they sprang from the rigging, mounted the ladder, and reached the top of the cliff in safety. The vessel went to pieces so quickly that by the next morning hardly a trace of her was left.

SECOND SUNDAY IN CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

INFANT BAPTISM.

The True Soldier.

It is said that some years ago, when excavations were being made at Pompeii, there was found the skeleton of a Roman sentinel on guard. Where he had been placed there he stood and died, during the burial of the city by the ashes of Vesuvius, some eighteen hundred years ago. This was the true soldier. While others fled, he stood to his post. It was his duty. He had been set to guard the place, and he never flinched. He was suffocated by the sulphurous vapour of the falling ashes. His body was resolved to dust, but his memory survives. His helmet, lance, and breastplate are still to be seen at the Museo Borbonico at Naples. This soldier was obedient and disciplined. He did what he was appointed to do.

Good Soldiers.

We read that of twelve thousand three hundred soldiers slain in a certain battle, only two were found wounded in the back. Standing in the ranks, they fell fighting, with the exception of these two cravens, whose valour was not sufficient to prevent their retreating in the fight.

How much more noble the end of the brave, unshrinking patriots than that of the cravens to their country! Of those who fall in the battles of the Lord, how many are there who fall as deserters from the ranks! They do not stand the day of persecution and fall nobly in the fray. They shrink from the contest in the hope of escaping from the rigours of the war; but they find their fall is as disastrous and their death as certain, without any of the glory which their comrades share. To turn back in the day of battle is no mark of a true soldier of the Cross.

"He is a Soldier."

My attention was attracted by these words, as, waiting for the arrival of my own train, I watched a third-class carriage and its passengers just ready to start from London. The above remark, "He has been a soldier—by his walk," was a reference to an erect, firm-treading man who had alighted from the train, and had evidently been an object of intense interest to his fellow passengers. "Aye, and he has been a soldier—by the way he carries his pack," said another. "Aye, and by his politeness," observed a third. "Did you see how he touched his cap, only because you gentlemen looked at him? Most of us would have said, 'What are you staring at?'" The train started off, the man left the station, and I followed him. "Did you hear the remarks of your fellow travellers, my friend?" He smiled as I repeated them, and said, "Just as it should be, sir—just as it should be. A soldier in plain clothes should be the same as a soldier in uniform. A true soldier ought to walk so as to be known as such wherever he is." He gave me a military salute, and we separated. He left me full of serious thoughts, that came to me in the form of the following questions: Is my con-

duct such as to elicit from all with whom I associate, the remark, "He is a soldier"? As a soldier of the Lord Jesus, I have a character to sustain. Do I sustain it, even in the small kindnesses and courtesies of life, so as to make the remark of me true, "He must also be a soldier, by the way he behaves toward all"?

No Surrender.

Towards the sunset of the long bloody day of Waterloo, when the surviving remnant of the old Imperial Guard were summoned to lay down their arms, the scarred veterans of fifty victorious fights cried out, "The Guards can die, but they cannot surrender!" So the story, false or not. Thus the Christian soldier should stand by his Lord, and his language be "No surrender!"

Perseverance in the Christian Soldier.

Once in the midst of battle, an officer rode up to Sir Charles Napier and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general made no reply, but continued talking to one of his staff. "Sir Charles," repeated the officer, "we have taken a standard." "Then take another," was the brief answer. It is perseverance day after day, and not mere enthusiasm, that wins the fight.

"Faithful unto Death."

There is a story of an Austrian standard-bearer, in one of those battles in Bohemia fought in 1866 between the Austrians and the Prussians, which deserves to be remembered, not only for itself, but also as an example to those who are standard-bearers in the army of the Cross.

In the fierce fight of Trautenau, the advancing Prussians came upon a ditch half filled with dead and wounded Austrians. Among the latter was a young officer, evidently badly wounded. He was lying on his back in the wet ditch. Moved with compassion, the Prussians were about to remove the wounded man, that his case might be attended to by the surgeon, when he entreated to be allowed to lie where he was, as he felt quite cool and comfortable. He expired shortly after. When the dead body was removed, it was found that even in death it had served to protect the "bit of rag" which, in the morning of that bloody day, had been the standard of the regiment. He had carefully folded it up, and then lain down upon it to die! His noble foes forbore to take away the trophy; they wrapped it round him, and left him to take his rest upon it. The Prussian general who told this story told it with his head uncovered. Is not the soldier sworn, on his enlistment, to be true to his colours, and to bear himself like a man in the day of battle? And is not he who enlists in Christ's service bound in an equal degree to serve Him valiantly and unflinchingly to the end? Is he not pledged in the same way manfully to fight under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil?

Soldiers of Christ.

When the steamer *Birkenhead*, with a regiment of soldiers on board, struck upon a rock on the coast of Africa, it was thought from the moment of the first rasp and shock that it could not keep together many minutes, and orders were given to fit the emergency. The roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. It was promptly obeyed by all, though each one knew that it was his death summons. There they stood, drawn

up in battle array, looking on while the boats were gotten out, first for the women and children, next for the other passengers—no boats left for them! There they stood, firm and calm, waiting a watery grave. . . . The boats pulled off in safety, but on that solemn deck the soldiers still kept their ranks, motionless and silent. Then down went the ship, and down with it went the heroes, shoulder to shoulder, firing a parting volley, and then sinking beneath the remorseless waters—type of spiritual soldiers doing their King's commands, and being "faithful unto death."

"A Little Child shall Lead them."

We never know just what seemingly small thing may change our plans and turn our path into new channels. The Rev. Dr. Milnor was brought up a Quaker. Early in life he became a distinguished lawyer in Philadelphia, and was a Member of Congress for three successive terms. Returning to his home on a visit during his last congressional term, his little daughter rushed upon him exclaiming: "Papa! papa! Do you know I can read?" "No," said the father; "let me hear you." The little girl opened her Bible and read slowly, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." It was an arrow to her father's heart. For some reason coming from the lips of his own child it seemed a solemn admonition. He could not cast from him the new thoughts awakened. He turned to Christ as to a friend, and drank in of His love as one long athirst. Although forty years of age, he abandoned politics and law for the ministry, and for thirty years he was the beloved rector of S. George's Church in Philadelphia, the predecessor of the venerated Dr. Tyng.

Pledged to Eternal Warfare.

THE boy Hannibal, afterwards the great general of the Carthaginians, was led when quite young to the heathen altar to swear eternal warfare against the Romans. We have a nobler warfare, and we too have been pledged to it from earliest childhood at the font.

No Retreat.

ONCE an English drummer boy was taken prisoner by the French. They amused themselves by making the lad play on his instrument, and one of them asked him to play the retreat. The drummer answered proudly that he had never learnt how to do that!

The Importance of Early Training.

THERE was an abbot who desired a piece of ground that lay conveniently for him. The owner refused to sell it, yet, with much persuasion, was contented to let it. The abbot hired it for his rent, and covenanted only to farm it with one crop. He had his bargain, and sowed it with acorns,—a crop that lasted three hundred years. Thus Satan begs but for the first crop. Let him sow thy youth with acorns: they will grow up with thy years to sturdy oaks, so big and deep-rooted that they shall last all thy life.

"Except ye become as Little Children."

ONCE upon a time a great king built a beautiful city, with glittering palaces and noble streets and gardens. When the city was finished the king invited all his subjects to enter in, but when they came they found the gates so low and narrow that they could not pass through them. One

had too much fine clothes, another too much luggage, and another carried his head too high. But while the great men and women were thus kept outside, the little children ran in quite easily. At last they asked a wise old man what they must do, and he told them they must become as little children before they could enter the city. Some were very angry at this and went away, but others who were wiser cast away their useless burdens and ornaments, and bent down to the ground and so entered. That city is a picture of God's Kingdom in Heaven. The gate into the Kingdom is Holy Baptism. And it is only little children and those who become like little children who are fit to enter it.

The Benefit of Early Training.

THE battle of Waterloo was one of the most important battles ever fought, because it put an end to the evil power of Napoleon. The "Iron Duke," as he was called, the great Duke of Wellington, was the commander of the English who won the victory, and when he was old he visited Eton College, where he had gone to school as a boy, and made an address to the scholars. Among the last words he had to say to them were these, "My young friends, I want you always to remember this, that the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton."

Never too Young to Begin.

THELWALL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion, so as to be able to choose for itself. In reply to this absurd notion, Coleridge says, "I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden." "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds."

"Oh!" I replied, "*that* is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow; and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

Not too Young to Die.

A YOUNG prince, whose mind had learned in some degree to value religious truth, asked his tutor to give him suitable instruction, that he might be prepared for death. "Plenty of time for that when you are older," was the reply. "No!" said the prince, "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves; and there are many *shorter* than I am."

Unbaptised Children.

THE Rev. James Richmond, a brilliant but eccentric priest of the American Church, was once preaching in a new town in the far West. As usual, a very large proportion of the children in this new settlement were not baptised, and Mr. Richmond was preaching about the necessity of baptism. Suddenly he paused in his sermon and said that he was sometimes asked what would become of children who died unbaptised. Standing in that pulpit, he said, and clothed with the Church's authority, he was not permitted to pronounce any judgment on the subject. And then, throwing aside his surplice and stole, and walking down into the middle of the church, he said now he could speak as James Richmond alone, and he would give them his own answer to that question about unbaptised children. "I believe," he added, "the children will be saved, but I have the gravest fears for the salvation of those cruel-hearted parents who allow them to die unbaptised."

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

CHILDREN AND INHERITORS.

Faith in his Commander's Promise.

It is related that one day, when Napoleon I. was reviewing his troops in Paris, he let fall the reins of his horse from his hands upon the animal's neck, when the proud charger galloped away. Before the rider could recover the bridle, a common soldier ran out from the ranks, caught the reins, stopped the horse, and placed the bridle again in the hands of the Emperor. "Much obliged to you, captain," said Napoleon. The man immediately believed his chief, and said, "Of what regiment, Sire?" Napoleon, delighted with his quick perception and ready trust in his word, replied, "Of my Guards!" and rode away. As soon as the Emperor left, the man laid down his gun, saying, "He may take it who will"; and, instead of returning to the ranks whence he so suddenly issued, he started for the company of staff officers. And so the soldier came duly to his post as a captain of Napoleon's Guard. Should not we trust *our* Commander when He tells us we are inheritors of His kingdom?

God's Children Lights.

"Among whom ye shine as lights in the world" (Phil. ii. 15). The image here is not improbably taken from light-

houses on a seacoast. As those lighthouses are placed on a dangerous coast to apprise vessels of their peril and to save them from shipwreck, so the light of Christian piety shines on a dark world, and on the dangers of the voyage which we are making.

Reality in God's Children.

WHILE standing at the wharf of a quiet harbour, looking at the shipping which lay at anchor, we heard a lady say to a friend, "That nicely painted ship I should choose for a sail across the sea." He replied, "I would not. I prefer the dark old vessel near it. That handsome ship is unsafe, her timbers are rotten. She has been newly painted." There are painted ships on all seas. Upon the waters of life they are gaily sailing to eternity with an inward decay which will yield to the storm that awaits every mortal mariner.

Our Heavenly Father's Sympathy.

A CHILD had to undergo a painful operation, and his friends feared to tell him of it. But the child turned to his father and said, "Let me hold your hand, papa, and I can go through with it."

Inheritors of Heaven.

THE speech of Basil was noble, when the prefect threatened confiscation, torment, and banishment. Basil answered, "He need not fear confiscation that hath nothing to lose; nor banishment, to whom heaven only is his country; nor torment, when his body would be crushed with one blow; nor death, which is the only way to set him at liberty."

The Power of God's Children.

A MAN once said, "I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight." "Well," was the reply, "a farthing rushlight can do a good deal: it can set a haystack on fire; it can burn down a house; yea, more, it will enable a poor creature to read a chapter in God's book. Go your way, friend: let your farthing rushlight so shine before men, that others, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

God's Children Beacon Lights.

THE keeper of the lighthouse at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when a visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights would chance to go out?" "Never,—impossible!" he cried, horrified at the bare thought. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners went out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir! sometimes in the dark nights in stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out?—burn dim?—never!"

Each Child of God has his Work.

IN an English dockyard a great ship was to be launched. An immense multitude assembled to see it glide down the

slides that were to carry it into the water. The blocks and wedges were knocked away; but the massive hull did not stir. Just then a little boy ran forward and began to push the ship with all his might. The crowd broke out into a laugh of ridicule; but it so happened that the vessel was just ready to move; only the few pounds pushed by the lad were needed to start it; and away it went into the water.

Children of a King.

One day when the Princess Victoria was a little child, she found out for the first time, and quite accidentally, from her book of English history, that she herself was the next heir to the throne of England. She ran to her governess and asked her if it were really true that she would be the next queen, and when the governess told her that this was the case, the little Princess looked very sober and said very earnestly, "Then I will be good." We, too, are sons and daughters of a King, heirs of "a crown that fadeth not away," inheritors of a kingdom far more enduring and more glorious than that of England. Let us also remember, "'Tis only noble to be good."

A Citizen of Christ's Kingdom.

In one of Cicero's fine orations he eloquently describes how it was the pride of the Roman people to be able to say, "Civis Romanus sum," "I am a Roman citizen," and that whenever they met with ill-treatment or oppression they fell back on this proud position, that they were Roman citizens, and that all the force and power of that mighty empire would be summoned to avenge their wrongs. How much higher and nobler is the position of the baptised member of Christ's kingdom!

"Inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven."

The good King of Prussia was once visiting a school when he asked the children to what kingdoms, as they are called, different objects belonged. There was the mineral kingdom, to which all iron and stone belong, and the vegetable kingdom, in which all plants and flowers and trees are placed, and, again, the animal kingdom, to which all living beings and beasts belong. At last the king asked, "Now, to which kingdom do I belong?" meaning, of course, the animal kingdom. But none of the children liked to class their good king with the animals, so all were silent until one little boy spoke up and said, "You belong, your majesty, to the Kingdom of Heaven." The king was very much surprised at this unexpected answer, but he was very much pleased, too, and he told the boy he would remember that answer all his life long and try always to live as an inheritor of God's Kingdom.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

THE NATURE OF THE SACRAMENTS.

The Hidden Life of Sacraments.

Travellers in the East relate that the palm-tree may be found standing by itself in the sandy desert, and towering to a vast height in the deep blue sky, while all around is a scene of utter desolation. What is the reason of this? A spring of water is beneath; and it is a well-known fact that water may always be found by digging at the root of a palm. The towering top, the verdant leaves, the refreshing fruit, could not exist if the tree did not draw life and nourishment from the unseen spring.

"The Fountain of Life."

An artist once painted a famous picture for an altar-piece, and called it the Fountain of Life. It represents the sacrificed Redeemer stretched in His mother's arms. From the rock beneath their feet flow the abundant waters of salvation, which are received into a great cistern. Saints, martyrs, apostles, evangelists are drinking of the water, or filling their vases and handing them to each other. From the cistern flows a stream into a lower place, where a family of poor, humble people are drinking with grate-

ful looks. Then the stream flows away among meadows where the little children can reach it, and they are taking up the precious water in their tiny hands, and drinking it with smiling lips. We can all see the meaning of that picture, which tells us that the salvation of Jesus is for all who will accept it, high and low, young and old, rich and poor. There is but one "Fountain of Life," Jesus Christ Himself, and the streams that flow from that Fountain are the holy sacraments which He Himself has appointed to enable us to drink of Him.

The Mystery of the Sacraments.

THERE was once a poor, hard-working woman who was a regular communicant, and who had to suffer much insult and ridicule from godless neighbours. One day they asked her if she understood the mystery of the Sacrament, or if she really knew that it did her any good. And her answer was that she did not pretend to understand so great a mystery. "But," she added, "I know what good I get from it. I go up empty, and I come down full."

The Sacraments God's Medicines.

THERE was a poor man who, while travelling by himself in the forests of South America, where there are poisonous swamps and unhealthy lakes and sickly air, fell ill of the ague. There he lay in a hut, day after day, not able to move, and quenching his thirst with the waters of a pool that was close at hand. At last this pool dried up, and then he thought indeed that his misery was full. He had to crawl half a mile to another pool, almost ready all the while to die of weariness. When he came to it, the water was so bitter that he could scarcely drink it. Yet he

must drink it, or die of thirst. He did drink. That afternoon he could not think why he felt stronger than he had done for many weeks. The next day he crawled down to the bitter pool again, and drank more abundantly; and still the more he drank the stronger he grew, till he was restored to his health. Then he found that a tree had fallen into the water, which gave it its bitterness, and gave it also its power of cure. And this was the way in which the medicine we call quinine was discovered—one of God's greatest gifts to the bodies of men,—which has saved thousands and thousands of lives which must otherwise have perished. Such are the sacraments, God's medicines. To outward eyes only some ordinary water or some ordinary bread and wine, but made grace-giving and strengthening by the power of Christ's Cross, the true Tree of Life.

Sacraments "in the World, but not of it."

Far out at sea, along both the Gulf and Atlantic coasts of Florida, are several springs of fresh water. They are well known to the spongers and fishermen, who frequently visit them to replenish their water casks. On this same coast is an oil spring, which diffuses a calm over troubled waters and affords a safe refuge to small vessels during a gale. So are the sacraments in the midst of an evil world.

"Without Money and without Price."

The sacraments are God's perpetual witness to us that salvation is not something that we can win for ourselves, but is God's free gift to us, something which nothing that we can do could ever pay for. In the hot streets of Cairo

in Egypt, where water is very scarce, the water-seller goes about with a bulging skin full of water on his back and a brass cup in his hand, crying, "The gift of God, the gift of God. Who will buy the gift of God?" He calls men to come and buy God's gift of water. But the Lord Jesus says, "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." God does not sell, but gives. That is a truth that the sacraments never let us forget. For it is through them that God saves us. We simply cannot save ourselves.

Sacraments, like Medicines, must be Used.

If the doctor were to give you some healing lotion when you were burned or wounded, and you were to say that you fully trusted in the doctor and his medicine, but yet did not use it, how foolish that would be! It is not enough to believe in the medicine. You must apply it. When the destroying angel passed over the houses of the Israelites in Egypt it was only those that had their door posts actually sprinkled with the blood of the Paschal Lamb that were saved from death. So is it with us. The Blood of our Paschal Lamb shed on the cross will not save us, unless it is applied to each one of us separately. And it is in the sacraments that Christ has commanded that this should be done. Hence the Church teaches us that they "are generally [that is, by all] necessary for salvation."

Sacraments like Pipes and Wires.

The great gas tank may be charged with the most brilliant gas, yet, unless an unbroken pipe conveys the gas into our houses, we cannot have the benefit of either one

or other. The same is true of the electric light and the telegraph. There may be abundance of power in the battery or the generator, but, unless that little insignificant wire connects us with it, we can have neither light nor message.

Sacraments "the Extension of the Incarnation."

Often we see, at some distance from our great towns—Manchester, for instance—a series of large lakes formed in the recesses of the lonely hills. This is the great reservoir, an image of the mighty work of the Redeemer on the Cross, with its infinite value. Though we cannot discern it, a large channel conveys that pure water for a long distance; emblem of the Church, which hands on from age to age the power of Christ. And then also, though invisible to us, a system and network of pipes and communications take that wholesome water, which comes from the heathery hills and moors far away, into each house and building of the crowded city. Even so "the grace" of Christ is distributed by the Divine channels of Church and Sacraments and Ordinances to myriads of individual souls.

(*For the remaining Sundays after Epiphany see pp.* 339–359)

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

RENOUNCING THE DEVIL.

"Three Things in My Name."

An old man before he died made his will, in which he left his estate to his grand-nephew, subject to certain conditions, which he was to fulfil when he came of age, otherwise the property was not to descend to him. The person appeared very anxious that his grand-nephew should fulfil the conditions, and the friends whom he had appointed executors promised in the name of the child that he should fulfil them. They were then appointed his guardians, and empowered to act for him as the heir of the estate, until he should come of age. Suppose the youth when he grew up should dislike the trouble which the conditions involved, and should say, "I am not bound by the promise made in my name when I was a child; I will do as I please." He might do so—he might follow his own inclinations—but it would be at the expense of forfeiting the estate which had been left him. In the same manner your god-fathers and god-mothers have promised that you should obey the will of God, and you are bound to keep the promises which they have made in your name, for if you do not—if you choose to follow the dictates of your own evil and corrupt hearts, contrary to God's commandments, you lose the favour of God, and the happiness of heaven.

Resist the Beginnings of Evil.

THE Arabs have a fable about a miller who was startled by seeing a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he slept. "It is very cold outside," said the camel. "I only want to put in my nose." In came the nose, then the neck, finally the whole body. The miller began to be incommoded by his ungainly companion. He felt that the apartment was not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel. "As for myself, I shall stay where I am." Whoever yields in the slightest degree to a bad habit may be entirely overcome. We must not allow even the camel's *nose* to come in.

"The Wiles of the Devil."

IT is said that in New Zealand, some years ago, many of the British troops were mortally wounded by concealed natives, who hid themselves in holes in the earth, and thence darted their deadly spears upward against the unsuspecting soldier. So our spiritual enemy, Satan, hides himself in a thousand different places, and wounds us with some sudden temptation when we are least aware.

Watch Every Part of the Wall.

THE great fortress of Babylon fell before the conquering army of Cyrus, and it was in this way: The walls were manned, the sentinels were at their posts, and for a time every attack failed. But there was one spot that was so strong, it seemed needless to place guards or watchers there. It was where the river Euphrates and the brazen gates both guarded the city. And it was just here that the enemy entered and surprised the garrison.

"A Good Word for Satan."

Some young girls once remarked among themselves, "We really believe that our dear mother would have a good word to say for Satan himself." "Yes," said she, coming in on the instant, "yes, girls, it is a great pity you do not copy his industry, and be as zealous in doing good as he is in doing evil." May not our Lord, too, have had "that old serpent called the Devil" in mind when He said, "Be ye wise as serpents"?

Prisoners of Satan.

In the old evil days in France, just before the Revolution in the last century, there were certain terrible dungeons called *oubliettes*, or forgotten places. One day some person would disappear from his friends, and no one would ever know what had become of him. He had been taken to one of these secret and dark dungeons, forgetting perhaps his own name and family. When the Revolution came the doors of these secret prisons were thrown open, and the unhappy prisoners were released, though blinded and broken by long confinement. Satan still has his *oubliettes* for those who refuse to renounce him, and seek Christ's help against him. They have forgotten God, forgotten their Saviour, forgotten their Christian name and calling. Who alone can open these prison doors? There is but one answer. There is but one deliverer. "The Lord looseth men out of prison." Jesus Christ is the "Stronger" One who alone can give "liberty to the captives."

The Testing of Satan.

S. Paul tells us that sometimes "Satan is transformed into an angel of light," so that he may tempt us all the

more easily. But there is always one way of testing him. Let me tell you the way S. Martin is said to have found him out. One night S. Martin was praying in his cell, when Satan appeared to him, dressed in glorious raiment, and with a light shining upon his head. He told S. Martin that he was the Lord Jesus, and for a moment Martin was deceived. Still he knew how false and cunning the Devil is, so he said, "Show me the marks of the wounds, or I will not believe in thee." Then Satan vanished away.

Satan's most Subtle Temptations.

Sins of omission, "Leaving undone what we ought to have done," are among the Devil's most subtle temptations of us. When good Bishop Hammond was on his deathbed, he prayed, "Forgive especially my sins of omission." How often a little carelessness and neglect has been the commencement of the ruin of a soul! There was once a Canadian boatman who, waiting on the river's bank, stepped into his canoe, lightly casting a cord from the bow round a stake on the bank. Soothed by the ripple of the water, he fell asleep. But the current began to act, the cord to tighten—it had been negligently fastened. Presently it uncoiled under the pressure. The boat drifted down the stream, and the man only awakened, when it was too late, in the roaring rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

The Allurements of Satan.

Rowland Hill began his sermon one morning by saying, "My friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so much that I determined to fol-

low. I did so; and, to my great surprise, I saw them follow him to the slaughter-house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about; and I said to the man, 'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you here?' 'Oh! did you not see?' said the man. 'I had a basket of beans under my arm; and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' Yes," said the preacher, "and I thought, so it is the Devil has his basket of beans under his arm; and he drops them as he goes along; and what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house!"

The Devil an Ass.

In some ways the Devil is keen and sharp, but, like most other sharpers, a fool nevertheless. All sin is folly as well as wickedness, and so Ben Jonson's saying is true. "The Devil is an ass."

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

"The World Passeth Away."

GENERALLY speaking, in a desert there are but few springs of water, and some of them at the distance of four, six, or eight days' journey; so that if the traveller falls short of water, or the next well should prove dry, he is reduced to the greatest distress. Exposed to the burning sun without shelter, and parched with thirst, it is nearly the most terrible situation in which a man can be placed. In the midst of all this misery, the deceitful *mirage* often appears before the traveller at no great distance, resembling a lake or river of clear fresh water. If perchance a traveller is not undeceived, he hastens his pace to reach it sooner; the more he advances towards it, the more it recedes from him, till at last it vanishes entirely, and the deluded passenger often asks, where is the water he saw at no great distance? He can scarcely believe that he was so deceived; he protests that he saw the waves running before the wind, and the reflection of the high rocks in the water. Such is the disappointment of the man who forsakes the Lord, "the fountain of living water," for the enjoyments which the pomps and vanities of the world afford. God only can satisfy the immortal soul.

Arabian Proverb.

"Our last robe is made without pockets."

"Dead Sea Fruit."

It was a remarkably hot and sultry day. We were scrambling up the mountain which rises above the east shore of the Dead Sea, when I saw before me a fine plum-tree loaded with fresh-blooming plums. I cried to my fellow-traveller, "Now, then, who will arrive first at that plum-tree?" and, as he caught a glimpse of so refreshing an object, we both pressed our horses into a gallop to see which should get the first plum from the branches. We both arrived at the same time, and each, snatching a fine ripe plum, put it at once into our mouths; when, on biting it, instead of the cool, delicious, juicy fruit which we expected, our mouths were filled with a dry, bitter dust; and we sat under the tree upon our horses, sputtering and hemming, and doing all we could to be relieved of the nauseous taste of this strange fruit. We then perceived, to my great delight, that we had discovered the famous apple of the Dead Sea. Equally disappointing is worldly pleasure to those who make it their one aim in life.

"Like Dead Sea fruit, it tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lips."

Looking Downwards.

A young man once picked up a gold coin lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground in the hope of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a good amount of gold and silver.

All these days, however, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful around. He never once lifted his eyes from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

"Lead Thou me on."

A YOUNG man, if he is wise, will use the experience of those who have gone before him and so begin life with an advantage. The other plan, of learning all by experience, is an error, and the majority who do this perish. The ship captain, who sails without a chart made from the experience of others before him, may be very bold, but he is not very wise, and he has only himself to blame when he and his ship find a watery grave among the rocks of the reef. There is always with a young man a tendency to think that others before him have been wrecked because they were not so smart as he is, that *he* can manage matters readily where they failed, that they were stupid or careless or blind, while he is clear-headed and cautious and wide-awake, and it is hard to convince him that those whom he stigmatises as stupid, careless, or blind once thought and spoke exactly as he thinks and speaks now. Humility and faith are not usual characteristics of young men, and yet they are the saving salt, without which corruption is threatened. "Lead Thou me on," is the wise prayer of every young man in the midst of life's dangers.

"If I were only Rich."

A POOR man was a carpenter; and he often said to himself and others, "If I were only rich, I would show people

how to give." In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars—all new, bright, and beautiful. Just then a voice reached him, saying—"Now is your time! You are rich at last; let us see your generosity!" So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it; he walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that *the pyramid should not be broken!* . . . and then awoke. He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be generous only while comparatively poor.

"The World Passeth Away."

THERE is a beautiful statue of a young man, a pearl fisher, who had got entangled in the sea weed and lay dead at the bottom of the sea. All around him are precious pearls and rich shells, all useless to him now.

Pride in Poverty as well as in Riches.

A CHRISTIAN lady who was labouring among the poor and degraded residents of the Five Points, in the city of New York, says that pride is to be met with even there. "I know one woman in my district," said this lady to a friend, "who refuses to associate with her next door neighbour because there is only one chair in her room, while she has two in hers."

"He shall Carry Nothing away with him."

IT is said that when Alexander the Great was dying he gave orders that when his body was prepared for the

grave his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the cere-cloths, but should be left outside the bier. He said he wanted people to see that they were empty; that he, born to one empire, the conqueror of another, and the possessor of the riches of both, yet now could carry not even the smallest thing away with him when he was dead.

"Dead while he Liveth."

It was a custom among the Scythians, when the head of a household died, to dress his body in the finest clothes, set him in his chariot, and carry him about to the houses of his friends. There they set the man at the table, and feasted before him as he sat in his richest dress, apparently alive, but really dead. So is it with those who live only for the world. They have a name that they live, but they are dead.

The Deceitfulness of Riches.

Bacchus once offered Midas his choice of gifts. He asked that whatever he might touch should be changed into gold. Bacchus consented, though sorry that he had not made a better choice. Midas went his way rejoicing in his newly acquired power, which he hastened to put to the test. He could scarce believe his eyes when he found a twig of an oak, which he had plucked, become gold in his hand. He took up a stone; it changed to gold. He touched a sod; it did the same. He took an apple from a tree; you would have thought he had robbed the garden of the Hesperides. His joy knew no bounds; and, when he got home, he ordered the servants to set a splendid repast on the table. Then he found, to his dismay, that, whether he touched bread, it hardened in his hand, or put

a morsel to his lips, it defied his teeth. He took a glass of wine; but it flowed down his throat like melted gold. In consternation, fearing starvation, he held up his arms, shining with gold, to Bacchus, and besought him to take back his gift. Bacchus said, " Go to the river Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, there plunge your head and body in, and wash away your fault and its punishment." Hence Midas learned to hate wealth and splendour.

Worldliness Fatal.

In Brazil there grows a common plant which forest-dwellers call the *matador,* or " murderer." Its slender stem creeps at first along the ground; but no sooner does it meet a vigorous tree, than, with clinging grasp, it cleaves to it, and climbs it, and, as it climbs, keeps, at short intervals, sending out arm-like tendrils that embrace the tree. As the murderer ascends, these ligatures grow larger, and clasp tighter. Up, up, it climbs a hundred feet, nay, two hundred if need be, until the last loftiest spire is gained and fettered. Then, as if in triumph, the parasite shoots a huge, flowery head above the strangled summit, and thence, from the dead tree's crown, scatters its seed to do again the work of death. Even thus worldliness has strangled more churches than ever persecution broke.

Dangers of Worldliness.

It is said that among the recent discoveries at Pompeii was a woman in the act of gathering in her apron, rings, bracelets, and other valuable articles of jewelry. It would seem that some wealthy persons, aware of the coming destruction, had made their escape, and left these

things behind as worthless in comparison with life; but she, hoping to save both, delayed the time of her flight, and, alas! was overwhelmed in the terrific judgment, and so lost her life and her jewels.

"Athanasius against the World."

THERE was once a famous man of God named Athanasius, the great Bishop of Alexandria in Egypt. He was bold enough to maintain the true faith of Christ against Emperors and heretical Bishops, and he was driven into banishment over and over again. Some of his friends advised him to give in, "for," said they, "the world is against you." "Then," answered Athanasius, "it is Athanasius against the world."

The World Unsatisfying.

GRIMALDI, the celebrated clown, went to a physician to obtain a cure for his melancholy. The physician did not know who his patient was, but thinking he only needed a little amusement, said to him, "For medicine, go and hear Grimaldi." "Ah! but I am Grimaldi," was the answer.

The Right and Wrong Uses of the World.

A VAIN man's motto is, "Win gold, and wear it;" a generous, "Win gold, and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold, and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold, and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold, and lend it;" a gambler's, "Win gold, and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold, and use it."

The World and "The Pride of Life."

How striking is the poem into which Longfellow has cast the legend of King Robert of Sicily! As this Nor-

man king was in church he heard the words of the Magnificat chanted by the clergy—"He hath put down the mighty"—and in the insolence of his pride declared, "No power can shake *me* from my throne!" Full of this haughty confidence, he fell asleep in his stall, and when he awoke all was dark and still in the sanctuary. He walked to the door, and demanded that it should be opened. The gatekeeper regarded him with wonder, and asked who he was. His gorgeous clothing had become rags, his noble mien was changed to the appearance of a half-mad jester, whilst an angel bearing his likeness took his place on the throne. Wildly, passionately, he demanded his position, his sceptre, but none recognised him; all treated him as the mad jester, and when he grew more violent drove him from the palace gates with taunts and blows. Often the Angel, in majestic dignity, would ask him, "Art thou the king?" and in his obstinate pride he would angrily answer, "I am! I am the king!" whilst all around ridiculed his claim. And so three years went by under the beneficent sway of the Angel: the country enjoying wondrous rest and prosperity. Then came a journey to Rome at Easter, and even the hard and wilful heart of Robert was softened, as all around rejoiced at that Holy Festival; and when the Angel perceived that better thoughts were driving out the pride and haughtiness of the degraded monarch, he summoned him to an interview, and once more the angelic semblance of himself enquired, "Art thou the king?" Then, bowing his head, Robert, subdued at last, replied,

"Thou knowest best;
My sins as scarlet are, let me go hence!"

The Angel smiled, and through the open window came

the chant, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat: He hath exalted them of low degree," and lo! King Robert was alone, the Angel having departed, was arrayed once more in royal apparel, and found praying on his knees when his courtiers entered! There is no room for pride in Heaven. The highest Saint, it has been well said, bends lowest beneath his weight of glory.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

RENOUNCING THE FLESH.

"Be Sure your Sin will Find you Out."

A NUMBER of barrels filled with gold, silver, and copper coin were sent on a railway in Germany. When they arrived at the end of their journey, one was found full of sand instead of coin. At what station was it emptied of its precious metal and filled with sand? If that could be ascertained, the thief might be found. The police consulted a gentleman who had a very powerful microscope. He sent for samples of sand from all the railway stations which the barrels had passed. To the naked eye the different samples seemed to be all alike, but when they were placed, one after another, under the microscope, it was seen that there was one that differed from all the rest, and that one was found to be the same as that which was found in the barrel. This showed what station it was where the robbery was committed, and it was not hard to hit upon the thief among the few men employed there.

The Growth of Barnacles.

I HAVE in my cabinet a rough salt-water shell, encrusted with shells called barnacles. These little shell-fish are always bound fast to some hard substance which the waves wash over. They draw their food from the waves,

which bring it to their very mouths; for they can never leave their homes or the spot where they are anchored, to seek food. I have seen a glass bottle brought up in a dredging machine, which was covered with these shells, as firmly glued to its smooth sides as if they had been blown in when the glass was made. The *Great Eastern*, when built, was the largest ship afloat, and was considered one of the wonders of the world. How absurd it would seem to think the little barnacle and its puny neighbours could have any effect upon this leviathan of the deep! Yet one after another these "feeble folk" attached themselves to its iron plates until they had formed a thick and jagged crust. It was found needful to take the vessel into Milford Dock and scrape off the mass, which weighed no less than three hundred tons—enough to load two collier brigs. The weight was little, compared with the size of the ship, but the rough surface created so much friction that she could not cut through the water with her usual speed. The little barnacles held back the *Great Eastern*. Bad habits are like barnacles when allowed to fasten themselves upon us. They seem insignificant to begin with, but a barnacle left to grow undisturbed attains a large size sometimes. Even when it is small, who ever saw one alone? So evil habits grow and multiply until they weigh us down.

Danger of Little Sins.

I WILL tell you a very wonderful thing that happened some time ago in North America. A swarm of flies stopped a train—a long train of heavy carriages, going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. I will tell you how it happened. In the railway carriages in America they put the grease in a box over the wheel. The

friction causes the grease to melt, and enables the wheel to go round nicely. If the grease does not come down, the wheel will get hot, and will set the carriage on fire. One day the engineer saw that one of the wheels was getting hot, red-hot. He stopped the train to examine the cause, and found a number of flies had got into the grease-box, and prevented it running down the wheel. So you see the little flies stopped the train.

"The Holes are Still There!"

A CLERGYMAN had a son who was wilful and disobedient, and careless of telling the truth. This gave his father great pain, and he often talked to the boy, showing him that he was sowing bad seed, of which he must reap the harvest in this life and the next. But neither kindness nor punishment seemed to be of any use. One day the father called his boy into the study, and gave him a piece of wood, a hammer, and some nails. "See," said he, "every time you commit a fault, strike a nail into the wood. When it is full of nails, bring it to me." The boy was amused at first; but he was ashamed when in a very few days he brought back the piece of wood, perfectly covered with nails. His father took it, and looked at him very sadly, but he only said, "Take it back now, my son, and every time you resist a temptation to sin, pull out a nail." The boy went away resolved to try his utmost. But it was some weeks before he again brought the wood to his father. "I've got them all out, father. It's been hard work; but I *have* tried, and I *will* try." "God bless you, my dear boy. You have done well, but see—you have got all the nails out of the wood, but the holes they made are still there. Can you get those out?" "No, father," said his son, looking down.

He went away sad, but earnestly purposing to lead a better life. He became a clergyman, and was known far and wide as a true servant of Christ. But he always said to himself, when tempted to sin, "The holes are still there."

Lasting Effect of Sin.

THINK, my children, of this; it is not as if when you yielded to a temptation, you yielded once for all, and then an end. No one can say how long the poison of it lies hid within you, and when it will break out and fester. I will tell you a story which happened about a fortnight ago. A man who wished to buy a handsome ring went into a jeweller's shop in Paris and desired to see some. The jeweller showed him a very ancient gold ring, remarkably fine, and curious on this account, that on the inside of it were two little lion's claws. The buyer, while looking at the others, was playing with this; at last he purchased another and went away. But he had scarcely reached home, when first his hand, then his side, then his whole body became numb and without feeling, as if he had had a stroke of the palsy; and it grew worse and worse, until the physician, who came in haste, thought him dying. "You must somehow have taken poison," he said. The sick man protested that he had not. At length some one remembered this ring; and it was then discovered to be what is called a death-ring, which was often employed in those wicked Italian States three or four hundred years ago. If a man hated another, and desired to murder him, he would present him with one of them; in the inside was a drop of deadly poison, and a very small hole, out of which it would not make its way except it was squeezed. When the poor man was wearing it, the murderer would come and shake his hand

violently; the lion's claw would give his finger a little scratch, and in a few hours he was a dead man.—*Neale's Sermons for Children.*

Duty before Pleasure.

THERE is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our inclination. A vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words, "Hadst thou staid, I must have fled."

"Burning our Boats."

ONE great danger about sins of the flesh is in looking back at them, thinking how pleasant they were, and then turning back to them. For the Christian soldier there must be no looking back. When a Roman general of old determined on a conquest, he landed his troops on the shore, and then *burnt his boats*, so that there could be no retreat. If we would conquer the flesh we, too, must burn our boats.

"Sowing to the Flesh."

THERE is a fable or story among the ancients that Jason sowed the ground with dragons' teeth, and there sprang up an army of fierce armed men. Every sin wilfully committed, every mean, cruel action, every bad word spoken, every impure thought indulged in, is a dragon's

tooth sown, and it will spring up as a fierce armed enemy of our peace.

"Sowing to the Spirit."

Once a little boy sowed the seed of a violet on a bank in his garden. Before long he was taken away to a foreign land, where he grew up to be a man. After long years he came back and went to visit his old home. In the garden he found a bank of sweet-smelling violets. He had sown sweetness, and he gathered it. Every little loving word, and kindly act, and pure thought, is like the violet seed: "It will grow and bring us a crop of sweetness."

"That thou Appear not unto Men to Fast."

S. Thomas à Becket, the great Archbishop of Canterbury in the twelfth century, was dressed outwardly as became his rank as the second person in the kingdom. But next his flesh, and unseen of men, he wore a penitential shirt of sackcloth, to remind him of his sinfulness and unworthiness in the eyes of God. There are some people who wear their sackcloth all outside. They are the people who are fond of talking about what they are denying themselves, or are going to deny themselves, during Lent. Let us remember our Lord's words about the true way to fast, "not unto men, but unto thy Father which is in secret." Let our sackcloth be inside, not outside.

The Use of Self-discipline.

It is related of Michael Angelo that, while walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish.

Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked him, in astonishment, what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock. "Oh! there's an angel in the stone," was the answer; "and I must get it out." He had it removed to his studio, and with patient toil, with mallet and chisel, *he let the angel out*. What to others was but a rude, unsightly mass of stone, to his educated eye was the buried glory of art; and he discovered at a glance what might be made of it. A mason would have put it into a stone wall; a cartman would have used it for filling in, or to grade the streets: but he transformed it into a creation of genius, and gave it a value for ages to come.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE CHRISTIAN RESOLVE AND CONFIRMATION.

Two Paths.

Two youths once started together on a way which led them over the desert to their father's house. At first the road lay by fountains, and by groves of orange and pomegranate, with which one as he passed stored his scrip and filled his water-skin, while the other, though gently warned, went forward without a thought and without a care. Together they reached the desert, and soon the great sun was flaming over them, and the burning heat, and the scorching thirst, and the weary toil pressed most on him who was worst provided. At last they saw more and more distinctly before them the sight which many a traveller sees. A bright city seemed near them in its green oasis—with palms and palaces and runnels of silver water—while voices of strange fascination lured them there. But amid these tempting calls they heard continually a still small voice, sounding like the voice of their father from afar. "And look not," it whispered, "and listen not; that enticing loveliness is the deadly mirage; those sounds are the voices of the evil spirits in the wilderness, and they who listen to them return no more." And one of them knew that it was so in

his miserable heart, but more and more after those alluring voices, and more and more towards that gleaming falsehood which faded and fled before him, he turned aside into those haunted solitudes. And when the twilight came with its dew and stars the one was resting in his father's happy home; and they who, with heavy hearts, followed the wandering track of the other, saw only a dead body on the sands—heard only the flapping of the vulture's wing.—*Dean Farrar.*

We can Try at any Rate.

THE brave English general, Sir Henry Lawrence, who was killed while defending Lucknow during the awful "Indian Mutiny," asked that only this inscription should be placed on his grave, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."

Personal Service.

THERE is an old tale, idle in itself; the use may be good. A certain man that would never go to church, when he heard the Saints' bell ring would say to his wife, "Go thou to church, and pray for thee and me." One night he dreamt that both he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked together at Heaven's gate for entrance. S. Peter (by the legend's leave) is porter, and suffered the wife to enter in, but kept the husband out; answering him, "She is gone in both for herself and thee."

Importance of Starting Right.

"I HAVE been on a mountain ridge, where the stable of the inn in which I was putting up had a roof just like any roof of a house in England. If a drop of rain came

down, how little matter it would seem to those who knew nothing further, whether it fell on this side of the ridge or that! And what was the real matter? This difference: If it fell one quarter of an inch here, it went into a little stream, which led into a little river, which led into a larger river, which led into a great river which fell into the Mediterranean; if on the other side, by the same steps it got, or would get, into the Atlantic. That is, a quarter of an inch difference to-day; and this day week those two little drops may be thousands of miles apart. And so with regard to you. One little, one very tiny mistake at the beginning, a mistake as to what you ought to say or ought to do, and it may make all the difference between honour and respect and God's dear service in this world; —or, what I cannot bear to think of as regards any of you."

"By God's Help."

S. THERESA began the erection of a great church with but two pennies in her purse. When some one spoke to her about it she exclaimed, "Two pennies and Theresa are nothing; but two pennies and God are everything."

Christian Courage.

MANKIND loves a hero and despises a coward, and any one who has the courage of his convictions and dares to stand by his colours will win the admiration of even his strongest opponents. In one of his sermons at Marlborough College Dean Farrar tells of a boy of Eton who was popular because of his skill in athletics and for his sterling character. When at certain gatherings his schoolmates began to sing coarse and obscene songs, he declared that they should not do so in his presence

and left the room. His determined and manly attitude stopped the singing of such songs at these gatherings.

"We will do it."

ONCE the great Duke of Wellington sent this message to his troops, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be taken to-night." And the answer of those troops was not to ask of the danger or the difficulty, but simply to say, "Then we will do it."

"Yes" and "No."

THERE is a tremendous power in the little monosyllable "No" when it is spoken resolutely and courageously. It has often been like a giant rock by the sea, as it has encountered and hurled back the mighty waves of temptation. It is a majestic power, the power to say "No" to everything that is not right. But it is just as important to learn to say "Yes." There come to us offers and solicitations we must not reject, and opportunities we must not thrust away. Life is not all resistance and defence. Whatsoever is wrong we must meet with a firm, strong, uncompromising "No"; but whatever is right we should welcome into our life with a hearty, cheerful "Yes."

Danger of Delay.

A LADY who had given herself up to the vanities of the world, had been very much affected by attendance at a mission. Going home, she had apparently written out at night a solemn promise to give herself to God that day six months. The word *six* had been run through with a pencil, and *three* substituted. This again had been cancelled, and the word *one* written above. Awful sin of pre-

sumption, which was, to all appearance, awfully judged! Next morning the lady was found dead in her bed, that fearful witness against her being upon her toilet-table. (*This story was told during the London Mission of 1874, by a preacher who vouched for its truth.*)

No Need of Cowards.

A CELEBRATED Russian Czar, who was conducting a long and almost hopeless siege, replied to the murmurs of his followers by directing that two lists should be drawn up—of the willing and of the unwilling warriors in his host. "The first," he said, "shall be dear to me as my own children; their needs shall be made known to me, and I will share all I have with them. The others may return home—I want no cowards in my army." (Compare the story of Gideon's three hundred in Judges vii.)

A Good Motto for Lent.

"No pains, no gains."

Wasted Years.

A STORY is handed down to us of the time when Rome was being founded. A woman from a far-away land suddenly appeared before Tarquin, the chief of the state, and offered to sell him nine books of wisdom for a great sum. When Tarquin refused her price she burned three of the books, and yet demanded the same sum as before for the other six. He ridiculed the idea of having to pay as much for six as had been asked for nine, whereupon she burned three more, and asked again the same price for the remaining books she had asked for all. And as

the woman was a Sibyl or prophetess, and the books were needful for the right guidance of the state, the king at last consented, and paid for a portion the same sum for which he might have purchased all. Our years are like those books. God lays them before us, and asks that we give Him our hearts for them. As long as we refuse, the years are wasted and lost. Don't let this be another year lost!

Need of Decision.

"ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side."—*Lowell.*

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE CHRISTIAN RESOLVE AND CONFIRMATION (*Continued*).

Courage amid Frequent Failure.

It was said by one of the most famous of modern hunters, "You must expect a fall sometimes, but with a fall you may get over anything." He himself had been thrown no less than seventy times in his life, but the end was that he could ride anywhere. He rode at the most tremendous leaps, and never even cast a glance back at them. And what was his secret? "Fling your *heart* over," he used to say, "and your horse will follow."

What will the End be?

A painter once drew a picture of a child whom he had seen at prayer. He called it "Innocence"; and it hung on the wall of his studio for many a year. When he was an old man, he determined to paint a companion picture, and call it "Guilt." He visited a prison, and asked to see the most hardened criminal there, that he might draw his portrait. A degraded wretch was shown to him; and while he was sketching the picture, he talked with the man, and found to his horror that he was the same whom he had painted as a boy. Evil company had brought him to this end.

"Unto my Life's End."

NAPOLEON said of the English soldiers that "they never knew when they were beaten." That is the kind of soldiers that Christ wants, soldiers that will never give up the fight.

Power of Early Training.

THE great Duke of Wellington said that the victory of Waterloo was won many years before on the playground of Eton College. It is the manliness and self-control of the boy that make the man's life noble.

Stragglers in Christ's Army.

STANDING one day before a beehive, Gotthold observed with delight how the little honey-birds departed and arrived, and from time to time returned home laden with the spoils of the flowers. Meanwhile a great yellow hornet—that wolf among the bees—came buzzing up in eager quest of prey. As it was eventide, and the bees, after the heat of the day, had settled about the mouth of the hive to breathe the cool air, it was amusing to observe that their fierce adversary lacked courage to attack their combined host and serried ranks. True, he often advanced for the purpose, but, seeing how densely and compactly they were sitting, was forced to retreat empty-handed. At last a bee, somewhat belated, arrived by itself, and on this straggler he instantly seized, fell with it to the earth, and dealt with it at his pleasure. The moral is clear.

Perseverance.—Bruce and the Spider.

THE King of Scotland had been attacked by his enemies; had been beaten in several battles; was forsaken by

nearly all his friends; and knew that if he were taken he would at once be put to death. He was hiding in a cottage; and as he was walking in its garden, very sad as you may well think, he noticed a spider that was trying to get to the top of the garden wall. Just as it had almost reached the summit, it fell to the ground. Immediately it set about the work again, ran up the wall as before, and when it was all but at the top, fell the second time. The King got interested in the poor insect, and watched it on. A third time it tried, with just the same success; and so time after time, till the eighth. The eighth time it also fell in the same manner; but, not a whit discouraged, it set about the business once more, and this ninth time it succeeded and got to the top of the wall. "Now," said the King, "I believe that I shall be beaten eight times, but that I shall conquer the ninth." And so it fell out. He did conquer his enemies in the ninth battle, and reigned long and gloriously afterwards.

Almost Lost.

After Sir Colin Campbell's silent retreat from Lucknow there was one man left behind. An officer, having gone to bed in a retired corner of the mess-house, overslept himself. He had been forgotten. At 2 o'clock in the morning he got up and found to his horror that the army had already left. He hoped against hope and visited every outpost. All was deserted and silent. To be the only man in an open entrenchment and fifty thousand furious barbarians outside! It was horrible to contemplate. He ran on until he could scarcely breathe. Still the same silence, only broken by the occasional discharge of the enemies' guns. At last he came up with

the rear guard, almost ready to faint with excitement and fatigue, but saved.

"That ye Bear much Fruit."

THE vine is not cultivated for its wood, bark, leaves, or flowers, but *for its fruit*. Its fruitfulness may be hindered by dodder, rust, mildew, spiders, little foxes, and by excessive growth, either of roots, branches, or leaves, and thus no plant requires so much, such constant and varied care in pruning the branches, cutting the roots, and cleansing the stalk; no plant requires so much pruning as the vine; the knife must cut into it until it *bleeds* and seems on the verge of destruction. In the spring, when it is bleeding and the branches strew the ground, you would despair of its life; but wait and see the luxuriance of summer and the fruits of autumn. One vine alone, that at Hampton Court, yields 2,000 clusters each year.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

The Creed our Guiding Light.

It happened that the light in a certain lighthouse, through some derangement of the machinery, once ceased to revolve as usual. When the keeper discovered it, he hastened to the light, and by manual labour kept steadily revolving it, until weariness compelled him to call another to his relief. That other took his turn, and so all night long the light was kept in motion. A stranger afterward commenting on the matter, the keeper replied, "Why, sir, there may be a hundred seamen looking out from the darkness and storm to catch a glimpse of this light. If it does not move, it will be mistaken for another, and in their uncertainty and danger they may lose the channel and be shipwrecked."

Only the True Creed of any Use.

I have been in one of the Queen's dockyards, and have seen them busy in making all the things necessary for vessels, and, among others, the great ropes or cables with which they are anchored. Now, imagine a ship in a tremendous storm, the winds and the waves trying to force her on a rocky coast, where she must be dashed into pieces, and every soul perish. She has let down her

anchor, and hangs by that and the cable only. When the masts are gone, the rudder lost, the boats dashed in pieces, the bulwarks that run round the ship dashed off, is it not all in all to the crew of what stuff their cable is made? If that will stand, they can still be saved. If it comes from the right place, it will stand. And, therefore, the Queen's ropemakers work in their cables a little coloured thread, which no one else may imitate, and which marks them to have come from the dockyard. And the case is the same with us. In that last fearful storm of death there is but one cable that can anchor us in safety—that is the only one that never snaps. Earthly hopes may last for a while, but the cable that has in it the red thread of the King's storehouse is the only one that will keep us safe amidst the last great storm of death.

The Creed our Pocket Compass.

A STORY is told of an old hunter in Michigan who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use; he soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the thing point north, but it wasn't no use; 'twould shake, shake, shake right round, and point southeast every time." A great many people fail of the right direction in life for the same reason. The ancient creed of the Church is the Christian's pocket compass. It is God's gift to him, always pointing him aright. If he will only follow its guidance he is safe. If he will tamper with it and alter it to suit his own ideas he is no wiser than the old hunter and will certainly be lost.

A Boy Martyr.

DIOCLETIAN was persecuting the Christians. It was reported to him that Pancras, an orphan boy of 14 and very wealthy, had been converted to the Christian faith. He was immediately ordered to attend at the palace of Diocletian. The Emperor threatened him with instant death unless he sacrificed to Jupiter. The boy replied that he was a Christian, and ready to die; "for Christ," he said, "our Master, inspires the souls of His servants, even young as I am, with courage to suffer for His sake." The Emperor made no reply, but ordered him to be led out of the city, and put to death by the sword on the Aurelian Way. There he sealed his testimony with his blood. He lay until the light of early dawn, when a Christian Roman lady wrapped the body in fine linen, and bore it to a catacomb near by, where she covered it with fresh flowers, embalming it with her tears. Many churches in England are named in honour of S. Pancras.

Living and Believing.

THE word belief is said to be derived from the two words "by live." That is, our belief is the thing by which we live. As a matter of fact all conduct, all living, is regulated by what one really believes. Wrong belief means wrong life.

Heresy.

HERESY means picking and choosing what one *likes* to believe. But no single Christian is wise enough to choose out of the Bible even what is most necessary. We are all like children at a feast. If left to ourselves we should do as children do—pick out the sweet things we

fancied. We know what follows. But the Church "which is the mother of us all" (Gal. iv. 26) and who is so much wiser and older has already chosen for us. She knows what is best.

A Fortune in the Bible.

An English paper tells of the strange recovery of a lost will which recently occurred at Forgue, Aberdeenshire. A bachelor farmer, who had no friends or heirs, died a few months ago, and his property passed to the Crown. All the goods were disposed of except a pocket Bible and a few venerable books, which were given to his old and faithful housekeeper. To her astonishment, she found a scrap of paper in the Bible which proved to be her old master's will, by which he left her all his possessions. The Crown will now have to refund two thousand pounds. A fact even more wonderful than the above is that every reader who chooses can find between the covers of any Bible a treasure a thousand times more valuable, namely, the Christian faith with all its glorious promises.

The True Faith a Treasure.

"Truth is the highest thing that man can keep."—*Chaucer.*

Faith in Christ.

There was a shipwreck in mid-ocean. The captain and several of the crew on a dark night got out into the lifeboat. The wind blew out the lantern. "Have any of you a match?" asked the captain. After a long search just one match was found. On shore that match would not be worth half a cent, but now it is the most valuable thing they have, because, in order to be picked up by a

passing vessel, they must have a light. The sailors take off their coats, cold as it is, and hang them all around the match when it is struck, that the wind may not blow it out. Your faith, worthless in itself as the world may deem it, is the light of life that saves you. Guard it at whatever expense.

"Faithful unto Death."

When Maximian became Emperor of the West he did his utmost to destroy Christianity. There was in the Roman army a famous legion of ten thousand men, called the Theban Legion. It was formed entirely of Christians. Once, just before going into battle with the enemy, the Emperor commanded the Theban Legion to sacrifice to idols. Their leader, in the name of his ten thousand soldiers, refused. The Emperor then ordered them to be decimated—that is, every tenth man to be killed. Still they were firm, and again, the second time, the cruel order was given for every tenth man to be slain. Fully armed, with their glittering eagles flashing on their helmets, the Christian soldiers stood in the perfect discipline of Rome, ready to die, but not to yield. Again they were ordered to sacrifice, and the brave answer was returned, "No; we were Christ's soldiers before we were Maximian's." Then the furious Emperor gave the order to kill them all! Calmly the remaining soldiers laid down their arms, and knelt whilst the other troops put them to the sword. So died the Theban Legion, faithful unto death!

The Creed that Endures.

There is a fable of the Persians which tells us how a gourd wound itself round a lofty palm-tree, and in a few

weeks climbed to its very top. The quick-growing gourd asked the palm-tree its age, and the tree answered, "An hundred years." Then the gourd answered boastingly that it had grown as tall as the palm in fewer days than the tree could count years. "True," answered the palm-tree, "every summer has a gourd climbed round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."

A True Creed.

THE question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we want to go to a place we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road, the road pointed out by authority, the turnpike road.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY, ETC.

God, the Maker of Heaven and Earth.

A GREAT writer of ancient Rome, though he himself and all his countrymen were pagans, spoke to this effect: "I must believe that there is a God, all-wise and all-powerful, who made everything; for I could as soon believe that a box of letters of the alphabet thrown upon the floor would form themselves into a poem or a history without any one putting them together, as that the world, and the things of it, could have existed without a Maker."

"Let me Say my Creed."

"LISTEN to a story which is true. A dying boy began to feel the very touch of death. He feared the great change, the dread unknown. 'What dreams may come' in the seeming sleep. Father and mother, friend and nurse, said their little word, hymn and text and prayer. The child asked to be propped upon his pillow and whispered, 'Let me say my Creed!' He said it from 'I believe in God the Father Almighty' down to 'the life everlasting,' and then smiled and breathed out these words, 'Now I am not afraid to die.'"

"He Made us, and not we Ourselves."

When Napoleon was on his voyage to Egypt some "savants" expressed their sceptical doubts, but the famous General pointed up to the starlit sky and said, "Gentlemen, who made these?"

"Look around you."

Sir Christopher Wren was the great architect who planned S. Paul's Cathedral, which was thirty-five years in building. Wren was buried in the Cathedral, and on his tomb was placed this simple inscription, "If you seek his monument, look around you" (*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*). How much more may it be said of this world, "If you seek the proofs of God's power and love, look around you"!

"The Heavens Declare the Glory of God."

During the French Revolution, Jean Bon St. André, the Vendean revolutionist and infidel, said to a Christian peasant: "I will have all your steeples pulled down, that you may no longer have any object by which you may be reminded of old superstitions." "But," replied the peasant, "you cannot help leaving us the stars."

God and not Chance Made the World.

To those who see in the existence of the world the effect of chance, a curious argument was opposed by Galiani. "One day," said he, "at Naples, a man took six dice in a dice-box and bet that he would throw six sixes. He succeeded at the first throw. I said to myself—'Such a thing is possible.' He did it a second time. I said the

same thing. He put the dice back into the box three, four, five times, and always threw six sixes. '*Sangue di Bacco!*' I cried; 'the dice are loaded!'" And so they were. When I consider the ever-renewed order of nature, her immutable laws, her revolutions, always constant in an infinite variety, this single chance of a world such as we see it, returning unceasingly, notwithstanding a hundred million other chances of possible perturbation and destruction, we cry out, "Of a truth, nature is loaded!" It is God and not chance that made this world.

Trust in God.

A LADY and her husband were standing on the deck of a ship during an awful storm. The winds howled, and the ship was tossed like a feather over the great waves. The lady had to hold on with both hands to keep from falling. She was very much frightened, and asked her husband if he was not afraid. He said nothing, but, in a moment after, he held a naked sword with its point close to her breast, and asked her, "Are you not afraid?" "No." "Why not? Do you not see this sword within an inch of your heart?" "Yes, but I am not afraid, for it is my husband who holds it!" "Yes," said he, "and it is my Heavenly Father who holds this storm in His hand, and why should I be afraid?"

God Everywhere.

WHEN M. de Chateauneuf was only nine years of age, a bishop, thinking to puzzle him, said: "Tell me, my child, where God is, and I will give you an orange." To this the child readily answered: "Tell me, my lord, where He is not, and I will give you two."

God's Omniscience.

A PRISONER during the American Civil War was put into a cell in which there was a little slit through which a soldier's eye always watched him day and night. Whatever the prisoner did, whether he ate or drank or slept, the soldier's eye was gazing at him, and the thought of it was perfectly dreadful to him. He could never escape from that watchful eye.

"I Believe in God the Father Almighty."

SOME years ago (1882) there were brought to the shores of the United States, and laid to their rest with many honours, the bodies of a brave band of Arctic explorers, of whom Lieutenant De Long was the commander. The awful story of their sufferings, as revealed in the brief diary of their leader, thrilled the whole civilized world. The men plod on day after day over those desolate tracts of snow and ice far from any human habitation. They are chilled through with the fierce cold and wet. Some of their comrades have sunk down on the way. One is raving, freezing outwardly, while the fever burns his brain. They strain their eyes for the ascending smoke that tells of rescue, but it never greets them. Some men might have said, "Let us curse God and die," but not so these men. Now the Christian faith in "God the Father Almighty," that they had learnt in childhood, shows what power it has to strengthen the heart in its hardest trials. In spite of every disaster, the diary tells us, they did not lose confidence in the God of their early days. They pray over the sick, they baptize the dying, they join in those very services of the Prayer Book which we join in day after day. And then, when they are too weak to do

more, they stand under that open sky, on that cold and terrible waste, and recite together as an act of loving faith the Creed that reminds them of God's Fatherhood, His almightiness and His love, and they breathe together the prayer which Christ's own lips have taught us to use in all our needs. And so they sank down, one by one, with nothing to tell the story but the mute words of the pencilled diary. In spite of all, they died believing that God was good, and cared for them in the midst of His greatest chastisements.

The Wonders of Creation.

Sir Isaac Newton, the great English scientist, said, a little before he died, "I seem to myself to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

God's Footprints.

"How do you know there is a God?" said a scoffer to an Arab guide who was rising from his morning prayer. "How did I know a camel passed my tent in the darkness but by the print of his hoof?" was the reply. "So," said he, pointing to the sunset, "I know that yonder footprint is not man's, but God's."

Providence among Nations.

"A few drops of water, more or less," says Victor Hugo, "prostrated Napoleon." He meant that the battle of Waterloo was begun at eleven o'clock in the morning,

because there was rain on the previous night, and Napoleon could not move his artillery over the heavy mud-plain until near noon, and that five hours' delay turned the fate of Europe; for Blücher did not arrive with his allies till the forces of the Iron Duke were all but defeated. In the same spirit, we believed, in the midst of our struggle, that nothing but Providence, immediately interfering in the crisis-hours of our destiny, could have saved us. You can never forget how, just at the nick of time, the little *Monitor* came down against that terrible monster, the *Merrimac*, which might have destroyed Washington, and raised the blockade. In Hampton Roads was fought that day a battle which revolutionised the navies of the world, while one great nation wept for joy, and all the nations wondered.

God Seen in His Works.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—*Wordsworth.*

Trust in God's Care.

THERE was once a Prime Minister who fussed and fretted very much over the state of the country. He almost fretted himself into a fever. At last his old servant went to him and asked him, "You believe in God, my lord?" Yes, the Prime Minister did. "You believe He cared for the world before you were born?" "Yes." "And He will direct it after your death?" "Yes, yes." The great man impatiently waved his servant away. But the old fellow had one thing more to say. "Then can't you trust Him to manage it while you are in it?"

"If God so Clothe the Grass."

THE celebrated African explorer, Mungo Park, tells us that once when lost in the desert, without food, help, or guide, he was ready to give way to despair, when his eye caught sight of the tender grace of a solitary little flower, and the thought rose into his heart that if God had so cared for this little blossom, nourished it in the wilderness, and clad it with colour and beauty, He would not fail to help His human child, lost in the desert. So comforted, he rose up and struggled on till he found help!

God Omniscient.

A MAN went to steal corn from his neighbour's field. He took his little boy with him to keep a lookout, so as to give warning in case any one should come along. Before commencing, he looked all around, first one way and then the other: and, not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag when his son cried out, "Father, there is one way you haven't looked yet!" The father supposed that some one was coming, and asked his son which way he meant. He answered. "You forgot to look up!" The father, conscience-stricken, took his boy by the hand and hurried home without the corn which he had designed to take.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

JESUS CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON, OUR LORD.

(*See also Palm Sunday and First Sunday in Advent.*)

How a Beautiful Hymn was Written.

THERE is an interesting incident in the life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, a clergyman of the Church of England, which led to the writing of one of his most beautiful hymns. One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window looking out over the beautiful fields in summer time. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright, sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But, seeing the open window, and the man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extreme terror, towards it, and, with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger, and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as the trembling little bird did, that nestled so safe in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote the hymn:

"Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they said or sung the last lines of that hymn:

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Clinging to the Rock.

One morning last summer I was standing in the shadow of a great rock by the seashore. It rose hundreds of feet towards the sky, its grey sides so steep and awful that it made me giddy to look up. Presently I saw, far above my head, little patches of something white and golden, and I soon found they were clusters of "moon" daisies which had taken root in tiny holes in the rock and flowered there, and their brave little heads up at that great height nodded as happily to the sunshine and the breeze as though they had been growing down in some low-lying, level field. The dark waves might break and toss on the rocky shore below, and the rough breeze come close up to them and shake them as if determined to carry them away, but the daisies had no fear. They were clinging to the rock, and that rock was stronger than the wind or the waves of the sea. So are all little children in the arms of Jesus.

All for Jesus.

"A SERVANT with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

—*Herbert.*

The Love of God.

A SCOTCH woman, named Elizabeth Davidson, had a son who was a convict, and ordered for transportation. In order that she might see him before he was sent from England, she travelled on foot, from her home in Dundee, a distance of five hundred and seventy miles; living on a pennyworth of potatoes and salt per day, with a little water to drink. Although compelled to sell many articles of her clothing on her journey, she resolutely preserved to the last a copy of the New Testament which her son had asked her to give him. How wonderful this mother's love for her convict son! And yet His is greater, Who goes after the lost sheep until He finds it.

The Power of Love.

ONE day one of the gigantic eagles of Scotland carried away an infant, which was sleeping by the fireside in its mother's cottage. The whole village ran after it; but the eagle soon perched itself upon the loftiest eyrie, and every one despaired of the child being recovered. A sailor tried to climb the ascent, but his strong limbs trembled, and he was at last obliged to give up the attempt. A robust Highlander, accustomed to climb the hills, tried next, and even *his* limbs gave way, and he was in fact precipitated to the bottom. But, at last, a poor peasant woman came forward. She put her feet first on

one shelf of the rock, then on a second, and then on a third; and in this manner, amid the trembling hearts of all who were looking on, she rose to the very top of the cliff, and at last, whilst the breasts of those below were heaving, came down step by step, until, amid the shouts of the villagers, she stood at the bottom of the rock with the child on her bosom. Why did that woman succeed, when the strong sailor and the practised Highlander had failed? Why, because between her and the babe there was a tie. That woman was the mother of the babe. Let there be love to Christ and to souls in your hearts, and greater wonders will be accomplished.

"Greater Love hath no Man than this."

Once a nobleman and his wife were travelling through a Russian forest, attended by a faithful servant. Presently the air was filled with terrible cries, and they knew that they were pursued by starving wolves. The master fired his only weapon, but the wolves came nearer and nearer. "Give them one of the horses," cried the servant. It was done, and for a little time the wolves were checked. But again the savage pack was upon them, and the servant said, "There is but one hope of your safety. I will give myself to the wolves; you may yet have time to escape." So the servant, who loved his master, cast himself to the wolves, and the travellers escaped. On that forest path the nobleman erected a pillar, with the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Our Lord."

If Christ is really "our Lord," that is, our Master, we must obey every word and wish of His. In the cele-

brated charge of the "Light Brigade" in the Crimean war, that heroic band of cavalry knew that the order was a mistake, that "some one had blundered." But they did not hesitate. They boldly went forward to meet the enemy according to their duty, and so earned immortal fame.

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die,
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

That is the kind of obedience we, Christian soldiers, owe to Christ "our Lord." Only how much greater reason we have for obeying Him than for doing the commands of any earthly master! And of this we can be always sure, that in His commands there can be no mistake, no "blunder."

"God is so Good."

HAYDN, the great musician, was once asked why his sacred music was so joyful. His answer was that it was "Because God is so good, and I would set," he added, "even the 51st Psalm (the *Miserere*) in allegro."

"His Banner over me was Love."

DURING a war in Cuba an Englishman got somehow into trouble through trying to help some of the wounded. He was seized on suspicion of being a spy, condemned by the Spanish commander, and in spite of every effort on his behalf, he was condemned to be shot. The British Consul interfered, but all in vain. The man was led

out, his hands bound, and his eyes blindfolded, and he was commanded to kneel in front of the squad of soldiers detailed for his execution. At this supreme moment, the British Consul asked if he might speak to his countryman in case he had any last instructions to give. He advanced to the spot where the man was kneeling and with lightning rapidity drew out the English flag from his breast where he had it hidden, and folded it about the condemned man. "Now," he cried, "fire upon England's flag if you dare." The plan was successful. The mighty power of England was too well known to be provoked. The squad of riflemen was withdrawn, and the prisoner's life was spared. His country's "banner over him was love," and it saved him from a terrible death. The Cross of Christ is our banner. That is the flag of God's love. Trusting in that for your protection, the whole power of Heaven is on your side, and who dares strike or condemn you?

Jesus the only Saviour.

THERE is a parable told by a Chinese Christian which describes how a man fell into a deep pit, and lay groaning and helpless. Presently Confucius, the great teacher of China, came by, and, seeing the man, said, "How foolish of you to fall in here! I am truly sorry for you, and let me give you this advice. If you ever get out of this pit, don't fall in again." Then a Buddhist priest from India passed by and said, "Poor fellow creature, if you can but struggle half way out, I could reach you and lift you up." Next the Lord Jesus passed by, and hearing the man's groans, He had compassion on him and stooped down and stretched out His arms and lifted the man up, saying, "Go and sin no more."

PALM SUNDAY.

SUFFERED, CRUCIFIED.

Christ Gave Himself for us.

In 1481 the Austrians invaded Switzerland, and a comparatively small number of men determined to resist them. Near the little town of Sempach the Austrians were observed advancing in a solid, compact body, presenting an unbroken line of spears. The Swiss met them, but their spears were shorter, and being much fewer in number, they were compelled to give way. Observing this, Arnold von Winkelried, seeing that all the efforts of the Swiss to break the ranks of their enemies had failed, exclaimed to his countrymen, "I will open a path to freedom! Protect, dear comrades, my wife and children!" He rushed forward, and, gathering in his arms as many spears as he could grasp, he buried them in his bosom. He fell, but a gap was made, and the Swiss rushed in and achieved an exceeding great victory. Arnold von Winkelried died, but saved his country.

Christ Died for us.

At the siege of Bridgenorth Castle, in the reign of Henry II., the king exposed himself to so much danger that he would have been slain if a faithful officer had not preferred his sovereign's life to his own. While he was

busied in giving orders near the wall, Hubert de St. Clare, constable or governor of Colchester Castle, seeing an arrow aimed at Henry, stepped before him and received it in his own breast. The wound was mortal; he expired in the arms of his master, recommending his daughter, an only child, and an infant, to the care of that prince. There is evidently here no comparison between the death of Christ for us, and the death of this faithful subject for a sovereign whom he loved. But suppose that the *king* had seen the arrow, and that it was aimed at the officer; suppose, moreover, that the latter was a bad man, and every way undeserving of regard, and that the king out of compassion had voluntarily received the arrow himself. Now, though such a case is almost inconceivable, this is no more than Christ has done for us, who saw the sword of divine justice ready to descend upon us, and stepped forward to receive it Himself in our stead.

Christian Heroism.

At the siege of Metz a wounded soldier was about to undergo a terrible operation. He saw that the chloroform bottle was nearly empty. He turned and said, "M. le Docteur, I will do without it; those who have worse wounds will want it more;" then lay down, stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth, and said, "Be quick about it."

Moral Courage.

Two soldiers were going to battle. One was pale and trembling, the other bold and defiant. "Comrade," said the second to his companion, "you are afraid." "Yes, I am," was the reply; "and if you were as much afraid as I am you would run away."

True Courage.

"FEAR to do base, unworthy things, is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too." —*Ben Jonson.*

"Looking unto Jesus."

"I KNEW a lady who had to undergo a very terrible operation, and the doctors feared the first sight of the preparations might overpower her. She asked, however, to be allowed to hold a picture of Christ crucified in her hand, and so strengthened, she bore all, 'looking unto Jesus.'"

"The Mind of Christ."

THE late Archdeacon Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving a lecture, when a cry of "Fire" was raised. Away rushed his pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river; he was delicate and looked consumptive. "What!" cried Mr. Hare, "you in the water, Sterling, you; so liable to take cold?" "Somebody must be in it," the youth answered; "why not I, as well as another?" The spirit of this answer is that of all great and generous doing. Cowardice and coldness, too, say, "Oh, somebody will do it," and the speaker sits still; he is not the one to do what needs doing. But nobility of character, looking at necessary things, says, "Somebody must do it; why not I?" And the deed is done.

"Marks of the Lord Jesus."

Among the Romans slaves were branded with the "marks" or names of their masters. S. Paul tells us in Gal. vi. 17 that he bears in his body these marks of *his* Master. Such were the weals made by the Roman lictor's rods, with which he was "thrice beaten"; the red lines of those two hundred stripes which had been laid on him in the Jewish synagogues; the scars left by the stones which had bruised and beaten him down, and "left him for dead." These marks of the Lord Jesus he carried with him, the proofs as to "whose he was, and whom he served."

"He Gave Himself for me."

An American writer tells a pathetic anecdote of his strolling into a cemetery one day, and finding a thoughtful-looking farmer planting some flowers on a grave. It bore on the headstone a name and date, and the words "He died for me." The explanation he received was that in the war between "North" and "South" the farmer, who had a sickly wife and several children, was drafted for the army. True, he might have got another to take his place, but he could not afford to pay the sum required. With a heavy heart he was preparing for his start, when a young friend came in and said, "It is hard for you to leave your wife and many children, who must suffer from poverty when you have gone; I will go in your place." He went, but was struck by a bullet in the first battle, came back to linger long in the hospital, and was buried in that spot! "I have worked hard," said his friend, "to earn enough to come and see the place where he lies buried, and to add a few flowers to the tombstone, for he took my place, and died for me!"

The Power of Sacrifice.

No one can make sacrifice for another, without establishing a new bond of interest between them. A boy is rescued from death, and, ever after, he loves to tell, "That man once saved my life." The rescuer, too, feels a special interest in the one he has saved.

Christ's Sacrifice.

We have read of Leonidas and his brave three hundred stopping the ravaging march of the Persians at Thermopylae, and devoting themselves to the salvation of their country. We have read of the King of the Locrians, who, when his son had broken the laws, the demand of which was that both eyes should be put out, mitigated the punishment by giving, in exchange for one of them, an eye of his own; thus enduring, self-devotedly, a part of the suffering allotted to his child. We have read of the queen who sucked the poison from the wound of the king her consort, though convinced that death would be the consequence of her heroic act. And numerous have been the instances wherein soldiers have caught the death-blows intended for their commanders—not merely risking, but *devoting*, their own lives for the salvation of a life which they held to be more important than their own. And is such conduct reprobated by the general mass of mankind? Far from it. Why, then, should the sacrifice of Christ be?

Wearing the Cross.

In Alexandria in Egypt at one time fine ladies used to go to church wearing a copy of the Holy Gospels round their neck. But their lives showed that they did not

wear the yoke of Christ. History repeats itself, and in these days we find people wearing crosses of gold who seldom remember the bitter wood of Calvary.

"Look and be Saved."

HUNDREDS of years before Christ hung on the Cross a very strange thing happened. It was while the Israelites were journeying through the wilderness; they had been murmuring against God, and He sent fiery serpents among them that bit them so they died. Then they remembered Him in their trouble and asked Moses to plead for them; and God listened, and told him to do this strange thing: To take brass, and make it just like the serpents that had bitten them, hang it on a high pole, and set it in the midst of the camp, so that every one could look upon it; and every one who looked lived. Now, suppose you had been one of those Jewish children there in the wilderness, and a serpent had darted at you in your play and left a fiery sting in your arm, so that you seemed burning up, and your head ached, and you felt so sick you had thrown yourself down to die; and then you heard Moses' voice ringing out over your head, "Look and be saved! look and live!" and then you looked at this brazen serpent, and at once the fear and pain all left you as you looked, and you felt strong, and well, and cool, and ready to jump and run about as in the early morning. Would you not want every one in the camp that you saw lying on the ground in pain to know this too? Would you not run from one sick one to another, and cry, "Lift your head and look! Only look quick before you die"? What has this to do with missionary work? I will tell you. One day when Jesus was teaching, He said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wil-

derness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." So that we, who can look back, know this scene in the wilderness was just a picture of that other scene on Calvary where Jesus was crucified—lifted up—so that every one who has been bitten by sin, and who is dying, may be saved by looking at Him. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." That is what Christ is saying from the Cross. But how are "all the ends of the earth" to know that message unless we who have been healed go, or send others, to tell them?

"While we were yet Sinners."

THERE was a poor, ignorant man once who had lived in sin and utter forgetfulness of God. As a child he had heard something of the love of Jesus, but as a man he lived without God in the world. The only thing he loved, or cared for, was his dog, and by and by he was unable to pay the tax, and was told he must pay, or get rid of the dog; so he determined to drown his faithful companion. Arriving at the water-side, the man seized the dog, and in spite of its pleading looks cast it into the river, and held it down, even beating its head with a stone. Suddenly he overbalanced himself, and fell forwards into the deep water. There, as he sank helpless for the last time, he felt himself seized and dragged towards the shore, and on reaching it he found it was his dog, with bleeding head and sad, loving eyes, which had saved his life. On the sick-bed, from which he never rose, that rough, half-heathen man told the story of his rescue, and how the devotion of the dog had brought to his mind for the first time the love of Jesus in saving those who were His murderers.

"For us Men."

During the war between the Northern and Southern States of America, it happened one day that General Lee went out, spyglass in hand, to observe an outpost of the enemy. As he stood on a slightly rising knoll the soldiers gathered round him in a little crowd, which gathering soon caught the notice of the foe, and a shower of bullets began to whiz through the air. Lee ordered his men to retreat behind some shelter, but, with his wonted contempt for danger, stayed last. Just as he was slowly retiring he was observed to stoop down; he had found a little sparrow which had fallen out of its nest, and which, unable to fly, lay helpless on the ground. Regardless of the bullets, he picked it up, took it to the neighbouring tree, and, having searched for the nest, replaced it in its home, and then walked away quietly, as though not heeding the fire of the enemy. Surely we may see in the kindness to a little bird, which he showed at the risk of his life, a faint reflection of that Divine compassion which made the Son of God stoop down and at, not the *risk*, but the *price* of His life, seek to save a perishing world!

EASTER DAY.

THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE, ETC.

(*See also Second Sunday after Easter.*)

Symbols of the Resurrection.

"SPRING," says Professor Gaussen, "is the season when all the winged insects, the bees, the cochineals, the butterflies, the grasshoppers, the Maybugs, the beautiful silkworms, and the voracious locusts, issue in myriads from their cells, their aurelias, their cocoons, and their chrysalids. Behold that wonderful insect, that light and graceful inhabitant of the air, which in our gardens resembles a flying flower, and by the elegance of its shape and the splendour of its colours forms the delight of our eyes. What was it at first, and what has it become? It was at first a crawling insect, a loathsome caterpillar. Some weeks or some months ago it seemed to die. It was seen to grow pale, to change colour; then to stop eating and moving, and afterwards to shut itself up in a kind of sepulchre; to get rid of its eyes, its mouth, and even its head and feet, and become like a corpse wrapt in a winding-sheet, or a mummy in the catacombs, which had been plunged in bitumen and rolled up in bands. Nay, more, before yielding to death it buried itself in the earth, and took the precaution even to lay itself out upon

a bier; and there it might have been seen in its follicle, as the bodies of embalmed Egyptians have been discovered in their coffins of sycamore. But, as soon as it has felt the quickening breath of spring, how surprising the change which it undergoes by the power of God! Would it be said that it is the same creature? Yes, it is the same, and yet it is not the same! It has torn asunder its winding-sheet, it has broken its bier, and it has been seen rising up to newness of life, a creature, aerial, winged, glorious, radiant with beauty, endued with new senses and new faculties, to seek in a higher element purer food and nobler enjoyments. This new creature appears to have retained none of the humiliations and miseries of its old condition. The abject caterpillar which was buried, and the happy winged animal seen rising from it, seem to you entirely different; the living one reminds you of that which was dead only by contrast. The first crawled upon the ground, like us, unceasingly exposed to a thousand accidents; the other soars into the air, and disdains, as it were, to light upon the earth from which it sprang. The first shocked our sight by its disgusting appearance; the second, adorned with the richest colours, is the delight of our eyes. The first was blind; the second is furnished with the most marvellous eyes, resembling, by their innumerable and brilliant *facies*, richly cut diamonds. It has even acquired, as some suppose, a new sense in its antennae; it enjoys a thousand sensations of which it formerly knew nothing. The first nourished itself on gross and common aliment; but this, since its resurrection, is seen flying from flower to flower, living upon honey and dew, rejoicing in the freedom of nature, forming even its ornament, and gladdened by the purest joys."

"Liberty to the Captives."

When the abolition of slavery was declared in the West Indies, to take effect at sunrise on a certain day (August 1, 1838), the slaves climbed the hills the night before and waited and watched for the morning rays. There they kept their eyes on the eastern horizon to catch the first streaks of daylight, and as the sun peeped into sight these slaves sprang to their feet with the cry, "We are free! we are free!" and the cry rang down the valleys and among the huts of the emancipated. How much more Easter morning has done for us!

"The Power of His Resurrection."

In the German city of Hanover there is a tomb in what they sweetly call "God's Acre," ancient and neglected. The remains of one of the old nobility repose there. The stones are huge, and were clamped and dowelled. This is a part of the inscription: "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." But a little seed found lodgment in a crevice, and now there is a stout birch there, which has spurned the stones, forced the iron, and pierced the grave in triumph. That tells me of the life which shall be victorious over death, of which we know in Jesus "and the power of His Resurrection."

"Christ the First-fruits."

Just as the first ripe ears of corn which grew on the plains and the mountain sides of Palestine were immediately brought into the Temple and waved before the Lord as a pledge that every ear of corn growing in Palestine should be safely reaped and gathered in, so the resurrec-

tion of Christ is a proof and pledge that we, His people, shall be raised from the dead even as Christ rose.

"Declared to be the Son of God with Power."

At the time of the French Revolution, when Christianity was abolished, some philosophers set up a religion of morality, charity, and love, on philosophic grounds, but soon found that "it would not work." "Why can't I get people to believe in *my* religion?" said one of its advocates to Talleyrand. "It is very easy to do so," said Talleyrand, who was a master of the art of sarcasm. "You have only first to get yourself crucified, or anyhow to be put to death, and then at your own time rise from the dead, and you will have no difficulty whatever."

"Christ is Risen!"

On the night preceding Easter day, the Russian churches are densely thronged with the people, standing in darkness, holding unlighted candles, silent, expectant. When the midnight hour has struck, then from far away outside the church a plaintive strain of music is heard, a thrill goes through the assembly; the music approaches, waxes louder, sounding more joyous. The great western doors roll back, and light appears flowing into the church, attended by jubilant song. The procession of choir and clergy are entering with light and incense, in gorgeous robes, a train of light and colour, of music and fragrance. Instantly the light is caught from the entering tapers, and runs in sparks through the church, flying from candle to candle, and every worshipper stands with his candle burning, so that the vast gloomy interior is suddenly a palace of glory. But this is not all. At the same moment

each turns to his neighbour, exclaiming: "CHRIST is risen!" and kisses him. CHRIST is risen, love is shed abroad, all men are brothers!

"He Lives and will Live."

THE early Christians called their burying grounds "cemeteries," which means "sleeping places." In Rome some of those ancient cemeteries are away far under ground and are called catacombs. On the walls of these catacombs are many epitaphs, some very beautiful. One of these is exceedingly short. It is this: *Tentianus vivit;* that is, "Tentianus lives." That seems, perhaps, strange to put over a grave, yet it is perfectly true. The body of that Christian is resting there in his cemetery or sleeping place, but his soul is still alive in Paradise, and some day it will return, and his body will awake out of its long sleep, and both will live as they never did before.

"He has Emigrated."

THERE was once a great painter called Albert Dürer. He lies buried in his native city of Nuremberg, in Germany, and on his tombstone they have put the single word *Emigravit,* "He has gone to another country." That is all; he has emigrated, but he will return, and Christ will restore and beautify for him that body which lies waiting in the tomb.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

THE RESURRECTION OF DEAD SOULS.

"A Living Soul."

STATUES and paintings have been executed with such exquisite skill, that the canvas and the block of marble appear almost to have acquired animation. Instances are recorded where the power of genius has succeeded to such a degree that it was only on approaching near that you found that the object before you was not a living person, but only the representative of one. You are filled with astonishment at the power which could call forth such beautiful creations; but no art, no skill of man ever has or ever can supply what is defective, the breath of life, which He only can give who first made "a living soul."

"Alive unto God."

IN a small but beautiful valley stand two trees at a short distance from each other. One is scathed and dead, and its withered arms resemble most a decayed monument. The other is full of life, and the verdure and beauty with which it is clothed render it the ornament of the place. Yet both have equal advantages; they are of the same age, they are planted upon the banks of the same river, they are sheltered by the same hills, they have the same sun, and the same fertile soil. Such is the difference

between those who rightly receive the grace of God, and those who enjoy the same outward advantages, and yet do not profit by them; the one are alive to God, the other are spiritually dead.

Sign of a True Conversion.

A SERVANT girl was once asked if she were converted. She replied: "Whether I am converted or no I cannot tell; but this I do know, that now *I always sweep under the mats.*"

Christ's Salvation.

A CHRISTIAN Indian was one day asked: "What has Christ done for you?" He took a worm and placed it on the path; then collecting some straw, he put it in a circle round the worm and set fire to it. The worm began to feel the heat, and endeavoured to escape, but without avail, for the fire was round it. Then the Indian took away part of the blazing circle and the worm crept out. "That," he said, "is what Christ has done for me. The flames of hell were gathering round me when Jesus came and set me free."

Christ our Life.

OVERHEAD, hanging some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and running down the centre of the street on standards, is a wire. A dead and helpless thing you deem it; but see, under it is standing a tramcar laden with people and with no power of motion in itself. Presently this tramcar stretches up what is called a "trolley," a kind of iron arm, which evidently aims at contact with the apparently dead wire above. No sooner does this trolley, this arm of faith we might call it, touch the wire than a hidden force in that wire, of which we had been

entirely ignorant as outside spectators, seizes hold of it, and immediately the car with all that it contains goes swiftly along the level street, or up a steep incline, borne onward by a power that is not its own. Just so do we stand, helpless and hopeless, without Christ; His presence unseen, unfelt, and unsought. But once let the hand go up to the unseen Power ready to bless and help and redeem each one that asks it, and the life that was dead in trespasses and sins before, becomes alive with activity in the service of man, and with the beauty of the holiness of God.

"Liberty to the Captives."

In the beautiful island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, there is a very touching custom on Easter Day. The people bring caged birds to the church, and while the choir is singing about Christ's work of freeing "the souls in prison," the imprisoned songsters are set at liberty.

Hidden Life.

"There is a day in spring
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud.
The wealth and festal pomp of midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious hour
Which no man names with blessing, though its work
Is blessed by all the world. Such days there are
In the slow story of the growth of souls."

—*Smedley.*

The New Birth in Baptism.

A Persian emperor once asked a grey-haired old man, "How old art thou?" "Just about four years," was his reply. He counted only the years of his regenerated life.

Unburied Dead.

THERE are many dead people in the world who are not yet buried: there are thousands who have been dead many years, and do not know it. When a man's heart is cold and indifferent about religion, when his hands are never employed in doing God's work, when his heart is never familiar with His ways, when his tongue is seldom used in prayer and praise, when his ears are deaf to the voice of Christ in the gospel, when his eyes are blind to the beauty of heaven, when his mind is full of the world, and has no room or time for spiritual things—then a man is dead. Unless he wakes up from this deathly sleep and asks Christ for life, he must die eternally.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

(*See also Easter Day.*)

Belief of the Heathen.

THE heathen sorrowed without hope. A shattered pillar; a ship gone to pieces; a race lost; a harp lying on the ground with snapped strings, with all its music lost; a flower-bud crushed with all its fragrance in it—these were the sad utterances of their hopeless grief. The thought that death was the gate of life came not in to cheer the parting or brighten the sepulchre. The truth that the grave was the soil, and the body the seed sown by God's hand to call out all the latent life; that the race was not lost, but only a little earlier won; that the column was not destroyed, but transferred to another building and another city, to be a pillar in the temple of God; that the bud was not crushed, but transplanted, for fuller expansion, and with all its odour unexhaled and unimpaired, to a kindlier soil and air; that the harp was not broken, nor its music spoilt and lost, but handed up to a truer minstrel, who, with a finer touch and heavenlier skill, will bring out all the rich compass of its hidden music, which man would not have appreciated, and which earth would but have spoiled—these were things which had no place

in their theology, hardly in their dreams. They sorrowed as those who had no hope.

The Great Gathering.

"ALL that are in their graves shall hear His voice;" no grave may refuse to give up its dead. There have been some singular graves made in the world, and extraordinary pains taken to conceal them; but they, as well as the most ordinary receptacles of the dead, must give up their dead. Alaric, king of the Goths, had a curious grave. Did you ever hear of his singular grave? He had besieged and levied an enormous tribute upon Rome, and was proceeding to Sicily, when he died suddenly. It is related that his victorious army caused their captives to turn aside the course of the river Busentinus, to make his grave in the bed of the river; and then, when they had buried him in it, and restored the waters to their former channel, they slew upon the spot all who had been engaged in the work, that none might tell the secret to the Romans. Neither will Attila's numerous coffins confine him in the grave. He also was a great conqueror at the head of barbarous tribes. History tells us that he was buried in a wide plain, in a coffin enclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron; that with his body was interred an immense amount of treasure; and that the spot might for ever remain unknown, those who buried him were killed. But at the Judgment-day he will come forth from his grave, and give an account of all his bloody victories.

Legend of the Snowdrop.

WHEN Eve was banished from Paradise, so the old story goes, she found the world outside all covered with snow,

and not a flower to be seen. Sadly she wept over the cold earth for the lost beautiful flowers of Paradise. Then an angel appeared to her, and catching a snowflake in his hand, he breathed upon it, and it became a flower, the little flower we call the snowdrop, the first of all the year. That flower may remind us then of Christ, "the first begotten from the dead." As the little white flower encouraged Eve, so will Christ's resurrection encourage us by reminding us of the great harvest of flowers and fruits that are sure to follow that beginning.

Emblem of the Resurrection.

A VASE closely sealed was found in a mummy-pit in Egypt by the English traveller Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass, on the 4th of June, 1844, and at the end of thirty days these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about three thousand years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that time, apparently dead yet still living, in the dust of the tomb. If God can do this with peas, why not with our bodies?

"Resurgam."

WHEN S. Paul's Cathedral was about to be rebuilt, a stone was wanted to which to fix a line and thus mark out the centre of the future dome. A labourer brought a piece of a broken tombstone, on which, by a happy coincidence, there was inscribed the prophetic word "*Resurgam*"—"I shall rise again." Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, hailed the omen with pleasure, and,

taking it as a centre, he planned out the position of the noble church which was to take the place of the ruins around. So, as we watch the dead body of man laid in the grave, the Church whispers with hope, "It shall rise again." For "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God . . . For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven" (2 Cor. v. 1, 2).

Christ the Restorer.

One day Faraday, the great chemist, accidentally dropped a small silver cup into a jar of powerful acid. The cup was rapidly dissolved by the acid, and wholly disappeared from sight. The question was asked could it be found and restored. Some thought not, but Faraday put some chemical into the acid which made the silver held by it to fall to the bottom of the jar. There it lay, at first in a shapeless mass, but when it was given into the hands of the silversmith the cup was restored to its original form. And surely God can do this and more for man's body.

Birth more Wonderful than Resurrection.

Every moment human beings with bodies and souls which never existed before are coming into life. Thousands are alive to-day who were not alive a year ago. There are 1,400,000,000 of people on the earth to-day, and yet 150 years ago not one of them was alive! What greater or more wonderful exercise of God's creative power can we have than this? Birth is really more wonderful than restoring life to a body which once possessed it, just as it requires more skill and power to design and

build a house than it does to rebuild one that has been overthrown. Why, then, should we doubt God's power to do that which requires apparently less power and skill than that which He is doing constantly before our eyes? Birth is the giving of absolutely new life. Resurrection, or "the second birth," as our Lord calls it, is only the restoration of a life that once existed.

Resurrection may be Unwelcome.

Mr. Moffatt was preaching upon the resurrection, when Macaba, a notorious chief, cried out, "What are those words about the dead?—the dead arise?" "Yes," said the missionary; "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," answered the missionary. "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes," answered the missionary. "Will all that have been killed and eaten by lions, tigers, and crocodiles, arise?" "Yes, and come to judgment." "Hark!" shouted the chief, turning to the warriors. "Ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange and unheard-of news? Did you ever hear such news as this?" turning to an old man, the wise man of his tribe. "Never!" answered the old man. The chief then turned to the missionary, and said, "Father, I love you much; but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot rise; the dead shall not rise!" "Tell me, my friend, why not," said the missionary. "I have slain my thousands: shall *they* arise?"

Monica's Faith in God's Power.

When Monica, the devout and gentle mother of the great S. Augustine, was on her death-bed at Ostia in

Italy, far from her native Africa, some of her friends asked her "whether she were not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city?" "No," she replied, "nothing is far to God; nor," she added, "is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not know from what place He had to raise me up."

Buddha and Christ.

A YOUNG mother once came to Gautama, the Buddha and founder of Buddhism, carrying her dead child in her arms. Some one had told her that Gautama could give her medicine to bring back her boy to life. "Lord and Master," she said, "do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?" "Yes, I know of some," he replied. "You must get some mustard seed," he said; and when the poor mother eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added, "You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died." "Very good," she said, and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. But at every house where she inquired, one said, "I have lost a son," another "I have lost a parent," or another "I have lost a slave." At length in her despair she left her dead child in a forest and returned to the Buddha, but all the comfort he could give her in sorrow was to talk to her about the changefulness of human life. How differently Christ did when the widow of Nain was carrying her dead son to his grave, and when Martha and Mary told Him about the death of their brother Lazarus. Buddha says, "I can do nothing for you." Christ says, "I can do all things. I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

DEAD, BURIED, DESCENDED.

"He shall Carry Nothing away with him when he Dieth."

A FOX once saw, through a slit in a wall, a beautiful garden which he tried to enter, but found himself unable to pass through the narrow opening. He fasted three days, and became so reduced that he was able to get in. Then he roamed about and feasted at his pleasure. But after some days the thought struck him, "What if the owner of the garden were to come! I must make haste to escape before I am caught." So saying, he hastened to the opening by which he entered, but found that he had grown so fat and plump that he could no longer pass through it. He was obliged, as at first, to fast three days, and then with difficulty he crawled out. As soon as he was out of danger he exclaimed, "Garden, garden, thou art indeed charming, but of what profit art thou to me? After all my labour am I not as lean as before?"—*Talmud.*

"What Next?"

ONE day Alexander, the young King of Macedon, met Diogenes, the old Greek philosopher. "What are your plans, thou royal youth?" inquired the old man. "First,

I shall consolidate my sway over our noble Greeks; then I shall lead my gallant soldiers across the Hellespont; then the mighty empire of Persia shall submit to my Macedonian Phalanx." "What next?" said Diogenes. "Then becoming Emperor of the whole East, I shall push on and conquer India." "What next?" "Then I shall return, and, going Westward, extend my sceptre's power to the Pillars of Hercules and the setting of the sun." "And what next?" "I shall reign in imperial splendour over the whole world!" "And then?" But Alexander was silent, for he could not help perceiving that death must close the most brilliant of martial careers.

True Preparation for Death.

WHEN condemned to be executed, Sir Walter Raleigh was asked by the executioner which way he would lay his head. He replied, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

Two Death-beds.

A QUEEN of England is dying, surrounded by her attendants. What are the last words they hear her speak as she passes over the brink of eternity? "All my possessions for a moment of time!" Now look on another picture. An English admiral lies wounded unto death. The decks are slippery with blood, and the air dark with smoke; but the sound of many voices is heard; it is the British shout of victory. The dying hero clasps the hand of his friend, and murmurs, "Now I am satisfied; thank God, I have done my duty." Our ending of this life must be like one or other of these.

"The First Five Minutes after Death."

An old East Indian officer, who had returned to England, was once telling his friends about some of the wonderful things that he had seen during his long life. After describing great battles, and sieges, and hairbreadth escapes, at last he paused and said, "I expect to see something much more remarkable than anything I have been describing." As he was seventy years of age, and not likely to return to India, his listeners failed to catch his meaning. There was another pause, and then he said in an undertone, "I mean in the first five minutes after death."

"This Night."

Gibbon, the infidel historian, reckoned one morning that he had at least fifteen years to live. That very night he died.

A Sermon in Every Death.

Archbishop Leighton was once asked by a friend, as he was returning homewards, if he had been to a sermon. "I met a sermon," was the answer, "for I met a funeral."

"Memento Mori."

It is recorded of Saladin, the great Sultan of Syria, that every evening in his camp an officer on horseback lifted up a black shroud as a standard upon a lance, while one of two mollahs made proclamation, "Saladin, king of kings, Saladin, conqueror of conquerors, Saladin must die," and the other made response, "Extolled be the per-

fection of the Living One Who dieth not." The slave in the chariot of a Roman general during a triumph, with his repeated phrase, "Remember that thou art a man," was not so impressively solemn a warning as this.

Death Everywhere.

If any one has visited Rome, he will remember—for none who have travelled thither can forget the scene—the long street of tombs which forms one of the approaches to the Eternal City. For miles on the road, these monuments, erected over the departed, stand on either side of the way, at brief but uncertain intervals, until the traveller reaches the gate. Exactly thus it is with us on our pilgrimage to that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God; on every hand we are reminded of our mortality, until we, in our turn, fall by the wayside, and swell the number of the dead.

"Death in the Midst of Life."

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

—*Hemans.*

Friends in Paradise.

"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."

—*Keble.*

The Beauty of Paradise.

"If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!"

—*Montgomery.*

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

Look up.

I REMEMBER once being among the mountains, and having to climb along a narrow goat-path, in the face of a precipice. You clung to the little, stunted bushes that grow out of the sides, and so hung over a yawning depth below. One false step, one uncertain grasp of the branches, and you would have been dashed in pieces. I looked down beneath, and said something to the guide about the depth. "Yes," he said, "but never look down; look up: look up to the sky; if you look down, a hundred to one but you will become giddy and fall; if you look up, you never can. You must be safe while you fix your eyes on the skies."

Hope of Heaven.

A FISHING net must have pieces of lead fastened to its lower edge to keep it down in the water, and pieces of cork at the top to keep it from sinking. Holy fear of God is like the bad which keeps us from floating in presumption. Hope of Heaven is like the cork which keeps us from sinking in despair. The net would be useless without both cork and lead. Our lives will be failures if we have not both fear and hope.

Looking Heavenward.

THERE were no windows made in the *sides* of the Ark whereby to look out on the raging waters. There was but one window, and that was in the roof, through which to look up to Heaven.

"Looking unto Jesus."

WHEN King Henry of Navarre fought the battle of Ivry, he told his soldiers to watch the white plume on his helmet, and follow wherever it led. So in our battle with the devil, the world, and the flesh, our motto must be, "Looking unto Jesus."

"He Looked up Stedfastly into Heaven."

THAT is what is said of the martyr Stephen (Acts vii. 55). It was that sight which gave him courage. Sir Henry Lawrence, the great hero of Lucknow, found the same experience in the midst of the awful scenes through which he passed during the "Mutiny." The natives of India used to say that when Sir Henry "looked twice to heaven and then to earth, he knew exactly what to do."

"Set your Affection on Things Above."

A PASSENGER chanced to go on deck one morning while the captain was teaching his young son to climb to the mast-head. The boy had gone bravely up, while his father stood watching and encouraging him. At last he began to descend, and while doing so he looked down. The captain noted the action, and also saw that his boy was getting giddy and was then in the greatest danger of

falling. "Look up!" he at once shouted to the boy, "look up!" Raising his face to the skies, the youth obeyed and came down safely. "He might have fallen and been killed," said the passenger to the captain afterward. "No, he was safe enough as long as he looked up," was the reply. "Safe as long as he looked up."

The Glories of Heaven.

In one of Raphael's great pictures, S. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, and the singers round her have caught sound of the music of heaven, and, as some look down and listen in profound thought, and others look up in rapt wonder and ecstasy, their instruments fall from their hands and lie broken at their feet.

"Steps to Heaven."

"What are the steps to Heaven?" it was asked of S. Augustine. "The first is *humility*," answered the great theologian, "and the second, and the third." So, too, the lark that rises highest in the air to sing its sweet song builds its nest upon the ground. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."

Short-sightedness.

Men of science tell us that shortness of sight is greatly on the increase amongst us, especially with those who live in great cities. The reason for this is that the city dwellers wear out their eyesight by looking constantly on objects close to them, without having any wider or more distant prospect. So it is with our spiritual sight. We wear it out by fixing our eyes on some worldly

object close to us. One man has grown short-sighted by gazing day after day at his money bags, till he can see nothing else; and another has studied his ledger and cash book till he has no eyes left for God's fair Heaven above him, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND, ETC.

Christ's Intercession.

Aeschylus was condemned to death by the Athenians, and was about to be led to execution. His brother Amyntas had signalised himself in the service of his country, and in a day of most illustrious victory, in a great measure obtained by his means, had lost his hand. He came into court just as his brother was condemned, and without saying anything exposed the stump of his arm from under his garment, and held it up in their sight. The historian tells us that when the judges saw this mark of suffering, they remembered what he had done, and for his sake discharged the guilty brother, whose life had been forfeited. In like manner the wounded Body of Christ, standing at God's right hand, pleads, if we may so speak, for His sinful and condemned brethren, and thus the guilty but sincere and humble penitent finds mercy when he approaches the throne of the Almighty.

"Where Christ Sitteth."

S. Cuthbert, the great missionary Bishop of Northumbria in the seventh century, was once in an open boat when a snowstorm drove him on the coast of Fife. "The snow closes the road along the shore," mourned

his comrades; "the storm bars our way over the sea." "But there is still," said S. Cuthbert, "the way of Heaven that lies open."

Heaven our Home.

"HERE in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

—*Montgomery.*

Aim High.

A FAMOUS English poet says—

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

—*Herbert.*

Onward and Upward.

TWO little children were once talking together about Heaven, and the little girl said to her brother, "I know the way to Heaven." "Do you, indeed? Then tell me the way," said the boy. And the little sister answered him, "You must begin to go up, and keep on going up, and you will get there, but you must be sure not to turn back."

The Result of Intercession.

DURING the progress of the battle at Gettysburg, a young soldier picked up a soldier's Prayer Book, covered with blood, and soiled from the trampling of feet, and placed it in his blouse pocket. Later in the day he came to a

wounded sergeant, who said, "Friend, I must die; I am not prepared to die: can you not pray for me?" "No," replied the young man, "I have never prayed for myself; and how can I ask mercy for you?" "Young man," said the sergeant, "*I am dying!* Maybe God will hear you. Pray for me quick! I have not long to live. Pity a fellow-soldier, and help him to ask for pardon." At this moment the young man thought of the book in his pocket, drew it out, and found the prayer for a dying person, knelt by his side, and repeated the words. The sergeant thanked him, closed his eyes, and died. The young man hastened to other parts of the field; but everywhere he heard the voice of the dying soldier, "Pray for me." The thought of praying for others, and not for himself, fastened conviction upon him, which resulted in prayer for himself, and his conversion to God.

"Where Christ Sitteth."

A LITTLE child was once asked where his home was, and answered with eyes full of love, "Where mother is." Our true home is where Jesus is. "That they may be with Me where I am," was His prayer for us.

"Where your Treasure is."

THE Arabs have a story about a treasure at the top of a mountain. Many persons tried to reach the top of the mountain, but all of them looked back and were turned to stone. At last two brothers and a sister heard of the treasure, and one of the brothers set out to obtain it. While he was climbing upwards he heard voices all around him warning and threatening him, and one called him a coward. That was too much for him. So he

turned back to see the person who spake, and instantly became a stone. The second brother, after a time, went forth and climbed half-way up until a sweet voice behind him told him to rest, and as he turned he was changed to a stone. Last of all the sister undertook the journey, but when she began she closed her ears to all sounds. In vain the voices threatened, insulted, flattered her. She went straight on, and gained the treasure. That story is a parable. We have all a treasure to gain. Where is it? To gain it we must climb. Every day we must try to get farther from sin and nearer to God—that is climbing. Every day we must try to conquer bad habits, selfish tempers—that is climbing.

Seeing Heaven.

When Dante, the great author of the vision of Hell or the "Inferno," walked the streets of Florence, the children, as they gazed on the face of the poet, were accustomed to whisper with awe-struck voices, "He has been in Hell." If Paradise and Heaven were as real to *us*, would we not show that fact in our lives? Would not people read it in our faces?

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Computation of Eternity.

"SUPPOSE a little bird is set," says an old writer, "to remove this globe by taking from it one grain of sand at a time, and to come only once in a thousand years. She takes her first grain, and away she flies on her long and weary course; and long, long, are the days ere she returns again. It will doubtless seem to many as if she never would return; but when a thousand years have rolled away she comes panting back for one more grain of sand, and this globe is again lessened by just one grain of its almost countless sands. So the work goes on; so eternity wears away—only it does not exhaust itself a particle. That little bird will one day have finished her task, and the last sand will have been taken away, but even then eternity will have only begun. Its sands are never to be exhausted. Taking up again our figure of the little bird removing the sands of our globe, we may extend it, and suppose that after she had finished this world she takes up successively the other planets of our system—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, each and all on the same law—one grain each thousand years; and when these are all exhausted then the sun, and then each of the fixed stars, until the hun-

dreds of thousands of those stupendous orbs are all removed and gone. But even then eternity is not exhausted. We have not yet even an approximation towards its end. End! There is no end! That poor old bird makes progress. Though exceedingly slow, she will one day have done her appointed task, but she will not even then have come any nearer to the end of eternity. Eternity—who can compute it?"

Eternal Life.

"As a drop of water unto the sea, and a gravel stone in comparison of the sand; so are a thousand years to the days of eternity."—Ecclus. xviii. 10.

Heaven Begun on Earth.

When the temple at Jerusalem was being built, no sound of workman's tool was heard near. Each stone was shaped elsewhere, and only needed to be put into the place which was ready for it. So the great building rose up in its glorious beauty. All the parts were perfected, and as they were brought to join those built in before them, they helped to fulfil the great plan of the Divine Architect. In the Jerusalem above, there shall be a temple finished one day which shall stand for ever. It shall be a spiritual temple, built of living stones. In it God shall dwell and be adored. How great the glory of those chosen and made worthy to have a place in it! We all hope for the rest and delight of which God speaks to us in this figure, as in so many others. We all shrink from the thought of our being cast away with what is unfit to be worked into God's design. Let us learn a lesson from the way in which the temple made with hands was built.

Heaven is not the place for shaping, but for putting what is already shaped in the proper place awaiting it. Here is God's workshop; now is our time to be prepared for heaven. This life, with all its cares and joys and temptations, and means of grace, is intended to form us after God's will. In the Church on earth we take our character; in the Church above, it shall be shown. God gives us each a place in the Church now; to fill that well is the preparation for a place in the Church hereafter.

Preparation for Eternity.

ONE day the master of Lukman, an Eastern fabulist, said to him, "Go into such a field, and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest, his master went to the place, and, seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why, then, have you sown oats?" He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said, "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection-day the fruits of virtue. Therefore I thought, also, I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lukman free.

Working for Eternity.

A FAMOUS painter of antiquity was one day asked by another painter the following question: "How does it happen that you, who are so skilful in your art, make so few paintings, while I, far inferior to you in merit, make a large number in a little time?" "Here is the reason,"

replied the other, "You paint for time, *I paint for eternity.*" Every one of us has a picture to copy—Jesus Christ. Let us always remember that this picture is to be made for eternity. "I paint for eternity."

Only one Soul.

S. CHRYSOSTOM says, God has given men double members: two eyes, that if one be lost the other may supply its wants; two hands, two ears, two feet, that the failing of one may be supplied by the help of the other; but only one soul. If that perish, there is no other to supply its place; we perish for ever.

No Disappointment.

WHEN Columbus came to die, he, who had sailed on so many voyages and made so many discoveries, and met with such cruel ingratitude, said, "I shall sail forth on one last voyage, where I shall not meet with disappointment."

Earthly "Immortality."

NAPOLEON, once in the gallery of the Louvre, turned from a fine picture to Baron Denon, saying, "That is a fine picture, Denon!" "Yes, immortal," was the reply. "How long will this picture and a statue last?" said Napoleon. "The picture five hundred years, and a statue five thousand, sire." "And this you call *immortality?*" said Napoleon.

Heaven and Hell.

"WHERE is hell?" asked a scoffer. "*Anywhere* outside of heaven," was the answer.

Existence of Hell.

SOME time ago a man brought forward his strong argument against the Bible, declaring, "I am seventy years of age, and have never seen such a place as hell, after all that has been said about it." His little grandson, of about seven years of age, who was all the while listening, asked him, "Grandaddy, have you ever been dead yet?"

Everlasting Life.

"I AM on the bright side of seventy," said an aged Christian man who had passed the threescore years and ten. "The bright side because nearer to everlasting joy."

Heaven not Really Desired.

MANY men, if they had their choice, whether they would rather live here always or go to Heaven, would, if they spoke the truth, say, "I had rather live here. I believe I am happier here." When I was away from home a few weeks ago, I came to a beautiful spring of water, called the King's Pool. And this is the reason. When idols were still worshipped in that part of the world, it pleased God that the king should be converted, and should believe in Christ. So a day was fixed for his Baptism, and he was to be baptised in this pool. Just before the service began he said to the Bishop, "If I enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, is it true that I shall find a great many poor, mean, miserable people there, as much in God's favour as I am?" "It is true, O king," said the Bishop. "And that I shall not find the other kings of the earth, who worship the gods that our fathers worshipped?" "That is true also." "Then," said the king, turning

back, "I will not be baptised. I had rather not enter into Heaven if it is such a place as you tell me." And he kept his word. He only spoke out boldly what I am afraid that some of us think secretly.

"The Noble Army of Martyrs Praise Thee."

It is a grand sight even on earth to look at an army of conquerors. I saw the troops come home from the Crimea, and watched miles of bright bayonets as regiment after regiment marched by; men who had fought at Alma and at Inkerman, men who had ridden in the death-ride at Balaklava, men who had lain in the freezing trenches before Sebastopol. Hearts throbbed and eyes flashed as those conquerors went by. But what must be the sight in Heaven, when high and low, rich and poor, walk in one grand procession, bearing the palms of victory; of victory over sin, victory over self, victory over pride or falsehood! "Fling open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in."

"The Life Everlasting."

An old man who had been a faithful Christian all his life suddenly lost his sight. When the doctor told him that he never could see again, his answer was, "Then the next person that I shall see will be our Lord Jesus Christ." To see Christ, and to be "with Him where He is," is "Life Everlasting."

Preparation for Eternity.

There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than him-

self. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him. His sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you." "And whither are you going?" said the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you return? within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When, then?" "Never!" "Never?" said the fool. "And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" said the fool; "none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any folly such as this."

WHITSUNDAY.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

"He shall Convince the World of Sin."

UNDER the guidance of the Holy Ghost, conscience works after the manner so beautifully set forth in the ring that a great magician, according to an Eastern tale, presented to his prince. The gift was of inestimable value, not for the diamonds and rubies and pearls that gemmed it, but for a rare and mystic property in the metal. It sat easily enough on the finger in ordinary circumstances, but so soon as its wearer formed a bad thought, designed or committed a bad action, the ring became a monitor. Suddenly contracting, it pressed painfully on his finger, warning him of sin.

Zeal, the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

AN Indian having heard from a white man some strictures on zeal, replied, "I don't know about having too much zeal; but I think it is better the pot should boil over than not boil at all."

Zeal, a Bond of Union.

A MAN, unfamiliar with the blacksmith's art, spent several hours in vainly trying to join two bars of iron by ham-

mering them upon an anvil. At last he did what he should have done at first: he placed them in the fire until they were glowing with fervent heat. Then a few blows soon united them, and that so firmly that they could not be parted. And so it is with a congregation or a church. Let its members be without zeal for God's service, and they will be only so many isolated units, cold and careless of each other's welfare. But let the fire of zeal for some common work for God lay hold upon them, and they will soon discover that they are banded together by bonds unknown before.

The Baptism of Fire.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fortress, and they told us that they intended to batter it down. We might ask them, How? They point us to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that! It is heavy, but not more than a hundredweight or half a hundredweight. If all the men in the army were to throw it, that would make no impression. They say, No, but look at the cannon! Well, but there is no power in that; it is a machine, and nothing more. But look at the powder! Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it up. Yet this powerless powder, and this powerless ball, are put into this powerless cannon; *one spark of fire* enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, that powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our Church machinery of the present day. We have our instruments for pulling down the strongholds, but oh! for the baptism of fire.

"A Still, Small Voice."

HAVE you ever noticed the great clock of S. Paul's? At mid-day, in the roar of business, how few hear it but those who are close to it! But when the work of the day is over, and silence reigns in London, then it may be heard for miles around. That is just like the conscience of an impenitent man. While in health and strength, he will not hear it; but the day will come when he must retire from the world, and look death in the face; and then the clock of conscience—the solemn clock—will sound in his ears, and, if he has not repented, will bring wretchedness and misery to his soul.

The Holy Ghost in the Scriptures.

THE natural conscience is like a clock. Holy Scripture resembles a sun-dial. The clock has the advantage of being always at hand to be consulted at any hour of the day or night. But, then, the clock is liable to go wrong, and vary from the true time. And it has no power in itself of correcting its own errors, so that these may go on increasing to any extent. The sun-dial is alone the unerring guide. By this the clock must be regulated. So is it with our consciences. They, too, must be continually corrected by the Holy Scriptures written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

Growing from Within.

MEN who make a special study of trees have noticed one thing about the palm tree which marks it out as different from all the many thousands of other trees. In the case of any of the trees which grow in our forests, if you were to saw through the trunk, you would notice, as probably

you all have noticed, on the stumps of trees that have been cut down, a number of rings beginning at the centre of the trunk, and getting larger and larger up to the last, which is just inside the bark. These rings show how the tree grows in thickness. You can tell how old a tree is by counting these rings, for every year it gets a new one around the one it had the year before. The old rings stay just as they are, and the tree gets bigger from the outside. Now, were you to cut down a palm tree you would find no such rings. It does not grow like other trees. This is important for us to notice, for you remember the text says "the righteous shall flourish *like the palm tree.*" While other trees grow on the outside, the palm tree grows from within. It does not seem anxious to have a very thick trunk, but its main desire seems to be to climb up as near to the sky as possible, and so it keeps growing from within. The Bible tells us about that growing. "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Do you not see how that was like the palm tree? Wisdom, which is within, comes first, and stature, which is without, comes afterwards. Our dear Lord, then, grew from within. It ought to be so with us. We must keep our hearts good and true, and our thoughts pure and free from sin; we must be good in our very own secret selves if we would flourish like the palm tree, and grow up as our Lord did. And that kind of growth can only come in one way. We must allow the Holy Ghost, "the Lord, and Giver of Life," to dwell in our hearts.

"The Giver of Life."

Once a traveller was descending into a lovely valley by a narrow path, which wound steeply down the mountain

side. Above him, to the left, the bare rocks were baking in the fierce sun, the stunted brown grass was sere and slippery; nothing but thistles were to be seen, not a green blade or leaf to rest the eye. But below him, to the right, all was green and fresh and beautiful; the great trees lifted their feathery crowns; the fields of maize and wheat, the vineyards and olive yards, mulberries and figs, corn and grass and flowers made this side of the hill like the Garden of Eden. What made the difference? The whole slope lay exposed to the same sun and breeze; the rain fell equally on every spot. As he looked and wondered, the traveller discovered a tiny canal, almost hidden in the tall grass and ferns, winding along and watering the ground; sending off a thousand baby streams on this hand and on that, so that wherever they came the land was glad, the flowers sprang up, and the corn and vine grew for the use of man. Then it came into the traveller's mind how what he saw was a fine emblem of the heart of man. Left to itself it is like the barren and dry hillside, but when the tiny rivulet of the Spirit of God finds its way into the midst of it, everything is changed, and we see all the difference between the Lord's garden and the hard and stony land outside, where the blessed fruits of the Holy Spirit will not grow.

"Come to Send Fire on the Earth."

At an early stage of human society, when there were few means of obtaining fire (matches have only been invented during the present century), the custom prevailed of having a common fire to which all could go to get a light. This fire was often in a temple or church. For instance, the nuns of Kildare in Ireland kept one of these sacred fires which was still burning at the end of six hundred

years. It had never been allowed to go out in all that time, and how many homes and firesides had been made bright and warm from that single undying flame! Such and infinitely more is that "fire" of the Holy Ghost which Christ sent upon the earth three times six hundred years ago, and which has never gone out since, and never can. (Compare Lev. vi. 13. For the origin of this fire see Lev. ix. 24.)

"The Light of Life."

THERE was once a traveller who was called by business to a small fishing town in Cornwall. He reached the place very late in the evening; but as the night was very fine, though very dark, after supper he strolled through the town and climbed a steep hill. After pursuing the road for some distance, he determined to return. In the dim light he saw an open piece of ground—by crossing this it seemed he would lessen his way by "a short cut." He did so, and crossing the hill, came to a wall at the farther side. "This," said he to himself, "is the boundary wall of the road, and I have only to cross it and be on the highway." He therefore got over, and was surprised not to touch the ground with his feet. He was, however, about to let go his hold and drop down, when it occurred to him that perhaps it might be a little deeper than he thought, and that it would be wiser for him to retrace his footsteps, and go back the way he came. He did so, and reached his inn without further incident. On the morrow, having transacted his business, he thought he would walk up the hill and see in the daylight the place where he turned back the night before. But what was his surprise to find that he had in the darkness crossed a field to the very edge of the cliff; that the wall

he had thought to mark the road was really on the verge of a precipice; that where he had hung, imagining that the highway was only a couple of feet beneath, there was in reality a depth of more than a hundred feet to the shore far below, and had he sprung lightly over as he had intended, or let go his grasp, he would have met with instant death! Thus the daylight revealed to him the danger in which he had unconsciously been; and so does the illuminating power of the Holy Spirit make clear to the sinner the peril from which God has mercifully preserved him!

The Work of the Holy Ghost.

LET us think of that bold scheme which has been suggested, to cut a canal across the narrow range of hills that bounds the Atlantic Ocean and let in its waters over the Sahara desert, turning its thirsty sand into an inland sea, where the sails of many nations might spread and carry with them civilization and progress. Such is the work of God the Holy Ghost, to change and alter and improve the souls of men, so that where were barrenness and desolation there may be health and usefulness—the blue waves and the white-winged ships, in place of the parching sand and the weary camel.

The Inner Voice.

A STORY is told that when George Selwyn accepted the Bishopric of New Zealand a great ecclesiastical potentate expressed his surprise that one living under the shadow of Windsor, and with every prospect of the highest English promotion, was willing to go out to a distant colony. "Perhaps," was the reply,

"'He hears a Voice you cannot hear,
Which will not let him stay;
He sees a Hand you cannot see,
Which beckons him away.'"

The Compass Flower.

In the wilds of Texas the bewildered traveller is often guided to his home in safety by a little flower. It is called the "Compass flower," because its petals are always found turned towards the north. The Holy Spirit in our hearts is like that compass flower, always guiding us aright.

"Full of the Holy Ghost."

In some of our houses is constructed a telegraphic alarm. Every door and every window, by a telegraphic wire, is connected with a little galvanic battery in a closet, and also with a bell at the head of the sleeper's bed. When a door or window opens, the bell gives a sudden peal. After five or six months, if no precaution is taken, a serious difficulty may occur. The lever may be turned to connect the battery with the bell, and a door may be opened; but no sound will be heard. What has happened? Every wire in the house can be traced uninjured back to the battery; the platform on which stands the bell, and the lever connecting and disconnecting the wires, are all in place; but there is no response. The *power* is gone. What shall we do? Polish the bell? Increase the number of or renew the wires? Still there would be no sound. Shall we smite upon the bell, imitating the ringing peal ourselves? But then its legitimate office, to give us warning, and to save us in the hour of danger, is gone. There is only one course to be

pursued. The trouble is with the battery. It has only to be charged again as it was at first; and then the fire will run through all the lines of wire, and the response will be given at the point of contact. So also the heart must be again filled with the Holy Ghost; and every point of contact with our fellow-men will illustrate our moral power.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

The Mystery of God.

One day S. Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo, was walking on the seashore. He was thinking about the greatness of Almighty God. As he went along he saw a little child sitting close to the sea. This child had a small spoon in his hand, and was dipping the spoon into the sea. S. Augustine went to the child and said, "My little child, why are you dipping that spoon into the water?" The child answered, "I want to empty all the water out of the sea." "But," said S. Augustine, "it is of no use for you to try to empty the great sea with that little spoon." The child then said, "I am an angel from Heaven, and God has sent me to tell you that it will be easier for me to empty the sea with this little spoon than for you to understand all the greatness of God. God alone is great, and His greatness is for ever."

Belief in God.

A lady was in society with a professed atheist, who talked much of his disbelief in God. As none agreed with him, he exclaimed impatiently, "I could not have supposed that in a company of intellectual beings, I alone could have been found without belief in God." "Ex-

cuse me, sir," said the lady, "you are not alone; my cat and dog lying yonder on the rug share your ignorance, only they, poor beasts, have the wit not to boast of it."

"Except I shall See I will not Believe."

See how foolish this is in worldly matters. An English traveller was once talking to the Emperor of Burmah (which is a very hot country), and telling him of different things in England. He spoke about the railroads, and our newspapers, and our shops, and our manufactories; and the Emperor, though he was very much surprised, believed everything. At last the traveller happened to say something about skating, and the Emperor would listen no longer. He said, "You have told me many wonderful things, but I was willing to believe them, because you said them. But I never will or can believe that water becomes hard enough to be walked on. If the whole world told me so, I would not believe it. I see that you are trying to deceive me, and I will listen to you no more."

A Trinity in Nature.

Professor Tyndall discovered three rays from an intensely heated body: the heat ray, felt, not seen; the light ray, seen and felt; the actinic ray, neither seen nor felt, but manifested chemically and in photography. So there is the Father, felt, not seen; the Son, both seen and felt; the Holy Spirit, neither seen nor felt, but known in renewal and sanctification of man.

The Holy Trinity in the Flag.

The red, white, and blue of the British and American flags are said to have been originally the signs of the

Trinity; white representing the holiness of God, blue the love of Christ, and red the fire of the Holy Spirit.

Unity of God.

A LITTLE boy being asked, "How many gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" "Because," said the boy, "there is only room for one; for He fills heaven and earth."

Mystery not Confined to Religious Truth.

AT the command of your soul, your hand is lifted up. But who is able to account for this?—for the connection between the actions of the mind and the outward actions? Nay, who can account for muscular motion at all, in any instance of it whatever? When one of the most ingenious physicians in England had finished his lecture on that head, he added, "Now, gentlemen, I have told you all the discoveries of our enlightened age. And now, if you understand one jot of the matter, you understand more than I do." The short of the matter is this: those who will not believe anything but what they can comprehend, must not believe that there is a sun in the firmament; that there is even light shining around them; that there is air, though it encompasses them on every side; that there is any earth, though they stand upon it. They must not believe that they have a soul; no, nor that they have a body.

S. Patrick and the Shamrock.

"HAVE you heard," said young O'Cathal, the youthful Irish chieftain, to his mother, "what happened yesterday? We assembled at the hill of Tara, and the king

himself was there, and all the nobles of the land, and the Druid priests. And a stranger came and asked audience of the king. He told us how he had been taken captive when a boy, and had lived for years as a slave and herdsman upon the mountain of Slemish in the north of our island, and that though he had escaped, yet of his own free will he had returned, for he had a message for us. Then the king asked his name, and he said 'It was Patricius'—and the king bade him go on. Then he said he came from afar to teach us the true religion—that there was only one true God, and that it was true of Him, that He was God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. Then the king asked, 'How could this be so—how could He be Three and yet One?' Then this foreign teacher looked down on the ground and found a little plant, and held it up to the king—and lo! it had leaves whereof three all joined in one, grown from a single stem. 'See here,' he said, 'O king, how Heaven hath created a kind of grass growing in the soil at your feet, which doth set forth this sacred mystery; it is three and yet but one.' And the king and the nobles have believed what the stranger hath declared—and the great ones of Erin will be within three days baptised into the faith of Christ the Son of God, whom Patrick doth preach."

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PREFACE AND FIRST COMMANDMENT.

Covering the Commandments.

PERICLES, upon certain ambassadors coming to him with proposals for the good of the Lacedemonians, said to them that there was a law which forbade the taking down of any tablet upon which a decree of the people was written. One of them, who was exceedingly sharp-witted, told him there was no need to take it down; he could turn the other side outward—and there was no law against that. How many would treat the commandments of God in the same way! They dare not deny them altogether, but they cover them up, that so they may not read them; they endeavour to forget them because they cannot bear that they should bear witness against them.

The Ten Commandments in the Conscience.

THE Jews believe that the souls of all Jews were summoned before their birth to hear the deliverance of the law on Sinai, and when a Jew is charged with wrong by another he says, "*My* soul also has stood before Sinai."

All Sin against God.

IN English courts when a person is charged with any offence, he is not accused of committing a crime against

the person to whom he has done the wrong, but "against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity." So *every* sin is against God. "Against Thee only have I sinned" (Psalm li. 4).

Only a Little out of the Way.

A GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post. "You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of." "Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said. So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small.

"The Way of Thy Commandments."

THERE was an engine once, strong and grand and majestic, who had carried thousands upon thousands of people safely to their homes. But he became discontented. "Why should I always be keeping to this way?" he said to himself; "it's a dull way; no hills to climb, no meadows to roll through, no forests, no trees, nothing but two long straight lines for me to run on. There isn't a horse

in the field, or a lamb on the hill, but has more freedom than I have." And so he got sulky and stubborn, and more and more unmanageable; and at last, one day, when he was running through a beautiful part of the country, he suddenly yielded to the temptation he had long been nourishing in his heart, and bounded off the rails for a run on the meadow—but oh! what a mistake he made! He simply ploughed up the ground for a yard or two, and then he was smashed, and the air was filled with the shrieks and the groans of people who were crushed and injured. When it was too late he found out what a blessing was on him so long as he had been keeping to the way that was marked out for him. He lost all when he tried to please himself.

The Way to Heaven.

THERE was a man who had gone very far wrong who thought he would puzzle Bishop Wilberforce by asking him, "What is the shortest way to Heaven?" "Oh! that is quite simple," said the Bishop, "just take the first turn to the right, and keep straight on."

One Weak Point.

THE mother of Achilles, the great Greek chieftain, was told (so the story goes) that if she dipped her child into a certain charmed river he could never be wounded. And dip him she did; but there was one part of the heel she held him by, which the charmed water could not get at, and it was just there that Achilles, when he became a man, got his death-wound in battle. Many a boy is like Achilles. He thinks he is safe because he keeps *nearly* "all the commandments," is sober and honest, and so on.

But there is no safety in "nearly." That "offending in one point" is sure to ruin him at last.

Gratitude our Motive of Obedience.

JUST before the war of emancipation a wealthy gentleman was walking through a Southern city and saw a group of slaves who were about to be sold. One was weeping bitterly, and when the gentleman asked her the cause, she said she did not know who her new master might be. He said nothing more to the woman; but when she was put on the block for sale he was the highest bidder. When he went and told her he had bought her she was still weeping. "But," he added, "I have not bought you to keep you a slave, but to make you free." Instantly she turned and said, "Let me go with you, master, and I will serve you all my life." And have not we also been "bought with a price"? Have not we been "brought out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage"?

All for God's Eyes.

WHEN Phidias, the great Greek sculptor, was working on the hair at the back of the head of a great statue which was to be placed high up on a temple, some one said to him, "Why do you take such pains with the hair? No one can see it." His simple reply was, "The gods will see it." That was the answer of a heathen. What greater reasons have we Christians for doing all things for the eye of God!

"God is Love."

THAT was the motto on a weathercock. The owner, on being asked if he meant that the love of God was as

changeable as the wind, replied, "No, I mean, whichever way the wind blows, God is love. If it blows cold from the north, or biting from the east, still God is love as much as when the warm south or genial west wind makes everything warm and bright." No matter what happens to us, still God is love. Even His hardest commandments are only the expression of His love. "His commandments are not grievous" or burdensome (1 John v. 3) because they are the laws of Him who loves us

The Fear of God.

It has been said that "It is the fear of God that makes men brave, and the fear of man that makes them cowards." Under the bust of the brave Lord Lawrence, in Westminster Abbey, is this inscription, "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much."

"Glory" or "Duty"—which?

Alison, the historian, says: "Singleness of heart was the characteristic of Wellington; ambition pervaded Napoleon. . . . There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, nor one in which duty is alluded to; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is mentioned." The one great leader was always thinking of self and ambition; the other was thinking of God and right. Can we doubt which is the nobler aim?

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SECOND COMMANDMENT.

"Worship in Spirit and in Truth."

When S. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, came to England to preach the Gospel to our heathen forefathers, the king said to him, "Here is my God. I see him in the sun and stars." Then pointing to an idol, "Here is my image. I cannot see yours." "You have not eyes to see Him," was S. Augustine's reply.

The Idol God Serapis.

In the year 391 the Emperor Theodosius gave orders that the great heathen temple of Serapis in Alexandria should be destroyed. The idol of Serapis was of vast size, adorned with jewels and covered with plates of gold and silver, and its worshippers believed that if it were hurt in any way, heaven and earth would go to wreck. So when a soldier mounted a ladder and raised his axe against it, the heathen who stood by were in great terror. The soldier first made a blow which struck off one of the idol's cheeks, and then dashed his axe into one of its knees. After a while, as the soldier worked on, the huge head came crashing down, but heaven and earth remained unshaken. Then a swarm of rats rushed forth from the

head, and even the heathen began to laugh at their god. At last the whole idol was demolished and a beautiful cross made of it, so that many heathen were converted in consequence of seeing the folly of their old religion.

Idol Worship and the Commandments.

In the great Empire of China, where the first and second Commandments are unknown, and idol worship exists everywhere, the other Commandments may be said to be equally unknown. In the market place in Shanghai, for instance, every buyer, as well as seller, brings his own pair of scales with him. He knows he cannot trust any of his neighbours. And the sixth Commandment fares no better than the eighth and ninth. Children are ruthlessly murdered by their parents if not satisfactory, if they are deformed or weak, and especially if they are female.

Ignorance of Idolaters.

The late Bishop of Calcutta said that he once asked an apparently pious Buddhist, whom he saw praying in a temple, what he had just been praying for. He replied, "I have been praying for nothing." "But," urged the Bishop, "to whom have you been praying?" The man answered, "I have been praying to nobody."

Praying Machines.

Prayer-cylinders and prayer-wheels may be seen in every Chinese temple. Sometimes they are as high as sixty feet. They contain shrines, images, and written prayers, which the Chinese think are as good as any they can pray. As they pass the wheel they set it in motion,

and thus make it pray for them. Let us take care that we do not turn our Prayer Book into a prayer-wheel. Unless we think of what we are saying, and put our heart into the prayers, we are doing no better than "the heathen" with their "vain repetitions."

Love Lacking among Heathens.

THE language of the Algonquin tribe of North American Indians contained no word for "to love." So when the missionaries translated the Bible into it they were obliged to invent a word.

Washington's Reverence in Prayer.

"THE father of his country" was a devout communicant of the American Church. An incident is related which is illustrative of Washington's habits. A visitor in the halls of Congress asked how he could distinguish Mr. Washington of Virginia. The reply was: "You will know him easily when Congress is at prayer. Mr. Washington is a gentleman who *kneels down*."

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THIRD COMMANDMENT.

Punishment of Blasphemy.

DEATH by stoning. Lev. xxiv. 14. Sennacherib's army destroyed: 185,000 men. 2 Kings xix. Is. xxxvii. Antiochus. 2 Macc. ix. 9. Nicanor killed in battle. 2 Macc. xv. 33. Herod eaten of worms. Acts xii.

Judgment on Persecutors.

ALMOST all persecutors of the Church of Christ have come to an untimely end. Thus Nero and Severus killed themselves; Domitian, Trajan, Maximinius, Decius, Gallian, Valerian, Diocletian, and Julian the Apostate were killed by others. God's Church has always been very dear to Him, and the judgments He has shown those who persecute it, not only prove His just indignation against those who attempt to destroy it, but are so many testimonies of special love to His people, and should encourage them.

Punishment of Sacrilege.

IT is well known that, while Sir Walter Scott remained at Ashestiel, none could be more fortunate, none more happy. He removed to Abbotsford, the very name of which testifies to its having been Church property.

Thenceforward, in spite of all his genius and all his honesty, he is inextricably involved in embarrassment after embarrassment, ending in total ruin; and this by a series of the most accidental and unlikely circumstances. In his generous self-devotion to his creditors, his mind breaks down. His son succeeds in the prime of youth and strength, and is at once cut off. His second son succeeds, and dies also. His daughters fall victims to the same fate. In the next generation his "name is clean put out." Knowing this as we know it, how unspeakably touching it is to read his light allusions to the appropriation of a cross, as "a nice little piece of sacrilege from Melrose!"

Rebuke of Swearing.

A GOOD old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words "devil," "deuce," etc., and who at last took the Name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man. "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the Name of mine."

"One Thing I can Do."

A LITTLE Boston boy of twelve, who was very small for his age, was working for a man who was much given to swearing. As he and his friends were talking one day and using many oaths, they began to make fun of the boy for his size. The little fellow looked up and said, "Well, small as I am, there is one thing I can do, which none of you big men are able to do." "Ah, indeed!" said they, "what is that?" "Why," said the boy, "I can keep from swearing."

"A Name which is Above Every Name."

THE 18th canon of the Church of England says: "When in time of divine service the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due and lowly reverence shall be done by all persons present, as it hath been accustomed; testifying by their outward gesture their due acknowledgment that the Lord Jesus Christ, the true eternal Son of God, is the only Saviour of the world."

"Swearing in Hebrew."

A NAVAL officer was a passenger on the train from New York to Philadelphia, and was talking to a gentleman at his side. His conversation was filled with terrible oaths, so that a young lady sitting near him had to hear every oath. Every seat was occupied, and she could not get away from the sound. So at last, when she could bear it no longer, she thought she would try to stop it. Turning to the officer, she said, "Excuse me, sir, but can you speak Hebrew?" He was a good deal surprised, but said in a confused sort of way that he thought he could if he tried. "Well," said the lady, "it would be a great relief to me and to the other passengers if, for the future, you would do your swearing in Hebrew." During the rest of the journey there were no more oaths heard, either in English or in Hebrew.

Swearing "Alone with God."

A CHRISTIAN merchant was greatly shocked one day by hearing a man in his office swearing very horribly. After a while he looked at the man and said, "My friend, I will give you ten dollars if you will go into the village church-

yard at twelve o'clock to-night and swear the same oaths there alone with God that you have just been swearing here." "Agreed," said the man. "That's an easy way for making ten dollars." At midnight the man started for the graveyard. It was a dark and dismal night, and as he entered the churchyard all was as still as death. Then the merchant's words, "All alone with God," rang in his ears. He felt, as he had never done before, that God was there, close by his side. The idea of swearing in the immediate presence of God seemed terrible, and he did not dare to utter an oath. Instead, he fell on his knees and said the prayer of the publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and he determined he would never utter another oath.

The Punishment of Sacrilege.

The taking of things which have been set apart for religious purposes, and treating them as if they were common things, is what is called sacrilege. That is another breach of the third Commandment. Turn to the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel and read the account of the wicked king who used the holy vessels taken out of the Temple of God, at his drunken feast. By bearing this history in mind you will be prepared to answer the question somebody will be very likely to ask you some time or other: "Is there any harm in sacrilege?" In the midst of Sherwood Forest stands Newstead Abbey, a religious house, for the support of which many good people have given lands and money. Henry the Eighth made a present of this property to his friend, Sir John Byron, as if he could take what belonged to God, and nothing would ever be thought of it. The Byron family, so far from being better off for this possession, were overwhelmed

with troubles and misfortunes from generation to generation. Lord Byron, the poet, who never gave much thought to religion, and who probably never suspected why his family had suffered so much, remarked that this constant succession of troubles "looked almost like fatality." It would be easy to mention cases much nearer our own time, but as this would be unpleasant and painful, I have chosen one which happened long ago.

"His Name shall be Called Wonderful."

S. BONAVENTURA, in his life of S. Francis, tells us that whenever the saint, in the course of his reading aloud, had to pronounce the Name of Jesus, he lingered on the sound with a gentle, loving emphasis, and with a musical ring in his tones, unheard at other times; and that he was scrupulous to let no fragment of writing, which had those syllables in it, lie neglected on the ground, or be put to any servile use.

Payment for Profanity.

"WHAT does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked one gentleman of another. "He don't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheap—to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and, lastly, to risk your own precious soul, and for nothing—you certainly do work cheap, very cheap indeed."

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Forgetting Sunday.

"SIR," said a man to a clergyman, who was going home from church on Sunday afternoon, "did you meet a boy on the road driving a cart with rakes and pitchforks on it?" "I think I did," said the clergyman; "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?" "What made you think he had a short memory?" said the man, with a look of wonder. "I think he had," said the other, "and I think too he must belong to a family that have short memories." "What in the world makes you think so?" said the man, still more puzzled. "Because," said the clergyman, in a serious voice, "the Great God has said 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy,' and I see that the boy and his family have forgotten all about it."

The Sunday-stone.

IN one of our English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard and form the

limestone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are working in the mine; and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. Now, in the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately, black and white, through the week until Sunday comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the Lord's Day, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night and the whole of Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on that day they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday-stone." Be very careful to keep your Sunday pure and white, nor allow the dust of worldliness and sin to tarnish the purity of the blessed day. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Sunday Everywhere.

A WOMAN neglected to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told her little niece to take it to the lady's house. "Put it under your shawl," she said, "and nobody will notice it." "But, aunty," said the child, "isn't it Sunday under my shawl?"

A Sunday Scholar in Japan.

A MANLY boy, whose heart had been touched by the spirit of Christianity, resolved to attend a Sunday-school, against the wishes of his father, who was a profligate unbeliever. On the evening of every day that he attended

the school he was regularly whipped by his father with a piece of rope. After this had been going on for several weeks the boy appeared before his father one Sunday morning, and handing him the instrument of torture, made this request: "Father, as you are determined to whip me every time I go to Sunday-school, and I am determined to go, I would ask you to punish me now before I disobey your orders, so that I may not have to think of the coming punishment when studying the Bible in the Sunday-school." The result of that boy's pluck was to bring his father and all the family within the fold of a happy Christian life.—*Charles Lanman, in The Gospel in All Lands.*

Commencement of their Downfall.

An aged clergyman in Baltimore states that during the many years he was chaplain to the Maryland Penitentiary he took great pains to find out from the convicts what was the commencement of their downward course; and the testimony of ninety-nine out of a hundred was that the beginning of their wicked courses was profaning God's holy day.

Sunday Religion.

In a little New England city there is a town clock, presented many years ago as a gift, but which has not been improved by age. One of its peculiarities is that on Sundays it always strikes the hours correctly, according to true "standard" time, but just as soon as Monday morning comes it is not to be depended on, and all the remainder of the week it keeps growing worse from day to day. The explanation of this apparent freak is that the keeper of the clock always winds it up on Sunday and

then sets it right, and so for that single day it is a tolerably safe guide, but when Sunday is past, it is not to be relied upon at all. Is not the religion of some people very like the working of this New England clock? Surely a very poor sort of religion! Better "serve God truly *all the days* of our life."

Happy Sundays.

"SUNDAYS observe: think when the bells do chime, 'Tis angels' music."—*Herbert.*

The Sabbath.

A MAN was urged by his employers to work regularly on Sunday at his trade, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not the Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the man, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or else sell the ass."

Washington and the Fourth Commandment.

THE Rector of Truro, the parish of which Washington was a member, writes concerning his great parishioner: "I never knew so constant an attendant at church as Washington, and his behaviour in the House of God was ever so deeply reverential that it produced the happiest effect on my congregation, and greatly assisted my pulpit labours. No company ever withheld him from church. I have often been at Mt. Vernon on a Sunday morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests; but to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his

God and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example, for, instead of staying at home out of false complaisance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."

"This is the Day which the Lord hath Made."

THE other half of that verse, you remember, reads, "We will rejoice and be glad in it." Sunday is a day of gladness, quiet gladness, if you please, but still gladness, because on that day Christ rose from the dead and conquered death. In some parts of the Christian world some people have thought differently and made it a day of gloom and sadness. A Scottish Highlander who was brought up to that sort of Sabbath-keeping, once visited a large town for the first time on Sunday. When he returned home this is the way he described what he saw. He said, "It was a terrible sight. The streets were crowded with people, and some of them were smiling as if they were quite happy!"

"Robbing God."

ONE Sunday a gentleman on his way to church saw some big boys playing as if it were a weekday. He went up to them leisurely and looked on. Then, after a while, he said, "Boys, I want to tell you a story." At once they were all attention, and he went on. "There was once a kind-hearted man on a journey who met a poor man in great distress. The good man felt sorry for him and immediately took out his purse, and finding seven dollars in it, he took six and gave them to the poor man. You would think the man would have been very grateful. But no, he was not a beggar at all, but a robber. So,

seeing that the good man had still one dollar in his purse, he knocked him down with a club and took his last dollar from him." All the boys agreed that that was a very mean thing to do. "But, boys," said the gentleman, "let me tell you that this is just what you are doing. God has emptied, not His purse, but His heart, for you. He has freely given you six days, keeping only one for Himself, and yet you are so mean as to rob Him of that one." All that can be added is that there was no more play that Sunday at any rate.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

Safety in Obedience.

A POINTSMAN in Prussia was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand for a train that was signalled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy running along the rails of the line the train was to pass over. "Lie down!" he shouted to the child; but, as to himself, he remained at his post. The train passed safely on its way. The father rushed forward, expecting to take up a corpse; but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order! He had laid down, and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the king sent for the man, and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage.

Filial Obedience.

DURING the stay in England of that great hero of the Indian Mutiny, Sir Henry Havelock, a gentleman went one evening to the house of the colonel, in compliance with an invitation. In the course of conversation Mrs. Havelock turned suddenly round to her husband, and said, "My dear, where is Henry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen during the whole afternoon. The

colonel started to his feet. "Well, poor fellow, he's standing on London Bridge, and in this cold too! I told him to wait for me there at twelve o'clock to-day, and in the pressure of business I quite forgot the appointment." It was now about seven o'clock in the evening. The colonel at once rose, ordered a cab to be called, and, as he went forth to deliver his son from his watch on London Bridge, turned to excuse himself to his visitor, saying, "You see, sir, that is the discipline of a soldier's family." In the course of an hour he returned with poor Harry, who seemed to have passed through the afternoon's experience with the greatest good humour.

Undutifulness towards Parents.

A FARMER in Connecticut, possessing a small estate, was persuaded by his only son (who was married, and lived with his father) to give him a deed of the property. It was accordingly executed. Soon the father began to find himself neglected; next removed from the common table to a block in the chimney-corner, to take the morsel of food reluctantly given him. At last, one day, the unnatural son resolved to break the afflicted heart of his sire. He procured a block and began to hollow it. While at work, he was questioned by one of his own children, what he was doing. "I am making a trough for your grandfather to eat out of," was the reply. "Ah!" said the child, "and when you are as old as grandfather, shall I have to make a trough for you to eat out of?" The instrument he was using fell from his hand; the block was cast into the fire; the old man's forgiveness was asked, and he was restored to the situation his age and worth entitled him to.

Undutifulness towards Parents.

A son had banished his father from his house. The father fell sick, and went to the poorhouse, and sent to his son for a pair of sheets. The son sent them to him by one of his own children. The child took only one of them to his grandfather; and when his father asked him why he had not taken both, he answered, "*I have kept the other for you when you go to the poorhouse.*"

Politeness of Great Men.

An anecdote which serves to indicate how the nobleness of a great man may be shown in small matters, is told of Sir Bartle Frere, the British general. His wife was to meet him on a certain day at a railway station, and having her servant with her, requested him to go and find the general. The servant had not seen his master, and, nonplussed, replied, "But how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went out and found Sir Bartle helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.

Courtesy.

The Duke of Wellington never addressed a request to any of his personal attendants without saying, "If you please." When he was dying his valet asked him if he would take some tea; he replied,—and they were his last words,—"Yes, if you please."

Consideration for the Aged.

General Lee, Dr. Bond tells us, was in the cars going to Richmond, and had a seat at the extreme end. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman of humble appearance entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and none having been offered her, approached the general. He immediately arose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising and proffering of seats to "Mass. Robert"; but he calmly said, "No, gentlemen: if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me." The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car, as if the seats were too hot to sit on, and the general and the old lady soon had the car before them where to choose.

A Boy with a Recommendation.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?" "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honourable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order, and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger-nails were clean. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give

more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the letters he can bring me."

Sorrow for Disobedience.

THE great Dr. Samuel Johnson, when a boy, refused to take his father's bookstall in Uttoxeter Market. Fifty years afterwards he stood on the same spot bareheaded for an hour in rain and wind, as a token of his repentance. Another great English writer said, sadly, "What would I give to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those things by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!"

Example of Obedience.

THE commander of the ship-of-war *Orient*, before the battle of the Nile, placed his son Cassabianca, thirteen years of age, on certain duty, to stay at his post till relieved by his father's order. Soon after, the father was slain. The boy held his post in the midst of fearful carnage, ignorant of his father's fate; and, while the sailors were deserting the burning and sinking ship, he cried, "Father, may I go?" The permission did not come from his dead father's lips; and there he stood alone, firm at his post, and perished in the flames.

"I'll not Disobey my Mother."

SEVERAL boys were playing marbles. In the midst of their sport the rain began to fall. Freddie S. stopped, and said, "Boys, I must go home. Mother said I must not go out in the rain." "Your mother,—fudge! The rain won't hurt you any more than it will us," said two or

three voices at once. Freddie turned upon them with a look of pity, and the courage of a hero, and replied, "*I'll not disobey my mother for any of you!*"

"What will my Mother Think?"

A MAN who was very famous in his day, tells us that when a boy he tempted a companion, younger than himself, to enter a cave on a wild part of the sea-coast. Whilst the boys were looking at the wonders of the cave, the tide came up unnoticed, and they were kept prisoners all night. The younger boy burst into tears, saying, "What will my mother think? I should care nothing for myself —but my mother—!"

The Only True Gentleman.

"HE is gentle that doth gentle deeds."—*Chaucer.*

A Born Gentleman.

A SMALL boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services. "Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt. "Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

Advantages of Politeness.

WHILE an officer was bowing, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those near him, "that a man never loses by politeness."

Power of Politeness.

A LITTLE girl told her aunt that she had found a new key to unlock people's hearts. It was the little word "Please." It is a key that fits the lock of everybody's heart.

Obedience the Foundation of Greatness.

WHEN the War of American Independence was over, and Washington returned in triumph from the field, everybody was praising him as the saviour of his country, and the greatest man of the age. At length he reached his old home, where great crowds came out to meet and welcome him, his own loved mother in the midst of them. He hastened to greet her, while she threw her arms round her son's neck and kissed him. Then when some one was congratulating her on her noble son, her only reply was, "Yes, George was always an obedient child." That was what impressed itself more deeply in her memory, and that was really the foundation of all his greatness.

"Honour all Men."

A BOY playing in the street one day ran against a poor old man, and at once begged his pardon. "What did you do that for?" said one of his companions. "It was only old Giles. He's not a gentleman." "That makes no difference," replied the boy. "It is not a question whether he is a gentleman, but whether *I* am one."

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

"Love the Fulfilling of the Law."

It is told of S. John that being now very old, and unable to say much in the Christian assemblies, he caused himself to be carried to the doors of the churches, and as the people entered in, his constantly repeated sermon to them was, "Children, love one another." That summed up everything.

"As ye Would that Men should Do to you."

During the war in Germany, the Captain of a troop of horse found a poor man, and desired him to show them a good barley-field, where the horses could be fed. The poor man promised to do so; and accordingly led them some way, till at length he brought them to what they were seeking. "This will do very well," said the Captain. "Halt." "Come a little further," said the poor man, "and I will show you one that will do better." Accordingly he led the troops further on; and, sure enough, they came to another barley-field. "After all," said the Captain, "this is not so good a field as that which you led us past." "No," said the poor man, "but this is *mine*."

God Helps those who are Kind.

An old legend tells us that S. Crispin used to make shoes for the poor, without payment or reward, and the angels always brought him the leather.

Power of Kindness.

A soldier was to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward, and, apologising for the liberty he took, said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven." "Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge. "Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only I'm sorry for what I have done." Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him, saying, "We have tried everything with you, and now we are resolved to—forgive you." The soldier was struck dumb with amazement. The tears started to his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and, thanking his officer, he retired. To be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No! From that day forward he was a new man. It was said of him that a better-conducted man never wore the Queen's uniform. Kindness bent him whom

harshness could not break. The man was conquered by mercy and melted by love.

Love like "Oil on the Waters."

A LARGE ship was lately disabled at sea in a storm, but the captain had a quantity of oil thrown on the waves, and the stormy waters lost their power. The ship was afterwards towed safely 750 miles to harbour.

"Thy Neighbour as Thyself."

ONCE Turner, the famous artist, was on a committee whose business it was to arrange about hanging the pictures for exhibition at the Royal Academy. When the committee had nearly finished, and the walls were crowded, Turner's attention was called to a picture by an unknown artist who had no friend in the Academy to watch over his interests. "That is an excellent picture," said Mr. Turner. "It must have a place somewhere." "Impossible," said the other members. "There is no room left." "That picture must have a place somewhere," repeated the generous artist, and then he deliberately took down one of his own pictures and put this painting of the unknown artist in its place.

"Murder will Out."

YOU have perhaps read the story of "Eugene Aram," by Bulwer Lytton. It is founded on fact. Aram was a school teacher who murdered his friend for money and hid his body. It was fourteen years before the body was found, and then a number of little incidents went to show that Aram was the murderer, so he was arrested, tried,

and hung. Hood has a poem on "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which he tells to one of his scholars the day before he was arrested. In his dream he said he had murdered the man, and had cast his body into a river—"a sluggish water, black as ink, the depth was so extreme." The next morning he visited the place,

"And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild, misgiving eye!
And he saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry."

Next he hid the body in a wood.

"There was no time to dig a grave,
Before the day began,
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man."

Then a stray wind sweeps away the leaves and he buries the body in a grave. But even there he feels he is not safe.

"Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones!"

Kindness to Animals.

THE Talmud has a story to account for God's selection of Moses to be the leader of His people Israel. It was because God observed one day his tenderness to a stray lamb.

The Sixth Commandment among the Heathen.

A MISSIONARY has made the calculation that since the period of the Christian era more than three millions of

human beings have perished amongst the Gonds (an East Indian tribe), either as offerings to the earth-god or as the victims of female infanticide.

The Dead Sea.

THE water of the Salt or Dead Sea is clear as crystal. The lake is very beautiful at times, reflecting as in a mirror the fair, bright skies overhead. But the whole landscape near the lake is most desolate. No fish are found in its waters. Nothing but the lowest forms of animal life can exist in them. The shores are strewed with dead drift-wood crusted deeply with salt. Scarcely a plant or shrub is to be seen anywhere, and away to the south stretches an unhealthy swamp breathing out disease continually. The prevailing features of the scene are loneliness and death. The sea is indeed well named the "Dead Sea." And what is it that makes it so? It is because *it has no outlet*. The Jordan, and the streams from the neighbouring hills, and the rain from Heaven, are ever pouring their treasures into its bosom, but it never flows out beyond itself. Its waters never carry life and health to the parched country around. They only dry up. The sea is *ever receiving but never giving*, and the result is death. Does not this teach us that in order really to live, one must love?

Great Murderers.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE resolved to invade Russia. There was no necessity for it, but he determined to do it. He raised a great army of nearly 500,000 men. He marched to Moscow. He took it. The Russians set fire to it. It was burnt down. Winter set in. Napoleon was defeated and driven back. The grand army was destroyed,

some by the sword or bullet, some by the terrible cold and the long marches. Who killed them? Napoleon Bonaparte. What a grand murderer he was! Think of this when you hear or read of what is called the "glory" of war.

Love the only True Nobility.

"HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

—*Tennyson.*

Trifling Quarrels and their Results.

IN the year 1005, some soldiers of the Commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. The implement might be worth a shilling; but it produced a quarrel which worked into a long and bloody war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, for the Emperor Henry the Second, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket; and, in one of the battles, was made prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered for his ransom a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass; but in vain. After twenty years' imprisonment—his father being dead—he pined away and died. His monument is still extant in the church of the Dominicans. The fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the Cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage.

Cruelty to Animals.

THERE was a lad strolling through the fields with his sister. They found a nest of rabbits. The sister was

charmed with the nest itself, and with its living occupants; but the lad seized them, mimicking their squeaks and their struggles. In vain his sister wept and entreated; he flung them up into the air, and shouted as each fell dead upon the stones. Ten years after, that sister sat weeping again by that boy's side. He was in chains, sentenced to be hung for shooting a farmer whilst poaching; they were waiting for the awful procession to knock at the cell-door. "Sister," he said, "do you remember the nest of rabbits ten years ago, how you begged and prayed, and I ridiculed? I verily believe, that, from that day, God forsook me, and left me to follow my own inclinations. If I had yielded to your tears then, you and I would not be weeping these bitter tears now."

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Make Clean our Hearts within us."

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy in tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it is to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?

Standing up for Purity.

Bishop Patteson, who was murdered some years ago, while he was fearlessly doing his duty in the islands of the Pacific, was once, as a boy, face to face with this difficulty. He was in the cricket eleven of his school, a good player, and very fond of the game. It had become the custom at cricket suppers for bad talk to be indulged in. Patteson one evening rose up at the table and said, "If this conversation is to be allowed I must leave the eleven. I cannot share in this conversation. If you determine to continue it, I shall have no choice but to go." They did not want to lose him, and the foul conversation was stopped. He could say with Tennyson's knight:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

"Keep thyself Pure."

THE other day I caught a butterfly. I took it up in my hands as gently as might be, to look at its gold-gleaming wings, sprinkled as with dust of gold on a tawny ground. As I have said, I took it up gently, for I would not willingly harm, much more kill, uselessly, any creature to which God has given His gift of life. But, whether from my eagerness or clumsiness, I brushed off the fine pollen-like powder of its wings, and bruised the delicate antennae. That did not kill this "thing of beauty"; but, in brushing off that dust which only one Hand by its Divine chemistry could restore, I "spoiled" it, so that it laboured heavily in its flight as I tossed it up into the free vernal air. Thus is it also with certain flowers—as the auricula. You stop to touch one of these exquisite blossoms. In touching, "ay, with Helen's finger," you inevitably brush off its powdery, flour-like dust. God who made it can sustain on it quivering dew or raindrop, and no harm. But let our hands but touch, and it is gone. In so removing that dust, you do not absolutely kill the plant, but you "spoil" it. An indefinable lustre has passed from it. Precisely thus is it with the soul when brought in contact with coarseness or impurity.

Secret Sins.

Two men were at work together one day in a shipyard. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick and not worth much. As they cut off the chips they found a worm, a little worm about half an inch long. "This stick is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?" "I do not know; yes, I think it may go in; it will never be seen, of course." "Yes, but there may

be other worms in it, and these may increase and injure the ship." "No, I think not. Never mind the worm; we have seen but one. Put it in." The stick was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the seas, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white-feathered bosom as he sits upon the waves. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found all eaten away by worms, but the captain thought he would try to get her home. It was too late. She kept filling with water. Then a storm came on and she foundered, and all her freight and many lives were lost. All owing to a worm.

Secret Sins.

In a late exhibition in London you could see a cable-worm, a tiny creature which had pierced through the Atlantic telegraph cable and stopped all communication between two continents. So a small, hidden sin, or evil habit, may stop our prayers, that band of union, which, like a telegraph cable, connects earth with Heaven, and God's children with their Eternal Father.

"The Hidden Things of Darkness" Brought to Light.

More than 1,800 years ago a soldier in Pompeii wrote a filthy word on the wall of his barracks. Soon the lava and cinders of Mt. Vesuvius poured down upon the city and burned the impure word into the wall, and buried the place deep down beneath fire and ashes. So it lay as a "hidden thing of darkness" for seventeen hundred years.

Then, by accident, the lost and buried city was discovered, and if you visit Pompeii to-day they will show you the very barrack wall and the bad word which was written on it 1,800 years ago. There it remains still to witness against the sinner.

Secret Sins.

THERE are sins secret as the grave, which crush, blight, ruin the divine image in man, and tens of thousands never hear a warning word against them. There stood one on the southern peak of the Isle of Skye and watched the eagles as they soared in the deep blue far above his head. Suddenly he saw one hesitate, tremble, begin to descend, close its wings and fall, dead, a mere mass of feathers, to the ground. Out from beneath its body crept a tiny weasel which it had captured as its prey, and holding which in its talons, it had soared aloft. True to its nature, the weasel had writhed from the eagle's talons, and, fixing its teeth into its life's blood, had brought him to the ground. Thus has many a noble young life, full of promise, been crushed and ruined by a secret sin; lightly treated, little feared, it has sucked the life-blood from the soul.

The Horrors of Divorce.

CONTRARY to God's law and Christ's express command (S. Matt. v. 32; S. Luke xvi. 18), the divorce of married persons is allowed even in Christian lands. It fills Christian Americans with shame to know that the United States leads the world in this disgraceful legislation. The U.S. Report for 1889 shows that, during the twenty years ending with 1886, while there had been in Canada 116

divorces, in Great Britain and Ireland 5,854, in France (including legal "separations") 59,115, there were in the United States for the same period the enormous number of 328,716! Think of the awful misery *produced* by such divorces. The plain lesson of all this is that easy divorce not only breaks God's law, but *creates* a thousandfold more unhappiness than it attempts to cure.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Effect of Ill-gotten Wealth.

THE only sailor who perished in the Indiaman *Kent* was present in the hold very shortly after the commencement of the fire which destroyed the vessel. Availing himself of the confusion, he hastened to the cabin of the second mate, forced open a desk, and took from thence 400 sovereigns, which he rolled up in a handkerchief and tied round his waist; but in attempting to leap into one of the boats, he fell short, and the weight of his spoils caused him immediately to sink.

Burning the Bushel.

IN a retired part of the country, a poor widow who kept a small shop was addicted to dishonest practices in the sale of her goods. At church she heard a sermon upon the guilt of deceit and fraud, which made such an impression upon her that she resolved never more to indulge in her former custom. When she got home she fell on her knees to supplicate pardon from God, and to entreat His grace to enable her to begin a new life. On the following morning she burnt her bushel.

Incorruptible.

It is related of the great Lord Lawrence that during the conduct of some important case for a young Indian Rajah, the prince endeavoured to place in his hands, under the table, a bag of rupees. "Young man," said Lawrence, "you have offered to an Englishman the greatest insult which he could possibly receive. This time, in consideration of your youth, I excuse it. Let me warn you by this experience, never again to commit so gross an offence against an English gentleman."

"Clean Hands and a Pure Heart."

I remember hearing, years ago, of an old merchant who, on his death-bed, divided the results of long years of labour, some few hundreds in all, among his sons. "It is little enough, my boys," were almost his last words, "but there isn't a dirty shilling in the whole of it." He had been a successful man, too, though not in the "self-made" sense. For his ideal had been, not to make money, but to keep clean hands.

Selfishness.

Selfishness is a form of dishonesty! There was a little boy once whose father gave him two shillings. He was asked what he meant to do with them. He said that he should put one in the Missionary box, and keep the other for himself. One day he came to his father and told him that he had lost one shilling. "Which have you lost?" said his father. "Oh, the one I was going to give to the Missionaries."

"Picking and Stealing."

"PICKING," you know, is taking little things that don't belong to us, and which we think will not be missed. But "picking" is stealing, and is sure to lead on to larger thefts. A young man was lately sent to prison for several years for robbing his employers of a great sum of money. He confessed that he began by stealing a postage stamp.

True Honesty.

REV. DR. SARGENT states that in a slave market in one of the Southern States, at which he was present, a smart, active coloured boy was put up for sale. A kind master who pitied his condition, wishing him not to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said, "If I buy you, will you be honest?" The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied, "I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

"Poor but Honest."

WHEN the inhabitants of rich Pennsylvania set the example of repudiating their debts, many of the poorer States wished to follow in their footsteps. A convention met at Springfield, the capital of Illinois, and the repudiation ordinance was offered to the meeting. It was about to be adopted, when it was stopped by an honest man. Stephen A. Douglas was lying sick at his hotel, when he desired to be taken to the convention. He was carried on a mattress, for he was too ill to walk. Lying on his back, he wrote the following resolution, which he offered as a substitute for the repudiation ordinance: "*Resolved*, that Illinois *will be honest*, although she never

pays a cent." The resolution touched the honest sentiment of every member of the convention. It was adopted with enthusiasm. It dealt a death-blow to the system of repudiation. Capital and immigration flowed into the State; and Illinois is now one of the most prosperous States in America.

The First Step.

A YOUNG man was once sent to prison for stealing $20,000 from his employer. This is what he told about what brought him there: "People will say it was cheating my employer of that large sum. But that is a mistake. I look back twenty years. I remember one bright summer day when my good old uncle sent me to pay a bill for him. I got the bill receipted and seventy-two cents were given me as change. On my way home the tempter said to me, 'If your uncle doesn't ask for them, you might as well keep them.' My uncle did not ask and I never gave them back. It was that first step that ruined me."

Danger of Little Sins.

Do you know how the suspension bridge below Niagara Falls was built? The span is some 750 feet, and the height of the bridge 238 feet. How were the cables stretched from pier to pier? I will tell you. A boy's kite was sent up on one side of the river, and carried by the wind across to the other. To the string of the kite was attached a cord, and to the cord a rope. Thus a communication was established. So a single sin, even a small sin, may draw after it the most weighty consequences. Beware of the first sin, the first oath, the first glass, or the little theft

Honesty toward God.

When a friend spoke to a man in New York who was noted for his liberality concerning this generosity of his, he said: "I am not generous; I am by nature extremely avaricious. But when I was a young man I had sense enough to see how mean and belittling such a position was, and I forced myself to give. At first, I declare to you, it was a torture to part with a penny; but I persisted, until the habit of liberality was formed. There is no yoke like that of a habit. Now, I like to give."

Danger of a Single Sin.

A pin-point hole in a dyke will widen into a gap as big as a church door in ten minutes by the pressure of the flood behind it. The single acts become habits with awful rapidity.

The Secret of being Honest.

"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a salesman of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure: your master is not in." Johnnie looked into the man's face, and replied, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's master was the all-seeing God.

Honest Sandy.

"On a cold winter day, a gentleman in Edinburgh had, out of pity, bought a box of matches from a poor little shivering boy, and, as he had no pence, had given him a shilling, of which the change was to be brought to his hotel. Hours passed by, and the boy did not return. Very late in the evening a mere child came to the hotel.

'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandy?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shillin'. Sandy canna come. He's verra ill. A cart ran ower him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and yer sevenpence, and baith his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll dee; and that's a'.' And then, putting down the fourpence on the table, the poor child burst into great sobs.

"'So I fed the little man,' said the narrator; 'and I went with him to see Sandy. The two little things were living almost alone. Their father and mother were dead. Poor Sandy was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back, and then the cart knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and oh, Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do?' I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength enough to look up as if to thank me; and then the light went out of his blue eyes. In a moment

"'He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

NINTH COMMANDMENT.

"Mother never Told me a Lie."

A BOY was discovered one morning lying in the grass of Claiborne street, New Orleans, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who had feelings of kindness went to him, shook him by the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there. "Waiting for God to come for me." "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the sorrowful tone of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the signs of fever. "God sent for mother and father and little brother," said he, "and took them away to His home up in the sky: and mother told me, when she was sick, that God would take care of me. I have no home—nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here, and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said He would. He will come, won't He? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "He has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen the boy's eyes flash, and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, sir, but you've been so long on the way!" What a lesson of trust! and how this story shows us we ought never to

deceive children with idle tales! As the poor mother expected, when she told her son that "God would take care of him," so He did, by touching the heart of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the little stranger.

True to his Word.

When Regulus was sent by the Carthaginians, whose prisoner he was, to Rome, with a convoy of ambassadors to sue for peace, it was under the condition that he should return to his prison if peace were not effected. He took the oath, and swore that he would come back. When he appeared at Rome he urged the senators to persevere in the war, and not to agree to the exchange of prisoners. That involved his return to captivity at Carthage. The senators, and even the chief priest, held that as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound to go. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" asked Regulus. "I am not ignorant that death and tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go. Let the gods take care of the rest." Regulus returned to Carthage, and died under torture.

Lying Worse than Stealing.

A little girl once said to her mother, "I've been thinking that it's worse to lie than to steal." "Why?" said her mother. "Well, you see," said the child, "if you steal anything, when you are sorry for it, you can give it, or the price of it, back. But if it's a lie, it is gone for ever."

A Child's Definition of Scandal.

Some girls were asked by one of the inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew what was the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl stepped forward, and throwing her hand up, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question; upon which she uttered these memorable words: "*Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere.*"

The Test of the Tongue.

"Let me look at your tongue," is the first word of the physician to a sick man. That is a sure test of the condition of his bodily health. It is an equally good test of the condition of a man's heart and soul.

No Need of an Oath.

Petrarch, the great poet of Italy, was known for his perfect truthfulness and sincerity. Once he had to appear in court as a witness, and one of the officers proceeded to administer to him the usual oath that he would tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." But just then the judge rose and said, "Never mind. It is not necessary for Petrarch to take that oath, for everyone knows that he never speaks anything but the truth."

Only one Tongue.

An old writer says that the Lord has given us all our other members twofold: two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet, but only one tongue, as if we were not fitted to be intrusted with more.

What the Deaf Man Heard.

A DEAF man told a friend that Mr. A. and Mr. B. had had a serious quarrel, and that Mr. B. was quite wrong. "What was it about?" said his friend. "That I do not know," said the deaf man, "for I did not hear one word of it." "Then how do you know which was right?" "Oh, easily enough," said the deaf man. "Mr. B. lost his temper, and spoke very loud, while Mr. A. was as cool all the while as I am at this moment."

Much Speaking.

"THE heart of fools is in their mouth: but the mouth of the wise is in their heart."—Ecclu. xxi. 26.

Dare to be True.

"DARE to be true: nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."
—*Herbert.*

"The Tongue is a Fire."

A HALF century ago a set of miners, of an extensive coal mine in Germany, took umbrage at something said or done by another set who were fellow workmen, and they determined to have revenge by setting a mass of coal then in the mine on fire and so "smoke out" as well as seriously frighten them. The fire was kindled, and they had their revenge. But alas! the fire communicated to the vein of coal itself and they could not put it out. Fifty years have passed away, and if any of the actors in this wicked deed are living they must be old men. A generation has faded into the awful past, the

angry passion of those who sought revenge has become only a story occasionally told; but that fire, kindled a half century ago, in that mine burns fiercely on—and no earthly skill has yet found the way to extinguish it. Burning on, ever consuming, what a fitting type of the unceasing power of sins of the tongue—of the never-ending fire which they kindle!

Cure for Evil Temper.

A WOMAN was always complaining of being beaten by her husband. An honest man said to her: "I will give you some medicine, and if you will keep it in your mouth, your husband will ill-treat you no more." He gave her some water, and she put it into her mouth the first time she saw her husband in a rage. His anger soon passed away, and he left her in peace. She afterwards asked the man who gave her the water, where he had got it. He replied: "It is to be found in every well. Be silent when your husband is angry, and he will never ill-treat you."

We cannot Bring them Back.

A STORY is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, telling her pastor, under reflection, what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the request, she obeyed, and then returned. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more impossible to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of

thistle seeds before the wind in a moment; but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

"Whatsoever a Man Soweth."

"We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more,
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

"The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread Judgment they
And we shall meet."

—*John Keble.*

Ill Ears Make Ill Tongues.

The following sentence from Robert South will bear more than one reading: "It is most certain that ill tongues would be silent if ill ears were not open, and hence it was an apposite saying of the ancients that the teller and hearer of slander should both be hanged—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear."

Truth-tellers and Truth-lovers.

The boy Washington said, "I *cannot* tell a lie," and the great King Alfred of England was called the "Truth-teller." The Duke of Wellington also, who won Water-

loo, was famous for his love of truth. Here is what a famous poet says of the two:

"Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

—*Tennyson.*

No Lie even to Save his Life.

A BOY of ten was found on a steamer from Liverpool to New York hidden away among some casks. He was a "stowaway," trying to get a free passage. The chief mate questioned the little fellow, who told him his stepfather had put him on board, giving him some food, and bidding him to make his way to an aunt in Halifax. The sailors believed the story, but not so the mate. "Some of these men of mine are in the secret," he said. "Point out this minute the man who stowed and fed you." The boy only looked up and answered, "I have told you the truth and have nothing more to say." The mate turned angrily to the crew, and gave this order, "Reeve a rope to the yard." Then pointing to the cord which hung from the yard-arm, the mate said to the little stowaway, "You see that rope, my lad? I'll give you ten minutes to confess, and if you do not tell the truth before the time is up, I hang you like a dog." The little fellow turned pale but never flinched, whilst the crew began to utter angry murmurs at the mate. "Eight minutes," cried the mate. "You'd best be quick." "I cannot tell a lie," answered the lad, "but please let me say my prayers." The mate nodded, and the boy went down on his knees and repeated the prayer his mother had taught him. Then

rising, he said very quietly, "Now I'm ready." In a moment a change came over the stern mate's face. Tears sprang to his eyes, and he caught the boy in his arms, and cried, "God bless you, my boy; you're a true Englishman, every inch of you. You would not tell a lie to save your life."

Punishment of Lying.

When Aristotle, who was a Grecian philosopher, and the tutor of Alexander the Great, was once asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." In the country of Siam he who tells a lie is punished, according to law, by having his mouth sewed up.

"The Tongue is a Fire."

So S. James tells us, and he adds, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." (S. James iii. 5.) There was once a great library in Alexandria in Egypt. It had 700,000 volumes, and contained nearly all the wisdom of the world up to that time, but it was all burnt. A little spark got in one day among the books, and what it took thousands and thousands of people to do was all destroyed, and the world has been very much poorer ever since. Yet it was only a little spark. And "the tongue is a fire." Remember this when you are tempted to say an untrue or an angry word.

"Slander Book."

Some one tells that he once saw the title "Slander Book" printed on the back of a small account book. On examining it he found that the various members of the household were charged so much apiece for each slander.

A good reminder, was it not? How many fines would we have to pay at the end of a week or a year if such a "slander book" were kept for us? And yet is there not such a book kept by One who knows all?

Tell the Good Things.

When Peter the Great heard any one evil spoken of he would say, "Tell me, has he a bright side? Let me hear what good things you have noticed in him."

Putting Gossips to the Test.

It is told of Hannah More that she had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalised to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossipy story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.

"That I Offend not in my Tongue."

A young man about to enter a monastery once went to an aged monk and asked him for advice for his new course of life. The old man opened his Psalter and began to read the 39th Psalm,—"I said, I will heed to my ways that I offend not in my tongue." "That is enough," said the young man, when he had read so far. "Let me

now go home and practise it." Long, long after, being asked by one of his brethren whether he were yet perfect in his first lesson, the saint, now in his turn an aged man, replied, "Forty and nine years have I dwelt in this desert, and yet I am only just beginning to learn how to keep this commandment."

"Set a Watch, O Lord, before my Mouth."

THAT was a wise saying of a man who was asked why he had made no answer to one who reviled him. "I have often," said he, "had to repent of having spoken, but never of being silent."

Much Speaking.

"SOME folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell the time o' the day, but because there's summit wrong in their inside."—*George Eliot.*

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
(*Continued*).

TENTH COMMANDMENT.

Covetousness never Satisfied.

An old gentleman once asked a lad when was a covetous man rich enough. "When he has a thousand pounds," was the reply. "No." "Two thousand." "No." "Twenty thousand." "No." "A hundred thousand," said the lad at last in desperation; and still being told "No," he confessed he could not say. His questioner then informed him—"When he has a little more than he has, and that is never."

Contentment.

An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties, without repining or betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired the virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret with great facility: it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal

business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it, when I die and am buried; I then look abroad in the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end; and what little reason I have to repine or to complain."

Giving to God the Remedy for Covetousness.

So our Lord tells us—"Give alms" (S. Luke xii. 33). But that cannot be acceptable which is offered grudgingly. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." There was once a stingy man who, though well off, always gave only a penny in the offertory. One day by mistake he gave a shilling. "Well, I shall get credit for the shilling at all events," said he to a friend. "Not at all," answered his friend; "you will only get credit for a penny."

Contentment.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! how strange to look at it in this way!" said the first bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought, that however empty we come, we always go back full. Only look at it in that light, and you will be as cheerful as I am."

Breach of one Commandment.

As David with a little stone slew Goliath, because his forehead was open, so can our enemy easily deal with us

if he observe any faculty naked and neglected. Or take the illustration of a watch. If one wheel breaks, the whole stops. Though we may never openly break any of the first nine Commandments, yet if we covet to break them—that is, if we harbour the angry or the impure thought in our hearts, "we are guilty of all." Hence the Jews called the Tenth Commandment "the Hedge of the Law," because it protects all the rest.

"Beware of Covetousness."

COVETOUSNESS is like the frost-bite, unfelt by him whom yet it chills and deadens. S. Francis Xavier, the famous Jesuit missionary, said that, out of thousands and thousands of confessions that he had heard, he did not remember one where the penitent acknowledged that he was covetous. How much need then for our Lord's red danger-signal of a *double* warning, "Take heed—beware!"

A Root-extractor.

WHEN emigrants go to the Far West, sometimes the only land that they can buy is all covered with forest. In order to turn it into a farm, where they can raise corn and wheat and potatoes, they must first cut down the trees. But when this is done and the lumber is hauled away, the stumps or roots still remain in the ground. These must also be removed before there can be any good farming done. Now some one has invented a machine called a root-extractor. It has strong iron hooks which are fastened to the roots, and then by turning a crank or wheel the tough, gnarled roots are torn out by main force, and the rich virgin soil of the forest is left clear. Now, our

hearts are just like that field. The trees are our sinful habits and we must cut them down. But even that is not enough; we must get the roots out as well, else there can be no harvest of good grain. The Tenth Commandment is like that root-extractor.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PRAYER.

A Child's Prayer and Faith.

In a very remote part of Ulster Co., N. Y., among its forests and mountains, lives little Nellie Osborn, a child of six years. Her father and mother were both suddenly stricken with fever, being unable to leave their beds. Living in an isolated place, far from neighbours, and being scantily supplied with the necessaries of life at this severe and inclement season, with snow lying three or four feet deep everywhere, the situation may be imagined. Little Nellie did what she could to alleviate the sufferings of her parents in every way. It was bitter cold, their rude little house offered poor resistance to the winds, bedcovering was not abundant, and the supply of fire-wood finally gave out. The little girl took her wooden playthings and tried to keep the fire going with them. Then she kneeled by the couch of her sick mother and prayed: "Please, dear Lord, send a big, good man to help us." Help came in the person of James McGavitt, a lumberman of the mountains, who found the family in the condition stated, and afforded prompt relief. Little Nellie became sick with the fever afterward. Assistance has now been offered by a charitable lady of Irvington, whose sympathy was excited by the child's sacrifice of her toys.

God Honoured by Large Asking.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT had at his court a famous though indigent philosopher. On one occasion, when he was particularly straitened in his circumstances, he applied to Alexander for relief, who instantly gave him an order upon his treasury for whatever sum he wanted. The philosopher demanded, in the conquering monarch's name, ten thousand pounds. The treasurer, surprised at so large a demand, not only refused to pay the sum, but immediately repaired to the king, stated to him the affair, and represented how unreasonable he thought the petition, and how exorbitant the sum. Alexander heard him patiently, and when he had finished, he said, "Let the money be instantly paid. I am delighted with this philosopher's way of thinking; he has done me a singular honour. By the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived both of my superior wealth and my royal munificence." Thus may the children of God honour the munificent liberality of their "Father who is in heaven." They cannot ask for gifts which will impoverish Him. Let them ask and receive and their joy shall be full.

Hindrances to Prayer.

"SATAN trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Therefore he does all he can to *hinder* us from praying.

Prayer without Words.

THE Curé d'Ars said one day to an old parishioner, whom he saw daily in the church absorbed in prayer:

"My good friend, what do you say to our Lord in those long prayers which you make to Him every day?" "I say nothing to Him" was the reply. "*I look at Him, and He looks at me.*"

The Seven Hours of Prayer.

At Matins bound, at Prime reviled,
Condemned to death at Tierce,
Nailed to the Cross at Sext,
At Nones His blessed side they pierce:
They take Him down at Vesper-tide,
In grave at Compline lay,
So thenceforth holy zeal observes,
These sevenfold Hours alway.

The Spider-web in the Yard.

Up to walls, down to walls, shooting to chimney-tops, fastened to the cross-trees of poles, running this way, that way, diagonally, straight up, right across—oh, what a quantity of telegraph-wires I saw! It was a spider-web in a little court about which went the walls of lofty buildings honeycombed with offices. It was a spider-web in the multiplicity of lines, and in their definite, regular attachment also. All this array of wires meant something. Each one was born of a definite purpose, and went from one definite locality to another. How many messages traversed those lines! As I stood at the window from which I had this look into the little court, I thought of a good man's closet from which stretch out so many wires of prayer. They shoot to such multiplied points. One wire is for an absent child, another goes to an old grey-haired mother, a third to his church, a fourth to the

government over him, a fifth to a mission station in Japan, and so on, running all over the world. The good man's closet of prayer is the centre of a spider-web whose lines ramify in every direction. Standing at the window and looking out into the dusky, walled court, I thought of one other thing. The men who used those wires believed that they could send messages and also obtain answers by them. They believed in the electric wire. Go into that office. You state a certain errand you have. "Wait," says the man who receives you. "Let me telephone about it." He expects to receive an answer. He has entire confidence in that little metallic apparatus. Ought a Christian to have less faith in prayer? Your wires, man or woman of God, go by way of heaven. They touch child, church, the country, but they first touch God. Shall we have less confidence in God than in human machinery? Have we not His promise, "He shall call upon Me, and I will hear him"?

Perseverance in Prayer.

"I HAVE seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven and climb above the clouds. But the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over. Then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man."

The Power of Prayer.

PRAYER sets in motion all great powers. The Princess of Wales launched a great ironclad by turning a little silver handle in a box in the dockyard. A young officer in Egypt, lying wounded in the neck, saw an Arab come with a rope and drag about the wounded round him. He expected his turn next, and put up a feeble prayer. In a few minutes he heard the well-known gallop of the Life Guards coming to carry off the wounded. Saved!

Too Busy not to Pray.

SAID a great man once, "I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do to-day that I can have only three minutes' prayer; I cannot afford the time." But this man thought that the more he had to do, the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic: may we understand it! "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey."

Heart Prayer.

THOUGH in the old Jewish law the priest did not continually offer sacrifices unto the Lord, yet fire was continually burning upon the altar, and never went out. So, though we do not continually offer to God "the calves of our lips," yet the fire of devotion and spiritual fervency must be continually burning in our hearts, and never go out. And this is the true meaning of the Apostle's exhortation —"Pray without ceasing."

Cold Prayers.

Cold prayers are as arrows without heads, as swords without edges, as birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to Heaven. But, "The prayer of the humble pierceth the clouds" (Ecclu. xxxv. 17).

"Instant in Prayer."

S. Paul's term, "instant in prayer," being used by "Stonewall" Jackson one day, his sense of its meaning was required. "I can give you," he said, "my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think that I am setting myself up as a model for others." On assurance being given that there would be no misjudgment, he went on to say, "I have so fixed the habit in my own mind, that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without a moment asking God's blessing. I never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal. I never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thought heavenward. I never change my classes in the section-room without a minute's petition on the cadets who come in." "And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" "I think I scarcely can say that I do; the habit has become as fixed almost as breathing."

The Russian Boy's Letter to God.

A few years ago a government official in St. Petersburg died, leaving motherless and without friend two little children, a boy of seven and a girl of three. Left in the house alone, the little fellow did not know what to do to get food for his sister. At last, urged by the tears of the little one, he wrote on a piece of paper in a large, round hand,

" Please, God, send me three copeks (pennies) to buy my little sister a roll." Then he hurried off to the nearest church to slip it into an almsbox, believing in his simplicity that the prayer would reach Heaven in that way. *And so it did.* A priest passing by observed the child on tiptoe trying to thrust the paper in, and taking the paper from him, read the message. Returning home with the child, he brought away the little ones to his own house and gave them the food and clothing they so much needed. On the following Sunday he preached a sermon on Charity, in which he mentioned this touching incident, and asked the people's offerings for the children. When the offerings were counted it was found that enough had been given to keep the little ones for several years. *The prayer was answered.*

Spirit of the Lord's Prayer.

THE spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. The form of petition breathes a filial spirit, " Father "; a catholic spirit, " Our Father "; a reverential spirit, " Hallowed be thy name "; a missionary spirit, " Thy kingdom come "; an obedient spirit, " Thy will be done on earth "; a dependent spirit, " Give us this day our daily bread "; a forgiving spirit, " And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us "; a cautious spirit, " Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil "; a confidential and adoring spirit, " For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Prayer like a Bell-rope.

PRAYER is the rope in the belfry: we pull it, and it rings the bells up in Heaven.

Symbol of United Prayer.

LOOKING at some beautiful pictures of the recently completed Cologne Cathedral, there came back to mind thoughts and suggestions which are always started by the presence of a large Gothic building. Surely such a building as we have in mind is the illustration in stone of the idea of "United Prayer." It is a series of points and pinnacles, from the ground to the top of the great spire. Every window is a pointed arch; every buttress goes up to a point; every roof ridge is guided off into little uplifting spires; the great roof itself points up; and the whole building seems to unite in the great spire, which pierces away into the sky, and seems to carry the united cry of the whole building up to God.

"Not Heard in Heaven."

A LEGEND tells us that there was once a community of monks who, with their abbot, lived a holy life and sought in every way to glorify God. But, owing to some cause or other, not one of them had a voice for singing. They united every evening in the Magnificat, but they got through it with feelings of shame, and again and again besought God to forgive them, and, if it were His will, to send them a singer. One Christmas Eve a stranger brother happened with them, and when they united in holy service he sang the hymn of praise. As he sang, in notes of wondrous sweetness, the brothers listened in silence and thanked God that for once the Magnificat had been well sung in their house. It was as though a seraph stood in their midst, and the echoes lingered like celestial music in the dim and distant aisles. That night, however, an angel came to the good abbot as he slept, and

asked him why the Magnificat had not been sung. "It was indeed sung," answered the holy man, "sung as never before; not by us in our broken, trembling way, but by a brother of marvellous power." "It was not heard in Heaven," said the angel sadly; "your hymn was ever listened to because it was the outpouring of a pure heart, but that man sings for love of self and praise."

The Power of Prayer.

NOT long ago two little children, rambling from home over a wild and dangerous part of Dartmoor, lost their way. Utterly unable to find the right path, they sat down, and cried bitterly. "And what did you do next?" was the question put to them afterwards. "I said, 'Our Father,'" answered the boy, "and sister said, 'Gentle Jesus.'" Then they made another attempt, and discovered a moorland road which led them safely home. Surely the conduct of those little ones, lost on the moor, has a lesson for us. If any of us have wandered from the right way, and lost sight of our Father's House, and fallen among the dangers of a sinful world, what can we do better than shed tears of sorrowful repentance; what can we do better than cry to Our Father and Gentle Jesus?

Praying and Working.

A LITTLE girl was telling a friend of her father's that her brothers set traps to catch birds, and that she did not like it. The gentleman asked her what she did, and she said, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" he asked. "Yes," she said; "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds from getting

into the traps." "Anything else?" "Yes, I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

Fervent Prayer.

An arrow, if it be drawn up but a little way, goes not far, but if it be pulled up to the head, flies swiftly, and pierces deep. Thus prayer, if it be only dribbled forth from careless lips, falls at our feet. It is the strength of ejaculation and strong desire which sends it to Heaven, and makes it pierce the clouds. It is not the *arithmetic* of our prayers, how many they are; nor the *rhetoric* of our prayers, how eloquent they be; nor the *geometry* of our prayers, how long they be; nor the *music* of our prayers, how sweet our voice may be; nor the *logic* of our prayers, how argumentative they may be; nor the *method* of our prayers, how orderly they may be, which God cares for. All these might be of no avail. *Fervency of spirit* is that which availeth much.

Silent Prayer.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

—*Montgomery.*

Elevation by Prayer.

Constantine the Great was one day looking at some statues of noted persons, who were represented *standing*. "I shall have mine taken *kneeling*," said he; "for that is how I have risen to eminence." Thus it is with the Christian: if he would obtain any real eminence in the Christian life, he must be often kneeling in prayer to God.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

PRAYER.

The Amen of the Rocks.

THOUGH blind with age, forth Beda went with zeal
The tidings of salvation to proclaim.
Through town and hamlet, guided by a boy,
The pious father wandered, full of love,
And preached 'o dying men the word of Life.

The boy once guided him into a vale
O'erstrewn with rocks and empty heaps of stone,
And there in wantonness, not malice, said:
" Most rev'rend father, many men are here,
And wait to hear the word of Gospel truth."

The blind old man arose with joyful haste,
Chose him a text, explained it and applied,
Exhorted, warned, rebuked and comforted
So loving that the tears rolled down his cheeks
And gently hid themselves in his grey beard.
When in conclusion then, as it is fit,
He prayed the prayer the Saviour taught, and said:
" Thine is the kingdom, Thine the pow'r, and Thine
The glory unto all eternity,"

There burst out from the vale a mighty shout:
"Amen, most rev'rend father," and "Amen!"

The boy was frightened; kneeling down, with shame
He to the holy Saint confessed the sin.
"Son," said the father, "hast thou never read
When men are silent, rocks and stones will cry?
Mock, nevermore, O son, the Word of God!
A two-edged sword it is, and quick, and sharp,
And powerful. And if the heart of man
Should turn to stone, defying truth and love,
The rock with human heart would throb aloud."

God's Answer to Prayer.

In a child's hospital the other day a little girl was laid suffering from partial fracture of the hip, accompanied by painful abscesses. It became necessary that the child's leg should be removed, but there was some doubt whether she could bear it, being much exhausted. The information was conveyed to her by the sister in charge that next day the operation was to be performed, and that it would be a painful one. In the evening the sister heard the child patients in the ward talking the matter over. "Sister said that it would be very dreadful pain to bear, and that Mary must pray God to help her through it," said one. And after much discussion the children decided to pray together that He might strengthen Mary, and that the doctor might not be allowed to hurt her very much. And there arose in the ward a concert of little voices to Jesus Christ, who loveth children and suffereth them to come to Him. But a doubt sprang up. There were many Marys in the ward; how was Christ, when He visited the sleeping hospital, to discover which patient

needed His grace? "I know," said the Mary in question; "I will cross my arms on my breast and go to sleep so." And then again rose the united prayer for help for the little Mary who should lie all night with arms crossed. In that night He who heareth prayer called the little spirit home.—*Baring-Gould.*

"Mother will Understand."

THERE was a little boy once whose mother lay ill in the hospital. The child fancied his mother would not have left him if she had loved him, and he determined to send her a letter, and find out. He was quite unable to write, but he scrawled all over the paper, as little children will, and begged his friends to carry it to his mother; "then," said he, "I shall see if she loves me." The messenger laughed at the strange letter, and declared that no one could make it out. "Mother will understand," said the child. And when Eddie's scrawl was given to her, she recognized at once the work of her child's fingers, and understood his meaning. My brothers, our prayers are often as badly put together as Eddie's scrawl, but the Good God knows His children's meaning.

Why he was not Afraid.

THE still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up

in my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly: 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said: 'Oh, I know why you were not afraid—you said your prayers this morning before you began your work!' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

Trust in our Heavenly Father.

S. CUTHBERT, the great missionary bishop of Northumberland, was driven by a snowstorm on the coast of Fife. "The snow closes the road along the shore," mourned his comrades. "The storm bars the way over the sea." "There is still the way of Heaven that lies open," said Cuthbert.

Straight into God's Arms.

THERE is nothing equal to child-like trust in God's protecting arm for taking us through the emergencies of life which come sooner or later to each. We all realise this, but do we put it into practice? A party in a stage-coach among the mountains as they came to a particularly rough place found their horses had become unmanageable. The driver shouted and coaxed, and the passengers became very much frightened. Some screamed, others tried to jump out, and all were pale with fright—all but one little girl, who sat quietly by her mother's side in the general hubbub. "Don't cry, mother, don't cry!" she said, patting her mother's cheek. "If we upset we shall fall straight into God's arms." Who of all those there present but felt rebuked by the sweet trust of this dear child!

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

OUR FATHER, HALLOWED, THY KINGDOM, THY WILL.

"Our Father."

THE Mohammedans are said to have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."

"My Father."

A LITTLE girl was on board a ship in the midst of a great storm, and amidst the howling of the winds and the dashing of the waves, she was found perfectly quiet and happy. When she was asked by one of the passengers how it was that she was so calm and quiet when every one else was so frightened, she gave the answer, "Because my father is at the helm." She knew her father, and could trust him. And have not we a mightier Father?

A Higher Will.

A LITTLE boy sat in front of his father and held the reins which controlled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's

hands. He saw occasion to pull them. With artless simplicity the child looked around, saying: "Father, I thought I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men, who think that they are shaping a destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really fashioning. They do their own will, but they also do the will of God. A stronger hand guides them; a mightier power holds the helm of their vessel, and saves it from rock and wreck. Happy are they who quietly yield to the guidance of an Almighty Hand.

"Thy Will be Done."

"WHAT sort of weather shall we have to-day?" said a traveller to an old shepherd. "Whatever weather I like," was the reply. "Whatever weather you like; why, how can that be?" "Because it will be what God pleases, and what He pleases I like."

(*For other illustrations of "Our Father," see Fourth Sunday in Lent; for "Hallowed, etc.," see Third Sunday after Trinity.*)

"As it is Done in Heaven."

WE are often indolent in doing God's will; we do it at best feebly and imperfectly, and, worst of all, we often do it grudgingly. Oh! that we thought oftener of how it is "done in Heaven"! When that great writer, Richard Hooker, to whose calm wisdom the Church of England owes so much, lay on his death-bed in the rural parsonage of Bekesbourne, he was asked by his friend Saravia of what he was thinking? He replied, "I was meditating on the number and nature of angels, and their

blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven; and, oh! that it might be so on earth!"

Obedience of the Angels.

A CLASS was once asked *how* the angels obeyed God. Different answers were given, but that seemed best of all which was given by a boy who said, "They obey without asking any questions."

Guardian Angels.

I HAVE been told on good authority the following tale: The little daughter of an eminent dignitary of the English Church was walking with her mother in the city where they resided. The child, in crossing a street, ran over by herself; when, at the same moment, a carriage whirled around a sharp corner, and in an instant she was under the feet of the horses. Her mother, in an agony of terror, sprang forward to the place where she lay, expecting at the very least to find her most seriously injured. The child sprang up gaily, and said, "Oh, mamma, I am not at all hurt, for something all in white kept the horses from treading upon me, and told me not to be afraid."—*Dr. J. M. Neale's "Unseen World."*

Guardian Angels.

A WIDOWER, with his two children, was on a visit at the house of a friend. The children were playing about (for it was an old-fashioned place) in its rambling passages, their father being ignorant that one opened on a deep and uncovered well, when, according to their own account, they were met by the figure of their deceased mother,

who made them return. If the apparition were indeed she whom it personated, it is a beautiful instance of the endurance of earthly love beyond the grave: if it were their guardian angel, permitted to assume that shape, it is hardly a less striking lesson of the heed we should take "not to despise one of these little ones."—*Dr. J. M. Neale's "Unseen World."*

Example of the Angels.

THE Rev. John Newton once said, "If two angels were sent from Heaven, the one to be a prime minister, and to guide the destinies of an empire; and the other to be a watchman of a small street, each would feel equally contented, each would feel equally honoured in obeying the commandment of God, and each would be equally anxious to discharge his duties faithfully."

"He shall Give His Angels Charge over thee."

"How oft do they their silent bowers leave,
To come to succour us who succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward—
O why should Heavenly God to men have such regard?" —*Spenser.*

Angels and Bootblacks.

THERE was a rich man once who rose to great wealth and power from a very lowly place. A companion once

said to him, with a sneer, "I remember you when you used to black boots." "Yes," answered the other; "and didn't I always black them *well?*" There is the point, to do what we have to do *well.* "As it is done in Heaven" by the angels.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

GIVE US, ETC., AND FORGIVE US, ETC.

(*See also Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.*)

Confession of Wrongdoing.

Few events in English history are more touching than a scene during the long contest between Edward the First and his Parliament. Edward stood face to face with his people in Westminster Hall, and with a sudden burst of tears owned himself frankly in the wrong. A weaker nature would have persisted in a course which he had once adopted, right or wrong. Edward showed himself a strong man by owning his error.

"Forgive your Enemies."

Once, after a great battle, an English officer, accompanied by his orderly, was examining the wounded on the field. He came to one of the enemy who was badly hurt. "Give him a drink of water," said the officer. As he turned aside, the wounded man raised his rifle and fired at the officer, the bullet just missing him. "Give him the water all the same," was the order of the brave man who knew how to forgive.

Strength to Forgive.

A HEATHEN tyrant once caused a Christian to be cruelly beaten. As the man lay weak and helpless the tyrant asked him with a sneer what great thing Christ had ever done for him. "He has done this," answered the man; "He has given me strength to forgive you who have used me so hardly."

For Christ's Sake.

WHEN Louis XII. came to the throne of France he caused a list to be made of those enemies who had plotted against him, and he placed a cross against their names. When this became known, his enemies fled in terror, believing they were condemned to death. The king, however, sent for them, and gave them assurance of pardon, saying he had put a cross against their names only to remind him of Jesus, who, on the cross, forgave His murderers, and prayed to His Father to forgive them.

As we Forgive.

THERE was once upon a time a Bishop of Alexandria in Egypt named John the Almsgiver. A nobleman came to see him one day, and the conversation turned on a grievance. So-and-so had wronged him cruelly; and never to his dying day could he forgive him. He spoke with warmth and anger; his face darkened with passion and his eye sparkled. Just at that moment, the bell tinkled for prayers in the Bishop's private chapel, and he rose and bade the noble follow him. S. John the Almsgiver knelt at the altar, and the nobleman knelt immediately behind him. Presently the Bishop began in a loud voice the Lord's Prayer, and the nobleman repeated each part

with him. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." The Bishop stopped abruptly. The nobleman, not thinking, went on alone: "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Then, finding he was alone, stopped short also. The Bishop did not go on, but remained silently kneeling. Then suddenly the sense of the words of the petition he had made rushed on the nobleman's mind. The grace of God worked. He silently rose from his knees, went forth, and, finding the man who had offended him, frankly forgave him.

Long-suffering.

Bp. Jeremy Taylor concludes his Apology for Christian toleration with an Eastern apologue. Abraham was sitting at his tent door, when an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, appeared before him. Abraham invited him into his tent, set before him meat, and observing that he did not invoke a blessing, asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. "I worship the fire only, and acknowledge no other god." Abraham became angry, and drove the old man out of his tent. Then God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. "I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee!" God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured me, and wouldest thou not endure him one single night?" Upon which, saith the story, Abraham brought him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LEAD US NOT, ETC.

(*See also Septuagesima Sunday.*)

Danger of Evil Company.

A STORY is told of two parrots who lived near to each other. The one was accustomed to sing hymns, while the other was addicted to swearing. The owner of the latter obtained permission for it to associate with the former in the hope that its bad habit would be corrected; but the opposite result followed, for both learned to swear alike.

Temptation Everywhere.

S. EUTHYMIUS THE GREAT (A.D. 473) once related this story to his monks: There was in Egypt a man afflicted with a very violent temper. So he ran away from his home into a monastery, where he thought he would be free from temptations to anger. But even there he was frequently irritated by the other monks, who unintentionally gave him annoyance. He therefore determined to escape entirely from the society of men, "for then," said he, "I cannot give way, for I shall never be tempted." So he took with him only an earthen drinking-bowl, and hid himself in the desert. One day he was

carrying water from the spring when he upset the bowl and spilled the water. He filled it again, and again his foot slipt and the water fell. Once more he filled it, and this time his hand shook and for the third time the water was spilled. Then in a furious passion he dashed the bowl against a stone, and shivered it to fragments. But when his anger cooled, he looked at his shattered bowl, and said, "O fool that I am! How can I escape the temptation which is in my nature! If I have not men to be angry with, I rage against an earthen pot."

Bad Examples.

SOME Brazilian hunters are reported to have captured a number of monkeys by having small boots made for them, which they filled with pitch. The hunters sat down in sight of the monkeys, and pulled off and on their own boots; then retired, leaving the small ones. As soon as they were out of sight, the monkeys descended from the trees, and began doing as they had seen the hunters do. The hunters sprang upon them. The boots stuck to their feet, they could not climb, and were easily caught. Many young people are caught in the same way.

Christ our Strength in Temptation.

I HAVE read a story of a traveller, who saw a battle between a poisonous spider and an insect that it had attacked. Every time this insect was bitten by the spider it settled on the leaves of a plant that grew near at hand, and sucked them; and as it sucked them it was healed, and came back to the battle as strong and as fresh as ever. But the traveller was cruel enough to take away the plant. The poor insect, when bitten, went as usual to

look for it, and could not find it; and it presently died on the spot. So it is also with us; when we are wounded by Satan, when we have unholy thoughts put into our minds, when we have said unholy words, or done unholy deeds, we must go at once to our Lord to heal us. If we delay, we may be prevented from doing so at all.

"Lead us not."

It is useless to pray to God not to lead us into temptation if we do not keep away from it ourselves. A merchant of Brussels obtained permission to enter the headquarters of the British army while the battle of Waterloo was going on. Being granted an interview with Wellington he expostulated with him on the great danger to which he was exposing himself in the position in which he stood. The great Duke's answer was, "You, sir, have no business here, but I am here at the call of duty."

Keep away from Temptation.

You read in the fairy tale about the awful Loadstone Mountain, which draws ships irresistibly to its side out of their course, and when they come nearer, it pulls out all the iron nails that hold the timbers together, and they fall to pieces, overwhelming every soul in the tempestuous sea. And so temptation, while it draws you to its rock-bound shore, takes away your good resolutions, deprives you of your energy of will, and leaves you to yield at last without an effort to its fatal hold of you, and all is lost.

Guidance Needed amid Temptation.

About eighty miles to the eastward of the coast of Nova Scotia, there is a bow-shaped island of sand, which lies so

low that the mariner does not see it until he is upon it, and a bar extending away for thirty-two miles beyond it, which is so shallow that some parts of it are dry in certain states of the tide. Around this scarcely visible island, and over this shallow bar, the sea even in fine weather breaks heavily, and in a storm it seems as if the whole force of the ocean were hurled against it. It lies directly in the path of ships going to and fro, and is surrounded by eddies and erratic currents, and for weeks at a time it is shrouded with dense mists. It is the most fatal spot in the great world of waters, dreaded by every sailor as the graveyard of the Atlantic, and for many years it has lured countless ships to their doom. Now life has dangers as low-lying and unsuspected as this long line of foaming breakers—places where powerful currents of temptation meet, in the common pathways of everyday life. They do not reveal their true character until you are drawn close to them; and it needs constant watchfulness and prayer to escape making shipweck upon them.

FIFTEENTH, SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH, AND EIGHTEENTH SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Persecution by Nero.

THERE are commonly reckoned ten general persecutions of Christians by the heathen power of the Roman government. The first was under the Emperor Nero about the year 66, the last under Diocletian in 303. The Roman historian Tacitus tells us about the first of these. After describing a terrible fire in Rome, he says: "To suppress the common rumour, that he had himself set fire to the city, Nero procured others to be accused, and inflicted exquisite punishments upon those people who were held in abhorrence for their crimes, and were commonly known by the name of Christians. They had their denomination from Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was put to death as a criminal by the procurator Pontius Pilate. This pernicious superstition, though checked for a while, broke out again, and spread not only over Judea, the source of this evil, but reached the city also, whither flow from all quarters all things vile and shameful, and where they find shelter and encouragement. At first those only were

apprehended who confessed themselves of that sect; afterwards a vast multitude was discovered by them, all of whom were condemned, not so much for the crime of burning the city, as for their enmity to mankind. Their executions were so contrived as to expose them to derision and contempt. Some were covered over with the skins of wild beasts, and torn to pieces by dogs; some were crucified, and others having been daubed over with combustible materials, were set up as lights in the night time, and thus burnt to death. Nero made use of his own gardens as the theatre upon this occasion, and also exhibited the diversions of the Circus, sometimes standing in the crowd as a spectator, in the habit of a charioteer, at others driving a chariot himself, till at length these men, though really criminal and deserving exemplary punishment, began to be commiserated, as people who were destroyed, not out of regard to the public welfare, but only to gratify the cruelty of one man." This account was written about thirty-six years after the persecution which it so vividly describes. It was in the midst of this awful scene that S. Peter and S. Paul are believed to have suffered.

The Martyrdom of S. Peter and S. Paul.

S. Peter and S. Paul were both in the city of Rome in the year 67. Nero was still persecuting the Church, and the Christians persuaded S. Peter that his life was of such value that he ought to withdraw for a little while from danger. The Apostle yielded, and soon found an opportunity of escaping from Rome by night. But it was the will of his heavenly Master that he should now fulfil the promise which he dared not fulfil when he made it, "I will lay down my life for Thy sake" (S. John xiii. 37);

and so, scarcely had he got beyond the walls, when, in a vision (it is said) he beheld the Saviour coming to meet him, and he perceived that He was carrying a cross. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" *(Quo vadis?)* asked the Apostle, to which the Lord answered, that He was going into the city to be crucified. S. Peter took this as a rebuke to himself for going away, and as a token that he was to suffer for Christ, and upon this he returned to the city, where he and S. Paul were soon afterwards apprehended, as leaders of the Christians, and put into prison. Soon afterwards S. Paul was beheaded, for he was a Roman citizen by birth, and he had a right to be executed in this way. S. Peter, not being a Roman citizen, was condemned to be crucified; but feeling that he was not worthy to die the same death as his Lord, he begged that he might be fastened to the cross with his head downwards. This request was granted, and thus on the 29th of June (which day is still kept in memory of the event), the two Apostles finished their testimony, and were together "witnesses of the Resurrection" by daring to die.

The Letter of Pliny about the Christians.

THE third general persecution took place under the Emperor Trajan in the year 110. Pliny the younger, a humane and accomplished Roman, was governor of Pontus and Bithynia for about eighteen months, during this persecution; and on that subject he addressed to the Emperor his celebrated letter. After mentioning his perplexity in what manner to proceed against men charged with no other crime than the name of Christian, Pliny proceeds as follows: "Others were named by an informer, who at first confessed themselves Christians, and

afterwards denied it; the rest said they had been Christians, but had left them, some three years ago, some longer, and one or more above twenty years. They all worshipped your image, and the statues of the gods; these also reviled Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their fault or error lay in this—that they were wont to meet together on a stated day before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ, as to God, and bind themselves by an oath, not to the commission of any wickedness, but not to be guilty of theft, or robbery, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them when called upon to return it. When these things were performed, it was their custom to separate, and then to come together again to a meal, which they ate in common without any disorder."

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

JUST before the Roman armies under Vespasian and Titus came to the city to besiege it in A.D. 66, the Christians, being warned in various ways by God, left it in a body. They remembered our Lord's words, "Let them that be in Judea flee to the mountains"; and, therefore, under the guidance of their Bishop Simeon, they departed to a little city called Pella, on the eastern side of the Jordan. Then, just as when Lot had entered into Zoar (Gen. xix. 23), the fire and brimstone fell upon the cities of the plain; so now, as soon as the Christians were removed from the danger, God's wrath came upon Jerusalem. For the Roman armies came back and surrounded the city, and there was no longer any means of bringing in food, and soon a famine began to be felt; and this brought fresh troubles, for many of those who were dying

of want, formed themselves into parties, and went about the city as robbers, to take food by force, wherever it was to be found. And as the famine increased, these robbers became more desperate. It is related by a writer named Josephus, who lived at that time, that wherever they saw a door fastened, which was a sign that those within were taking food, they would burst into the house, and almost choke them, forcing the morsels from their very mouths. The same writer tells us that in one case, a woman was driven to such despair by hunger (having been robbed of all the food she had), that she killed her child, and roasted it; and after eating a part herself, she put the rest by, and when the robbers came to seek for more food, she offered it to them, at which even they were shocked, and went away trembling. It is said that during this terrible war a million Jews perished. They held out against the Romans for nearly six years, but they could not stand against the vengeance of God, who was now bringing upon them the judgments which our Lord Jesus Christ had foretold, and thus in 72 A.D. the city was taken and destroyed, and the Temple was burned to the ground. Thus our Lord's prophecy was fulfilled, that of that goodly building not one stone should be left upon another. (S. Luke xxi. 5.)

S. John and the Robber.

On one occasion S. John had intrusted a young Christian to the care of a certain Bishop not far from Ephesus. The young man fell into bad habits, and at last became the leader of a band of robbers. When S. John heard of it, he smote his head, rent his clothes, and having strongly rebuked the carelessness of the shepherd, went himself among the robbers in quest of the lost sheep. His loving

zeal was wonderfully rewarded. He was able to show the young man the evil of his ways, and brought him back a penitent, and restored him to the Church.

S. John and the Heretic Cerinthus.

In the latter part of S. John's life, after he was released from his banishment in the Isle of Patmos, he resided in Ephesus. Here he presided over the Churches of all that region as a kind of Archbishop. Two stories are told of him at this time. One is that as he was about to enter a public bath he saw a man named Cerinthus, who publicly taught that Christ was not true God. When S. John saw him he fled away in horror from the house, saying that he feared the roof might fall on him if he were there with such a man.

The Death of S. John.

S. John had outlived all the other Apostles, and was waiting till he should be called to drink of his Master's cup, and be baptised with His Baptism (S. Matt. xx. 20), and now it seemed that his time was come at last; for during the persecution of Domitian he was apprehended, and sent to Rome; where he was condemned to die, and ordered to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil in front of one of the gates of Rome, called *Porta Latina*. But God's ways are not as our ways, and our Lord has appointed different means for His servants to drink of His cup and to be baptised with His Baptism. One of the brothers, S. James, was called first of all the Apostles to die as a martyr, and S. John, the other brother, was not to die as a martyr at all; for when he was put into the boiling oil, God's almighty power preserved him, and he

came out unharmed. (This miracle is commemorated in the calendar on the sixth of May.) Finding themselves unable to kill him, and thinking that the Apostle was protected by some magical power, his persecutors had him banished to Patmos, a little barren island in the Archipelago, where he remained till Nerva was made Emperor, when he returned to Ephesus, and there ended his days. After writing the Book of the Revelation and his Gospel, together with two other Epistles, he died a natural death in A.D. 98.

S. Ignatius, the Martyr Bishop.

S. IGNATIUS was a disciple of the Apostle S. John. He is said to have been the child our Lord set before the Apostles as an example of humility. In the year 68 he was consecrated to be the Bishop of the great see of Antioch in Syria. Some years later the Emperor Trajan was persecuting the Christians, and as he was passing through Antioch, the good Bishop was brought before him. Sentence of death was soon afterwards pronounced against him, and he was commanded to be taken to Rome by a military guard, and there thrown to the wild beasts in the Colosseum as a spectacle for the people. In order to strike terror into the hearts of the Christians, he was to be taken to Rome by the longest way, but S. Ignatius was so courageous and went so joyfully that everywhere believers were encouraged instead of terrified, and his journey was like a triumphal march. At length Rome was reached and S. Ignatius was thrown to the lions on December 20, 107, during one of the great heathen holidays, when the whole city flocked to see the sight.

The Letters of S. Ignatius.

WHILE S. Ignatius was on his journey to Rome to be thrown to the lions there, he wrote seven letters to the Churches under his care. By these letters we learn very distinctly that the sacred ministry, as Christ ordained it, consisted of three orders, as we have it to-day, namely, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. "Apart from these," he says, "there is no Church." Another of his great sayings was, "Let nothing be done without the Bishops." And this is the teaching of one who was trained by S. John, and who must therefore have known the mind of Christ. If Episcopacy, or the government of the Church by Bishops, was the universal rule at this time (as it evidently was), it is simply impossible that, during the lifetime of one single generation, this rule could be any different from that which Christ Himself laid down for His Church.

The Martyrdom of S. Polycarp.

S. POLYCARP was the Bishop of Smyrna. He, like S. Ignatius, had been taught by S. John, and one of Polycarp's own pupils tells us that he often heard him "speak of the conversations he had held with John and with others who had seen the Lord." In the year 155 the Christians were being persecuted by the heathen in Smyrna, and nothing would satisfy the brutal mob but the life of the aged Bishop. Yielding to the advice of his friends the saintly man withdrew awhile to a retired country seat near the city, but he soon had to seek refuge elsewhere. Here his enemies found him and brought him before the Roman governor, who asked him to curse Christ. He mildly answered, "Four-score and six years

have I served Him, and He hath done me no ill. How then can I curse my King and Saviour?" Then he was condemned to be burnt to death, but this had no terrors for him, and he calmly gave up his life for Christ in the presence of many of his devoted flock, who reverently gathered up his ashes, and buried them.

Martyrs in France.

About the year 170 a great persecution broke out in Gaul, or, as we now call it, France. Pothinus, the Bishop of Lyons, although he was already ninety years of age, was put to death. Sanctus, a deacon, stood like an anvil under the strokes of his tormentors, and like an anvil responded by a single ringing note. "*Christianus sum*" (I am a Christian) was all he had to say of his name, city, race, and profession. "*Christianus sum*" he kept on repeating till his body, we are told, was a mass of sores and cinders, mangled and shrivelled, with hardly a vestige left of human shape. Blandina, a female slave of Vienne, was another of "the noble army of martyrs." Every device of cruelty was exhausted on her and her brother, a lad of fifteen, to make them give up their religion. To frighten her still further she was for several days forced to behold the sufferings of other martyrs. At last, after being scourged, she was enclosed in a net and thrown to an infuriated bull, which tossed and gored her till she died, constant to the end.

The Church in the Catacombs.

The Catacombs in Rome were chambers and passages underground where the Christians were accustomed to bury their dead and also to worship in secret. They were

cemeteries and churches in one. The ground in many places on the outskirts of Rome consists of a kind of "tufa" or volcanic rock, easy to excavate and to remove. In this soft material caverns and passages were hewn by the Christians. These continue to this day, and they are so numerous that the length of them, if all spread out in a line, would exceed 350 miles, equal to the length of Italy itself. These were begun probably by Christians who were the owners of private estates. At first there were only a few chambers to supply burial places for their own family, and their slaves and dependents. But as time went on these were enlarged and extended, and connected with other excavations in the neighbourhood. The passages were usually eight to ten feet high, and from four to six feet wide. Along their sides were cavities like shelves in a bookcase. Here the dead body of the Christian was laid and the opening was closed up with a slab of stone. These slabs were often adorned with rude carvings of Christian symbols, such as the palm-branch, the anchor, the dove, and the cross, besides an inscription giving the name and age of each. Many of these are very short and simple, such as "Victorina sleeps," "Gemella sleeps in peace," "Lannus, the martyr of Christ, rests here." These catacombs were used in this way even after persecution was over, or until the beginning of the fifth century. Though used first only as burying places, the places where the passages cross each other were afterwards enlarged into a kind of cell, large enough for a band of worshippers to meet in. Then the walls were adorned with paintings, and altars were built at which the Holy Communion was celebrated, especially on the days when the death or martyrdom of their friends was commemorated. The traditional use of lighted can-

dles in daylight at celebrations of the Holy Eucharist is said to owe its origin to these services in the dark Catacombs.

S. Cyprian, the Martyr Bishop of Carthage.

S. CYPRIAN was a man of great ability and eloquence. While Bishop of Carthage he opposed Stephen, Bishop of Rome, in his assertion of supremacy as the Bishop of an Apostolical See to decide a question in regard to the baptism of heretics. He was put to death in the persecution of the Emperor Valerian in 258. He was brought before the proconsul and questioned in the presence of an immense crowd, mostly his own flock. "Art thou Cyprian?" "I am." "Art thou an official in a sacrilegious sect?" "I am." "Wilt thou sacrifice?" "No." "Consider it well." "I have done so. Execute the law as is your duty. It is not necessary to reflect longer." The proconsul acted with great reluctance, but the case was clear, and he pronounced judgment that he should be beheaded. The Bishop said heartily, "Thanks be to God," threw off his episcopal robe, knelt, and prayed. In a moment the sword came down on his neck, and one of the greatest of the fathers of the Church was with his Lord.

S. Lawrence, the Deacon.

VERY noble and touching is the history of S. Lawrence, the Archdeacon, or chief Deacon, at Rome, in the days of persecution. It was in the year 258 that Lawrence saw his Bishop, Xystus, led to martyrdom. "Whither go you, Father," he exclaimed, "without your son? Whither, holy Priest, do you hasten without your Deacon? You were never wont to offer the Sacrifice without a Deacon. Make trial at least whether you have chosen a fit Deacon,

to entrust with the consecrated Blood of the Lord." Xystus is reported to have replied, "I forsake you not, my son, but a greater combat is reserved for you. We, like old men, undertake a light skirmish; you, as a young man, a more glorious triumph awaits! Weep not, you will follow me!" The persecutors demanded from Lawrence, "where the treasures of the Church were." He promised to show them on the morrow, and when the day came, he brought before them a crowd of poor and afflicted persons, and displaying them, announced, "These are the treasures of the Church!" The enraged and disappointed enemies of the Faith put Lawrence to a cruel death by fire. He was slowly broiled to death on a heated iron grate or gridiron. The palace and monastery of the Escurial in Spain, built in the sixteenth century to the memory of S. Lawrence, is one of the most magnificent memorials a martyr ever had. It is built in the shape of a gridiron, upside down, towers representing the feet.

The Conversion of Constantine.

All the chief rulers of the Roman Empire before Constantine, lived and died as pagans or heathen. Constantius, the father of Constantine, died at York in England in 306, and his son was at once proclaimed by the army in that city emperor in his stead. Though inclined to favour the Christians he did not openly announce his belief in Christ until six years later, when he was marching against the tyrant Maxentius. The story, as told by Constantine himself, is as follows: As the emperor was marching towards Rome, at the head of his army, he beheld a luminous cross, suspended about noonday in the air, and inscribed with the following words—En Touto

Nika—"*By this conquer.*" The phenomenon confirmed his uncertain faith, and afforded him the surest omen of victory. But this was not all: during the ensuing night the form of Christ Himself presented Itself with the same cross, and directed him to frame a standard after that shape. And it is certain that, about that period, and possibly on that occasion, a standard was so framed, and continued for many following years to be displayed, whenever it became necessary to excite the enthusiasm of the Christian soldiers.

Arius, the Arch-heretic.

THE greatest danger that the Church ever endured from heresy or false teaching came from a priest named Arius. Arius was rector of a parish in Alexandria when the aged Bishop Alexander was ruling over that See. It was in the year 319 that he first began publicly to teach that our Lord was not truly God. He acknowledged that He was God now, but he declared that there was a time when once He was not God. But, of course, if Christ had not been always God He could not be truly God. He must be an inferior God, and so there must be two Gods, not one. Arius was clever and had a very winning way with him, though he is described as gaunt and thin, with a look of melancholy in his face. He was very energetic and did everything he could, even to writing songs for mechanics and millers, and other workmen, in order to make his false teaching popular with all classes. And Arius was for a long time successful, though he was, of course, deprived of his parish, and put out of the Church. He had a great many followers, especially among rich and fashionable and worldly people, who were pleased by his doctrine and his manner, and did not think to ask if

it were true. At last the heresy of Arius made so much trouble in the Church that the Emperor Constantine called a council of all the bishops of the world together in the year 325 to consider the matter. This council met in Nicæa, or Nice, in Asia Minor, near to the Emperor's palace, and it was there decided that Arius was altogether wrong. But Arius did not cease his efforts after this condemnation. By his adroit manner he succeeded in making friends for himself among the powerful, and by his declarations deceived even Constantine himself. It was in the year 336 that Constantine ordered the Bishop of Constantinople to receive him to the Holy Communion, but on the very day before the Sunday when he was to go to the church for this purpose, he died. He was led in triumph by his friends through the principal streets of Constantinople and seemed to be in excellent health and spirits. But when the procession came near the great pillar in Constantine Square, Arius became ill, and was forced to go into a house. Shortly afterward it was discovered that he had fallen headlong, a rupture had taken place with a great flow of blood, and he was dead.

Athanasius, the Defender of the Faith.

God always raises up the right man in the crisis of His Church's history; thus, to meet the subtle arguments of Arius, who denied that our Lord was truly God, the great theologian Athanasius appeared on the scene. Of Athanasius, we read that when only a child he attracted notice by playing at being a bishop in games with other children. When only a deacon, he accompanied his Bishop to the Council of Nice, and showed the greatest zeal and the most brilliant eloquence in defending the Di-

vine position of his Saviour. Forty-six years was he Bishop of Alexandria, during which time he was thrice banished. Often he was exposed to the greatest danger by the malice of powerful enemies. They on one occasion accused him of the murder of a certain Bishop, who had disappeared. The accusation was made in the public courts, and Athanasius charged with the crime, but he overwhelmed his accusers with ridicule by calling a muffled figure into court. Bidding him remove the mufflings, he asked: "Is this Arsenius whom I murdered?" All recognized the man at once as the missing Bishop, who had only sought refuge for a time in some secret place. For years Athanasius remained concealed in a dry cistern, his wants supplied by faithful friends, but after years of persecution and trial, of anxiety and struggles and wonderful escapes, he died in peace at Alexandria, and his name is honoured as one of the great pillars of the Church, and his work is seen in that "Gloria" which is continually chanted in our services.

The Council of Nice.

When the errors of Arius began to trouble the Church the Emperor Constantine called a Synod, or Council of Bishops, from all parts of the world to discuss and settle this question. The Council met in Nice, or Nicæa, in Asia Minor, a little city near to Nicomedia, where was the Emperor's palace. The bishops, with their chaplains or attending priests, began to assemble in the spring of 325, their expenses being paid out of the imperial treasury. About the middle of June the sessions began, and Constantine himself was present. There were other important questions to be settled by this Council, such as the proper day when Easter should fall, so that all Chris-

tians might keep the anniversary of their Lord's resurrection together. But the great question of all was as to whether Arius was right or wrong when he taught that Jesus was not truly God. Holy Scripture and the universal belief of the Church from the beginning were appealed to against Arius. The teaching of Arius was new. It had not been heard of before in the Church. "Who ever heard such doctrine?" the young Deacon Athanasius, from Alexandria, demanded. "Whence? from whom did they gain it? Who thus expounded to them when they were at school?" This, and not subtle argumentation, was the simple test by which the Council tried the teaching of Arius. The only true teaching could be that which was old, which had been "from the beginning" (1 S. John i. 1), which the Church had received from Christ Himself and His Apostles. But that had always declared that Christ was the true God, one with the Father and the Holy Ghost. The new teaching must, therefore, be false, and so Arius was condemned, and the Creed, which we call the Nicene, and which declares that Christ is "very" or true "God of very God," was adopted, and has ever since remained the standard of the Church's faith everywhere throughout the world. It is said that it was at this time the custom arose of bowing reverently at the Name of Jesus in the Creed and elsewhere.

The Fall of Pope Liberius.

Liberius was Bishop of Rome at the time when the errors of Arius were making such headway, especially among the great and rich. Liberius had said of Athanasius that "If he was the *only* friend Athanasius had, he would adhere to the righteous cause." The Christians

in Rome remained true, and their Bishop even allowed himself to be banished into distant Thrace rather than sign an Arian Creed. But after two years of cold and suffering in exile his courage failed him, and he consented to sign a false creed, and was restored to his see. In this fall of Liberius we find an unanswerable argument against the modern theory of what is called "Papal Infallibility"—that is, that no Bishops of Rome can err. One heretic is not much amongst so many Popes, but the snapping of one link will break the strongest chain.

S. Ambrose and the Emperor.

S. Ambrose was only a learned and dignified layman when a vacancy occurred in the Bishopric of Milan. The great church was crowded on the day for choosing a new Bishop, when suddenly a little child called out, "Let Ambrose be Bishop!" The people took it as a warning from Heaven, and Ambrose was chosen and ordained to his high office. One of the noblest things that Ambrose did was his rebuke of the Emperor. Theodosius, though a Christian, had, in a fit of passion, given orders for the punishment of the people of Thessalonica, who had murdered in a riot some of the imperial officers. The result of these orders was that 7,000 innocent men, women, and children were slaughtered. Ambrose, full of horror at the news, forbade the Emperor to enter the cathedral. Theodosius was convinced of his sin, and after spending eight months in seclusion and humiliation he publicly confessed his fault, issued a law to prevent any such effects of royal passion for the future, and was at last as a penitent received by Ambrose within the sacred walls. S. Ambrose died in 397.

S. Chrysostom.

John Chrysostom, which means John the Golden Mouthed, was Archbishop, or Patriarch, of Constantinople. The prayer in Matins and Evensong called by his name was either composed by him or taken from the liturgy called after him. Chrysostom was the son of an officer in the army, and was born in 346. His mother was a devout Christian, and her son was carefully educated. He was intended for the law, but soon decided to become a priest. In the chief church of his native city, Antioch, Chrysostom won for himself a great reputation as a bold and brilliant preacher. All classes of society—Jews, heathen, heretics —crowded to his sermons. In 398 Chrysostom was chosen by the Emperor to be Bishop of the imperial city, Constantinople, and here he showed so much self-denial and bestowed so much of his income on hospitals and other charities that he gained the further surname of "John the Almoner." He sent out missionaries, also, into Scythia, Persia, and other lands. But the court of Constantinople, with the Empress at its head, was thoroughly worldly and vicious, in fact only Christian in name. Chrysostom, from his pulpit in the great church of S. Sophia (now a Mohammedan mosque), did not hesitate to rebuke vice in every quarter and in the most fearless terms. As a result the powers of the state were brought to bear upon him, and he was twice banished. The second time he was sent to the little town of Cucusus, in the desert parts of the Taurus Mountains, but even here he laboured earnestly for the conversion of the Persians and Goths in the neighbourhood. The Emperor was enraged at the sympathy shown him by all true

Christians, and gave orders that he should be banished to a still more desolate place on the Black Sea. Accordingly the old man was made to travel on foot, and with his bare head exposed to a burning sun. This cruelty proved fatal, as it was meant it should. After being carried back to Comanum, he was taken into the church in a state of exhaustion. There he received the Holy Communion, clad in white vestments, and with the words, "Glory be to God for all things, Amen," his spirit passed away to Paradise, on September 14, 407. One of his great sayings is worth remembering: "None can hurt the man who will not hurt himself."

S. Jerome, the Translator of the Bible.

S. Jerome was born in Dalmatia about the year 340. His parents were both Christians. After being taught by his father at home, Jerome went to Rome to study Greek, rhetoric, and philosophy under a famous teacher. In 379 he was ordained a priest at Antioch, after spending several years in solitude and severe study, especially of Hebrew. Returning to Rome, he gained the friendship of a rich lady, Paula, and her daughter. These and other ladies followed him to the Holy Land, whither he went in 384. Here he fixed his residence in Bethlehem, where Paula founded four convents, three for nuns and one for monks. The latter was governed by Jerome himself. It was here that Jerome wrote his commentaries on the Bible, and made the great translation into Latin of the whole Bible, known as the Vulgate. It would, perhaps, be more correct to say, however, that Jerome revised and corrected the older Latin translation, known as the Itala, rather than made a new translation. By slow degrees this version of the Bible took the place of the

older one. At first it naturally met with much opposition from those who had been accustomed to the older version. But it was so free from the errors that had crept into the old, and so much more beautiful and exact a translation, that it became at last the use of all the Latin-speaking churches. S. Jerome was very quick tempered, but he was a most devout and devoted Christian, and the most eloquent and learned of all the Latin fathers. He died at Bethlehem, September 30, 420.

S. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

S. Augustine was born in Thagaste, in North Africa, in the year 354. His mother, Monica, was a devout Christian, but his father was at first a heathen. So Augustine grew up, in spite of his mother's good teaching, in heretical ways, and for a time led a dissolute life. When he was twenty-eight he went to Rome as a teacher of rhetoric, and from there to Milan, where he was accustomed to go and hear S. Ambrose preach at the Cathedral. This was the beginning of his conversion. At last, one day, he himself tells us, as he was sitting in the garden of his house and thinking over his evil life, he heard a voice saying to him, "Take up and read; take up and read!" Then taking up the copy of S. Paul's Epistles, which he had laid down, he read the passage that lay open, and it was this: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh" (Rom. xiii. 13, 14). From that moment he determined to be a Christian, and at once he went into the house and told his mother of the good desire that had sprung up in his heart. He tells us, too, how glad she was that her hopes had been fulfilled. For

once she had gone to her bishop to speak to him of her troubles, caused by his evil life, and he had comforted her by telling her that "it was not possible that the son of those tears should perish." Soon afterwards Augustine was baptised by S. Ambrose, and later on he was made the Bishop of Hippo, in his native Africa, and became one of the greatest teachers and preachers that the Church has ever had. He died August 28, 430, while the Vandals under Genseric were besieging his see city.

Rise of the Power of the Bishop of Rome.

It was very natural that the bishop of the greatest city in the world, the centre of its government, should gradually gain an official authority which was not possessed by the bishops of lesser cities. But when the emperors in the fourth century made Constantinople, or New Rome, the seat of empire, and forsook old Rome, the importance of the bishop of old Rome became very much increased. Now he was the greatest man in the city. But it took a long time for the false claims of the Popes, as they came to be called, to grow up. Even as late as the sixth century Pope Gregory the Great denounced with holy horror the attempt of the Bishop of Constantinople to call himself "Universal Bishop," and he declared that any bishop who should make such a claim was "Antichrist."

Conversion of the Russians.

The greatest missionary success of the Eastern Church was the conversion of the vast country which we now call Russia to the faith of Christ. Vladimir, King of the Slavs, or Russians, came to the throne in 972, but it was not until 988 that he became a Christian. His way of

arriving at conversion and matrimony at the same time was characteristic of those rough times. He first made an attack upon the Eastern empire, and then sent an embassy to Constantinople promising peace and conversion in exchange for the hand in marriage of Anna, the Emperor's sister! His demands were gladly complied with, and after his marriage and baptism, at Kherson, he returned to Kiev, destroyed all the idols, and commanded his subjects to be baptised. It could hardly have been expected that a conversion managed in this way could have made much change in such a violent prince as Vladimir. Yet, strange to say, from 988 he appears to have undergone a thorough transformation. Churches were built and schools established by him, and he personally became so pure and gentle and charitable that the name of "Saint" was bestowed upon him.

The Church Service and the Russian Ambassadors.

When the ambassadors of King Vladimir came to Constantinople they were deeply impressed with what they saw there in the Church. This is what they said on their return: "When we stood in the temple [the great church of San Sophia] we did not know where we were, for there is nothing else like it on earth. There, in truth, God has His dwelling with men, and we can never forget the beauty we saw there. No one who has once tasted sweets will afterwards taste that which is bitter. We can no longer abide in heathenism."

King Olaf and the Norsemen.

Up to the tenth century the dwellers in Norway were heathens. The people were rough and warlike, and some

who sailed the seas as pirates carried terror and desolation wherever they went, so that the Litanies of those days contained this petition: "From the fury of the Northmen, Good Lord, deliver us." Long and sore was the struggle of missionaries with these people, who clung to their heathen worship of Thor and Woden. At length King Olaf, who had been a Viking, or pirate adventurer, in his youth, but had been baptised a Christian, and confirmed at Winchester, betook himself home to Norway, and was chosen king, about 996. At a great assembly of the people, Olaf, with his followers, entered the temple of Thor whilst the sacrifice was being offered, and suddenly hurled the image of the deity from its place with his battleaxe. When the people heard of the downfall of Thor's image they lost all faith in the power of their false god. Then they yielded to the stern teaching of Olaf, and were baptised in great numbers. His splendid personal appearance, his wonderful strength and skill in arms, his inexhaustible courage and energy, and frank, chivalrous nature, seem to have overawed and attracted every one of his time, and have made him since the favourite hero of Norse history.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

The First British Martyr.

The first martyr of the Church in Britain was a Roman soldier of noble birth named Alban, a native of Verulam, now S. Albans. At the commencement of the general persecution of Christians ordered by the Emperor Diocletian, in the year 303, Alban gave shelter to Amphibalus, a Christian priest, who was flying from the Roman officers. Some time later Alban facilitated the priest's escape by exchanging clothes with him. Before Amphibalus bade farewell to his preserver, Alban had received such instruction in the truths of Christianity as made him determine to die rather than betray his guest. When brought before the judge, charged with concealing a blasphemer of the Roman gods, he avowed himself a Christian, and refused, in spite of torture, to burn incense at the heathen altars. He was, therefore, sentenced to death, and beheaded outside the city; but his constancy and devotion caused so many others to profess the Christian faith that the Roman judges were obliged to withhold the enforcement of the persecuting edicts. On the spot where S. Alban was killed the Christians soon

erected a church to his memory, which was replaced, as centuries rolled by, with larger and more magnificent structures. The present church at S. Albans, which was made a cathedral in 1877, contains all that remains of the shrines of Amphibalus and his martyred convert.

The "Alleluia" Victory.

In the year 430, while two bishops from France, named Germanus and Lupus, were on a visit to England, some barbarous heathen tribes from Scotland invaded the country. It was the Lenten season, and the clergy were engaged in preparing their candidates for the great annual baptism at Easter. As soon as the festival was over Bishop Germanus, who had been a general before he became a bishop, undertook to lead the forces of the south against their northern adversaries. The combatants on both sides were simple-minded people, and the superior intellect of the bishops soon invented a ruse which resulted in a bloodless victory. By the aid of scouts they learned the movements of the northern insurgents, and hid the lustiest and most active of the southerners in a wooded valley. The Picts came over and down the hills expecting no opposition, and were almost close to the ambuscade, when, at a given signal from Germanus, the clergy shouted "Alleluia!" Their followers repeated the word as one man, raising a shout which reverberated to the hills, and gradually increased in volume of sound. Their enemies were unused to such disciplined movements, and imagining from the noise that their adversaries greatly outnumbered themselves, were smitten with sudden terror, threw away their weapons, and fled back to their hills in precipitate disorder. This has been called the "Alleluia Victory," and the place where it is said to

have occurred, "Maes Garmon" (the field of Germanus), is still pointed out, near Mold, in Flintshire.

Gregory and the English Slaves.

BEDE, the historian of the Anglo-Saxon Church (died A.D. 735), gives us the following account of how Gregory the Great, afterwards Bishop of Rome, but at that time abbot of a monastery in Rome, became interested in the heathen tribes of Angles, who had seized the southern part of what was afterwards called from them Englaland, or England. He writes: "They say that on a certain day, when, some merchants having lately arrived, many things were collected in the market-place for sale, and many persons had come together to buy, Gregory himself came among the rest, and saw some boys put up for sale, of a white body and fair countenance, and also with hair of remarkable beauty. Whom, when he beheld, he asked, as they say, from what region or land they were brought. And it was said that they were brought from the island of Britain, whose inhabitants were of such an aspect. Again he asked whether these same islanders were Christians, or still entangled in the errors of paganism; and it was said that they were pagans. Then he, drawing deep sighs from the bottom of his heart, said: 'Alas for grief! that the author of darkness possesses men of so bright countenance, and that so great grace of aspect bears a mind void of inward grace.' Then again he asked what was the name of that nation. It was answered that they were called Angles. 'It is well,' he said, 'for they have an angelic face besides, and such it befits to be the co-heirs of angels in heaven.' 'What name has that province from which they are brought?' It was an-

swered that the people of that province were called Deiri. 'Well,' he said, 'are they called *De ira*, withdrawn from anger, and called to the mercy of Christ.' 'How is the king of that province called?' It was answered that he was called Ælla; then he, alluding to the name, said, 'Alleluia! it behoves that the praise of God the Creator should be sung in those parts.' And going to the pontiff of the Roman and Apostolic See (for he was not himself as yet made Pope), he asked him to send some ministers of the Word into Britain to the nation of the Angles, by whom it might be converted to Christ, saying that he himself was ready to accomplish this work, with the co-operation of the Lord, if the Apostolic Pope thought fit that it should be done. Which, at that time, he was not able to accomplish, because, although the pontiff was willing to grant him his request, the citizens of Rome could not be induced to consent that he should go so far from the city."

S. Augustine, the Apostle of the Anglo-Saxons.

When Gregory the Great became Bishop of Rome he still retained his intention of doing what he could to convert the Angles of Britain, some of whose fair-haired children he had seen in the slave market at Rome. Accordingly he appointed his friend, Augustine, a priest in the monastery of S. Andrew, to head a band of forty missionaries to that country, and provided them abundantly with money and everything necessary for their long journey. When passing through Gaul they heard reassuring news. Bertha, the daughter of Charibert, King of Paris, had been married to Ethelbert, King of the Jutes in Kent, on condition that she should be permitted to continue the exercise of the Christian religion in which

she had been trained; and Liudhard, previously Bishop of Senlis, went with her as spiritual adviser. To the Kentish people, therefore, the Italian missionaries found their way, landing on the Isle of Thanet in the spring of 597. From thence they sent their homage to the king at Canterbury, who gave them permission to remain there until he decided what course to adopt. He had, of course, heard of Christianity from Bertha and Bishop Liudhard, but seemed to think that the miracles recorded of the Saviour and His followers were attributable to witchcraft. For this reason he declined to meet the missionaries in any house, but invited them to address him in the open air, where he believed the demoniac spells could have no power. On the day appointed the little band of forty missionaries came before the king and queen in solemn procession. One carried a silver cross, while another bore a picture of the Saviour, and as they advanced they chanted a Gregorian litany. The king was much impressed by the scene. He listened graciously to the speech of Augustine, or rather to the interpreter's translation of it, and then gave them liberty to remain where they had been staying, offering them hospitality and a dwelling place. He allowed them to preach to such of his people as were willing to listen, but said he could not then personally assent to the new doctrines they proclaimed, seeing that by doing so he would have to renounce those which he and his people had for so long believed. The ultimate acceptance of Christianity by the Kentish Court was the result of several conferences between Ethelbert and his nobles, and on Whitsunday, 597, Ethelbert and his Court were baptised. Prior to this Augustine and his followers had shared in the worship and ministrations conducted by Bishop Liudhard in the little church of

S. Martin, to the east of the city of Canterbury, which had been built by the Britons in the time of the Roman occupation, and which Queen Bertha had rescued from heathen desecration that she might worthily offer her devotions to the Saviour. But when the king accepted Christianity he gave Augustine permission to preach in all parts of his dominion, and to rebuild and restore the ruined British churches which abounded in Kent. This is the story of the introduction of the Gospel to the Jutes, the first of the Anglo-Saxon tribes that invaded Britain. These missionaries from Rome did good work in converting to the Christian faith the southeastern corner of the island and as far north as Buckinghamshire, but the chief work of conversion was accomplished by missionaries from the Irish-Scottish Church, whose central mission-house had been established on Iona by S. Columba, who died the very year that S. Augustine landed in Kent.

The British Bishops and Augustine.

The ancient British Church which Augustine found in the country when he came to teach the Anglo-Saxons had some customs different from the use of the Church elsewhere. Their rule for finding the proper Sunday on which to keep Easter was not that which is in our Prayer-book to-day; so that some years they would be observing the feast on a day different from that kept by the Church in France and Italy and Egypt. Then, again, they had a different way of applying water to persons to be baptised, doing it once instead of thrice. These were small matters in themselves, but Augustine thought the way he had been accustomed to was best. He was probably right in this, but he was wrong in the way he tried to force an in-

dependent national Church to adopt his customs. It is no wonder, then, that the British bishops should have refused to acknowledge his right to interfere with the time-honoured rule of their forefathers. At Augustine's first meeting with them they refused (most wrongly indeed) to join with him in trying to convert those Anglo-Saxons who had done them and their ancestors so much wrong. Then a second meeting was proposed, but before this took place the British bishops, who were simple-minded men, unaccustomed to the ways of the world, enquired from one of their most holy men who lived the life of a recluse, whether they ought to forsake their traditions at the bidding of Augustine. His reply was, "If he be a man of God, follow him." They said, "And how can we ascertain this?" Then he replied, "The Lord saith, 'Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.' If, therefore, this Augustine is meek and lowly in heart, it is credible that both he himself bears the yoke of Christ, and offers it to you to bear; but if he is stern and proud, it is evident that he is not of God, and that his discourse ought not to be regarded by us." And they again said, "And how can we discern even this?" "Contrive," said he, "that he and his people may come first to the place of the Synod; and if, at your approach, he rise up to you, hear him with submission, knowing that he is a servant of Christ; but if he slight you, and will not rise up in your presence, when you are more in number, let him also be disregarded by you." The council met under a great oak at a place now called Aust (an abbreviated form of Augustine), on the borders of Wales, and for this reason it has been named the "Synod of the Oak." Unfortunately for the claims of Romanists, Augustine adopted a very haughty de-

meanour. The British deputation was a large one. Seven bishops attended, accompanied by many learned men from the famous monastery of Bangor on the Dee, but Augustine neglected to rise and bid them welcome. This was enough. "He could not have the spirit of Christ," and they refused to yield. They would observe none of his customs nor accept him as their chief, for "if he would not rise up to us just now, how much more will he despise us if we begin to be subject to him?" Dinooth, one of their number, explained that, although they owed fraternal love to the Church of God, and the Bishop of Rome, and indeed to all Christians, they owed no other obedience to him whom Augustine called Pope. Another reason why they could not submit to him or his representative was that they were already subject to the Metropolitan Bishop of Caerleon-on-Usk, who was, under God, their spiritual overseer. Whereupon Augustine added to his discourtesy a public threat of violence: "If they will not accept peace with their brethren," said he, "they shall receive war from their enemies, and if they will not preach the way of life to the nation of the Angles they shall suffer at their hands the vengeance of death." But the Celtic Christians were not devoid of the true missionary spirit, although they were still forced to maintain a defensive attitude against the aggressive designs of their conquerors. In the years that were coming their missions played a larger part in the re-establishment of the Faith in their fatherland, amongst their persecutors, than did the missions of Augustine.

Bishop Paulinus in Northumbria.

Bede, the English Church historian in the seventh century, tells us this story about the work of Paulinus, the

missionary bishop whom Augustine sent to convert the Saxons in Northumbria in 626. Paulinus had to give up his work later, and S. Aidan, from the Irish Church, carried it on successfully. But this is the way Bede tells us his work began: King Edwin's wife was a Christian, and her husband was thinking about becoming one himself. First, however, he called together a witan, or council, of his wise men, and asked them what they thought. One after another gave their opinion, but at last a thane, or chieftain, rose up and said that he was reminded of what happened sometimes in the royal palace, when the king and his ministers sat at supper in winter, with a good fire in the midst, whilst storms of rain and snow prevailed outside. Sometimes, he said, a sparrow flew in at one door and out at the other into the dark and cold. While the sparrow was within he was safe for a little from the wintry storm, but as soon as he departed he vanished from sight into the dark winter from which he had come. "So," said the thane, "this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore," he added, "this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." Paulinus then addressed the witan, and with such success that the heathen high priest suggested the immediate demolition of the heathen temples, and forthwith commenced it with his own hands.

Aidan, the Apostle of Northumbria.

THE work of Paulinus came to an end in a few years in Northumbria. The kingdom was overrun by another Saxon tribe, which remained heathen. The king was killed, and the queen and bishop had to flee for their

lives. Oswald, one of the king's sons, while still a boy, had taken refuge from his enemies in the little and distant island of Iona. Here he was educated, and became a Christian under the care of the Irish missionaries there. Having recovered his kingdom, he set about the conversion of his people, and accordingly sent to ask his kind friends in Iona to send him a Christian teacher. This they did, but the man they sent was not fit for the work; he was stern and unbending, but the people were also unbending, and he could make no progress with them. Overwhelmed with disappointment, he returned to those who had sent him, and, as he told the story of his failure, one of the brethren said: "Methinks, brother, thou hast been harsher than was needful to thy untaught hearers. Hast thou not forgotten the maxim of the Apostle about 'milk for babes,' that by degrees they may be nourished by the Divine Word, and enabled to keep the higher precepts of God?" The speaker was Aidan, and the monks of Iona agreed that he was the man to be sent to King Oswald's people. The Celtic bishops consecrated him a bishop, and in the summer of 635 he arrived in Northumbria. King Oswald gave him the small island of Lindisfarne, now called Holy Island, a few miles south of the river Tweed. There a church and monastery were built, and schools and colleges for the training of missionaries who could speak the Anglian tongue. The men thus trained were soon in great demand, and by their means the monastic settlement of Lindisfarne was able to introduce the Celtic customs and the rule of Iona over the greater part of Britain, among tribes who refused to hear the preaching of Welsh or Italian missionaries.

Bishop Wilfrid and the Roman Claims.

WILFRID was the son of a Northumbrian thane, and was a remarkably bright and attractive boy. After receiving his education at the monastery in Lindisfarne he travelled abroad to France and Italy. Here he learnt how much superior in many ways were the customs of the continental Churches to those of the simple and rude Scottish mission among the English, in which he had been brought up. All the rest of Wilfrid's life was spent in trying to introduce these more civilised, and really better, customs among his countrymen. Unfortunately he did not always take the best or most gentle way of persuading his old friends to adopt these changes in ritual and worship. With all his great ability and earnestness he showed much wilfulness, so that most of his life he was in trouble. In 664 he was elected Bishop of York; then he went to France to be consecrated, but he stayed so long (two years, in fact) that his people got tired waiting and put another bishop in his place. He obtained his see a few years later, but again lost it in 677, being banished by the king for persuading his wife to go into a convent. Thereupon the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the consent of the king, divided his old see into four, and Wilfrid went to Rome to make what was the first appeal ever presented to that see against the action of the English Church. What follows is very instructive, as showing us how independent the English Churches at this time were of all foreign interference. They were grateful to these foreign Churches for missionary help. They were perfectly willing to learn their better custom, their music, their architecture, their more orderly methods of worship and government, but one thing they would not yield to,

namely, the tyrannical decision of any foreign bishop, even of one as great as the Bishop of Rome. A Roman synod pronounced entirely in Wilfrid's favour, and decreed that he should be reinstated in York, but when he came home and presented the decision to the witan of Northumbria they refused to accept it. They even burned the papal letters, and kept Wilfrid in prison for nine months. After his release Wilfrid did splendid missionary work among the South Saxons, who still remained heathen, and in 686 he was restored to a portion of his old see. But trouble followed him even after this. He was driven from his see again in 691, and in 702 a council of bishops, at Easterfield, deposed him from the see of York, when he was almost seventy, because he persisted in his appeal to Rome as against the authority of his own Archbishop of Canterbury. "He is all the more blameable," said the king and the archbishop, "because he has chosen to be judged at Rome rather than by us." Wilfrid lived seven years longer, and died in peace in 709. He was the ablest man of his time, and the most devoted of workers for Christ and His Church, but his history shows very plainly that the Church among the English had no mind in those days to give up its independence as an Apostolic Church at the bidding of any foreign bishop.

The Venerable Bede.

Bede, or Beda, was born near Wearmouth, in Durham, A.D. 673. He entered the monastery of S. Peter, in his native place, as a pupil of the clergy, when he was only seven years old, and he remained until he was nineteen. Then he removed to the neighbouring monastery of Jarrow to continue his studies, and there he was ordained

deacon. Bede was a great student, probably the most distinguished scholar in the world of his time. The monks at Wearmouth and Jarrow had a good library, and had at least one fine musician, John, the chief singer of S. Peter's, in Rome, whom Benedict Biscop, the abbot, induced to come to Wearmouth. At thirty Bede was ordained priest, and henceforth, in the shelter of this quiet and sacred retreat, and while the tempest of barbaric strife was raging around between Saxon and Briton, he devoted himself to study and the writing of such books as it was possible to produce in those times. He wrote sermons, lives of saints, hymns, grammars, and comments on Holy Scripture. His History of the Church in England from the earliest times down to within four years of his death, in 735, is the most valuable of all his writings. It gives us almost all the information that we possess about the early history of England. Bede's calm and gentle spirit, and the holiness of his life, present a striking contrast to the violence and slaughter which prevailed in the whole island in his day. When he was very ill and near the close of his life he began a translation of S. John's Gospel into Anglo-Saxon for the benefit of his countrymen. Cuthbert, one of his pupils, wrote a full account of his last days, which gives us a most interesting glimpse of the life of a priest among his scholars in a monastery in the eighth century. "As soon as morning broke, that is, on the Wednesday [before Ascension Day]," writes Cuthbert, "he urged us to make haste with the writing which we had begun. We did so till nine o'clock, when we walked in procession, according to the usage of that day. But one of our party said to him, 'Dearest master, one chapter is still wanting; can you bear our asking you about

it?' He answered, 'I can bear it; take your pen, and be ready, and write quickly.' Thus he passed the day in joy, until the evening, when the above-named youth said to him, 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered, 'Write quickly.' Presently the youth said, 'Now it is written.' He replied, 'Good; thou hast said the truth; it is finished; take my head into thy hands, for it is very pleasant to me to sit facing my old praying place and thus to call upon my Father.' And so, on the floor of his cell he sang, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost'; and just as he said 'Holy Ghost' he breathed his last, and went to the realms above."

Stephen Langton and the Great Charter.

Stephen Langton was Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of King John. Though he was nominated by the Pope to that high position, Langton was a thorough Englishman, loyal to the traditions and customs of his country and his country's Church. King John had proved himself a tyrant, ruling the land by his own will, and paying little attention to the ancient laws and traditional rights of freeborn Englishmen. And John's great ally and helper in all this tyranny was the Bishop of Rome, Pope Innocent III. It was to oppose this tyranny of king and pope that the brave archbishop and one of the great barons, Robert Fitz-Walter, formed what was called "The Army of God and Holy Church." Langton was the spokesman of the army, and the leaders, with the archbishop at their head, met King John on a little island of the Thames, called Runnymede, near Windsor. Here they presented to him their demands in the shape of a charter, which they required him to sign. This Great

Charter, or Magna Charta, as it was called in Latin, and which John was forced to sign, secured the rights of Englishmen in Church and State against the tyranny of both king and pope. The document was in Latin, like all legal papers of its day. Translated into English, its first clause reads: "That the Church of England [not Church of Rome in England, but Church of England] shall be free, and hold her rights entire and her liberties inviolate." After specifying what these rights are, and providing for freedom of the subject, and law and order in the kingdom, the charter ends, as it had commenced, with a declaration concerning the freedom of the Church: "That the Church of England be free, and that all men have and hold the aforesaid liberties truly and peaceably, freely and quietly, fully and wholly, in all things and in all places forever." This "Great Charter" was signed by King John, June 15, 1215, and is still part of the foundation law of England. It shows us two things very clearly: First, that even in the depth of the Middle Ages there was no "Church of Rome" in England, but only the "Church of England," over which the Bishop of Rome did his utmost to rule tyrannically; and, second, that even in those days English Churchmen were so far from yielding to the false claims of Rome that both bishops and barons were as one man in opposing them.

The English Church and English Parliament.

THE first real English Parliament met in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey in 1265. Before this there had been councils of the knights of the shire and nobles and prelates. In Anglo-Saxon days these had been called witans, or assemblies of "wise" men. But it was not

until 1265 that representatives elected by the great body of the people were admitted and became part of the Parliament of the nation. It was in this same Chapter House of Westminster that succeeding Parliaments of lords and commons continued to meet in London, until a suitable building was erected for their use elsewhere. All this shows plainly that the Church was not established by Parliament or by the state. The Church existed, and its parishes and bishoprics were endowed by the free gift of its people, many centuries before Parliament existed, and even before the petty Anglo-Saxon kingdoms were united into one state. It would be more correct to say that the Church united and established the state than that the state established the Church.

Some Reasons for the Reformation in England.

After the Norman Conquest of England in 1066, the influence of the Bishop of Rome increased there rapidly. William the Conqueror had indeed written to the Pope, "Homage to thee I have not chosen, nor do I choose to do. Neither do I find that it was ever performed by my predecessors to thine." But William's successors to the crown were not, for the most part, so bold and independent as he, and in time England's Church, like the other Churches of Western Europe, fell more and more under the usurped power of the Papacy. This power was largely exercised by the Pope claiming the right to fill vacant bishoprics and other important positions in the Church. If he had put Englishmen into these it would not have been so hard to bear, but the Pope was not content with this, but filled them with foreigners, chiefly Italians, and even sold his appointments for money. In the year 1240 the Pope wrote to the Archbishop of Can-

terbury and the Bishops of Lincoln and Sarum telling them to provide for three hundred Italian clergy in the earliest vacant livings.

First Steps in the Reformation in England.

THE work of reforming the Church of England was carried on by her own Bishops and representative clergy in their Council or "Convocation," as it was called. For instance, in 1531, the Convocation, with Archbishop Warham at its head, petitioned the Crown that they might be relieved from their payments to a foreign Bishop away off in Italy, and that, if the Pope refused this request, England might be withdrawn entirely from his obedience. In 1534, by Act of the English Parliament, all appeals to Rome were abolished, and, what was much more important, in the same year, the two houses of Convocation, Bishops and representative Clergy, declared "that the Bishop of Rome had no more jurisdiction than any other foreign prelate in this realm." In 1538, at the request of Convocation an order was issued by the King, that a copy of what was called "The Great Bible" in English should be set up in some convenient place in every church, where the parishioners might come and read it. In this way eager crowds came to avail themselves of the privilege, and a knowledge of Holy Scripture spread among all classes. The committee of learned Bishops and other clergy, appointed by Convocation to translate and revise the old prayer books of the Church, finished their work in 1548, and on Whitsunday of next year the reformed Prayer Book, in substance as we have it to-day, was first used throughout the country. It was of this book, afterwards called "The First Prayer Book of Edward VI," it was declared by King and Parliament

that it was "set forth by the aid of the Holy Ghost," and it was in reference to this book Archbishop Cranmer offered to prove "that the Order of the Church of England, set out by authority of Edward VI, was the same that had been used in the Church for fifteen hundred years past."

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, THE UNITED STATES, ETC.

S. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland.

About the year 403 a band of heathen robbers attacked the town of Dumbarton on the Clyde in Scotland, and carried away a boy of sixteen whose name was Succath, but who was afterwards called by the honourable name of Patricius or Patrick. Patrick's father was a deacon and his grandfather was a priest of the British Church, so that he received a good education. The pirates took their prisoner to what is now the county Antrim in the north of Ireland, where he was forced to tend cattle belonging to the chief of the region. Here he remained, as he himself tells us, for six years, and of course learned the language of the people. In his old happy home he had been careless about his Christian duties, but his solitude and misfortunes made him feel the importance of his religion as he had never done before. He tells us that the love of God increased in him so much that in a single day he would say a hundred prayers, and that he frequently arose to prayer in the woods and mountains before daylight, in snow and frost and rain. At length

one night, as he tells us, he heard a voice in a dream saying to him, "Thy fasting is well. Thou shalt soon return to thy own country." He waited a little and again had a dream in which the same voice told him the ship was ready, but was distant two hundred miles. At this he fled from his master, reached the ship, and safely made his escape to France and afterwards to his father's house in Scotland. Here he could not rest satisfied. Like Livingstone or Bishop Patteson, he felt the voices of perishing multitudes continually sounding in his ears, "Come over and help us." Of this time he writes, "I saw in the midst of the night a man, who appeared to come from Ireland, and he had innumerable letters with him, one of which he gave to me. I read the commencement of the epistle containing 'The Voice of the Irish' and as I read aloud the beginning of the letter I thought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Fochlut, and they cried out 'We entreat the holy youth to come and walk still among us.' And my heart was greatly touched, so that I could not read any more. So I awoke." Shortly after this S. Patrick was ordained, probably by Germanus the Bishop of Auxerre in France, and set out for his work. It was about the year 432 that, thus commissioned, and accompanied by twelve friends, he landed at the place where the town of Wicklow now stands. Proceeding northwards, he had the good fortune to convert Sinell, King of Leinster, the very chief who had expelled Palladius, and after a few years met with such success as to be able to establish the see of Armagh, which has ever since been the chief bishopric of Ireland. Before S. Patrick died, he had organized a thoroughly efficient ecclesiastical system in the Emerald Isle, with monasteries governed by native clergy, which became

centres of education, refinement, and missionary enterprise.

S. Columba, the Apostle of Scotland.

In the year 521 at Gartin, in the county Donegal in Ireland, a little child was born of noble parents to whom was given the name of Columba, or "The Dove." It was ninety years since S. Patrick had first brought the news of the Gospel and established the Church in Ireland, and already there were many monasteries and religious houses, which were the Christian schools and colleges of those days, scattered over all the land. One of the most famous of these was that of Moville near Newtownards, and here the young boy Columba was educated. Feeling himself called to the ministry of the Church, he was ordained a priest, and was made abbot or chief priest of the monastery of Durrogh. While visiting his old tutor, Finnian of Moville, Columba secretly copied a manuscript of the Psalter belonging to his host. When the work was finished Finnian happening to see it claimed the copy, but Columba resisted the claim. Diarmid, King of Ulster, a relative of Columba, was asked to arbitrate between them, and on the strength of the old proverb, "Mine is the calf that is born of my cow," the king decided that the copy belonged to the owner of the book. Columba was not pleased at having to give up his hard-earned treasure, and before he left the famous hall of Tara, where the king held his court, considered himself still further aggrieved by some violation of tribal rights. In anger he sought the King of Connaught, and instigated him to make war on King Diarmid, who was defeated. The bishops and abbots held a council, to consider the conduct of Columba, and judged that as he was

the cause of all the bloodshed by which many sons were lost to the Church, he should be banished from his native land until he had won from the heathen as many souls to Christ as would replace the number slain in battle. To this decree Columba bowed, and taking with him twelve companions he crossed over to Scotland in a coracle made of wicker work and covered with ox-hides. They landed on the small island of Iona, on the eve of Whitsunday, A.D. 565. King Connell, a kinsman of Columba, gave him this isle to be used for religious purposes. Here a monastery was founded to which the whole of northern Scotland, and the many isles surrounding it, owe their first knowledge of Christianity. The monastic buildings at the first were of course primitive and inadequate, possibly of twigs and reeds intertwined and cased with mud, but by degrees a complete establishment in harmony with those of older Christian colonies was raised; and many of the brethren trained therein have occupied a conspicuous place in the early history of the English Church. The words of its founder spoken a few hours before he died (June 9, A.D. 597)—"To this place, little and poor though it be, there shall come great honour, not only from Scottish kings and peoples, but from barbarous and foreign nations, and from the saints of other Churches also"—have been most literally fulfilled. Notwithstanding the share of earthly trials that came upon that sacred spot, it has always been true to the faith it then received, and visitors to Scotland may still worship within its holy walls, now repaired by the Lord of the Isle. Many other monasteries, both in Britain and Ireland, trace their origin to Iona, but none of them can wrest the chief place from that in which Columba's bones were laid. The kings of Scotland were for many genera-

tions crowned by Columba and his successors at Iona, on the "Stone of Scone," a piece of Irish sandstone, which Columba probably carried with him from his native land. This stone was taken from Scone (pronounced Scoon) Abbey, near Perth, by King Edward I. in 1296, and now forms part of the Coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, on which all the kings and queens of England have ever since been crowned.

The First Missions in America.

JOHN CABOT, of Bristol, sailing under the flag of England, was the real "discoverer of America," he having been the first to see the mainland, of Labrador or Nova Scotia, on S. John's Day, June 24, 1497. Columbus in 1492 had only reached the West Indian Islands. The Holy Communion was celebrated on the shore of Hudson's Bay in 1578 by an English priest, "Master Wolfall," accompanying Frobisher's expedition. Another English priest named Fletcher, accompanying Sir Francis Drake, held divine service on the coast of California in 1579. But the first service in connection with a permanent colony was held on August 13, 1587, on the island of Roanoke, in North Carolina, but then forming part of Virginia. It was here that Manteo, an Indian chief, was baptised by a priest of the Church of England. Seven days later Virginia Dare, the granddaughter of John White, the Governor, received the Sacrament, being, as it is recorded, "the first Christian borne in Virginia." On May 13, 1607, another colony arrived at Jamestown, Virginia, with the Rev. Robert Hunt as its chaplain. Immediately upon their arrival, arrangements were made for divine service. An old sail served for an awning, rails of wood for walls, and a bar of wood nailed

to two trees for pulpit, with an altar of equally rustic character. Before long a simple church building was put up, and the Rev. Mr. Hunt was not content with Sunday services, but said Morning and Evening Prayer daily. The following special prayer was used in the church at Jamestown, "We beseech Thee to bless us, and this our plantation which we and our nation have begun in Thy fear and for Thy glory. And seeing, Lord, the highest end of our plantation here is to set up the standard and display the banner of Jesus Christ, . . . Lord, let our labour be blest in the conversion of the heathen. And seeing by Thy motion and work in our hearts, we have left our warme nests at home, and put our lives into our hands, principally to honour Thy Name and advance the kingdome of Thy Son, Lord, give us leave to commit our lives into Thy hands; let Thy angels be about us, and let us be as angels of God sent to this people. . . . Lord blesse England our sweete native country. Save it from Popery, this land from heathenisme, and both from atheisme." The church at Jamestown was the scene of the first recorded meeting of a body of legislators in America, known as the House of Burgesses. It was held July 30, 1619. Measures were adopted looking to the better support of clergy and of public services, the protection and Christianizing of the Indians, the repression of vice and immorality, and the erection of a college or university. It was in this religious and enlightened spirit that the first English colonists landed in America. It was in the same spirit that the first settlement was made by Churchmen in New England. Two vessels, *Mary and John* and the *City of God*, under Captains Gilbert and Popham, and with the Rev. Richard Seymour as chaplain, landed at the island of Monhegan,

off the mouth of the Kennebec in Maine, Sunday, August 9, 1607. Here they held divine service by the side of a cross set up in the ground. On the 19th they had service on the mainland, at the mouth of the Kennebec, on the occasion of commencing a fort there, which they called S. George. It is worth observing that all these beginnings were made both in Church and State considerably before the Puritans landed in New England. Their first settlement was made only in 1620.

Perils of Attending Church Services in America.

MANY of the Church people in the early days brought with them their fire-arms and a supply of ammunition, to protect themselves from the Indians. Later on we have an account of a clergyman, living near the present city of Washington, who for more than six months preached with a pair of loaded pistols on the cushion by his side, that he might defend himself against any attempt to remove him on account of his political views!

A Church without a Bishop.

FOR 177 years the English Church in America was obliged to carry on its work without a resident Bishop. This was the result of the efforts of its religious and political opponents, whose object was to cripple the Church as much as they could. The Bishop of London had the oversight of the Church, but it was of course impossible for him at such a distance to be more than its Bishop in name. No person could be confirmed and no candidates for the ministry could be ordained except by crossing the Atlantic at great expense. So great also was the danger from shipwreck and smallpox that, it is said, one out of

every five young men who made the attempt never returned.

Puritan Persecution of the Church in Connecticut.

Mr. John Beach, writing from Reading in the middle of the 18th century, says concerning the condition of Churchmen in Connecticut: "The case of this people is very hard. If on the Lord's Day they stay at home, they must be punished. If they meet to worship God according to the Church of England, their mulct is still greater; and if they go to the Independent meeting in the town where they live, they must endure the mortification of hearing the doctrine and worship of the Church vilified."

Opposition to the Church in Connecticut.

In 1706 the Rev. George Muirson, of Rye, N. Y., accompanied by Colonel Heathcote, Mayor of New York, who went fully armed, officiated at Stratford, where he baptised a large number of adults and children. His visit aroused the enemies of the Church, who threatened him with personal violence, and charged him with transgressing the Colonial law in holding his services. Many on their way to attend them were insulted and intimidated, one of the members of the Council threatening each one of them with a fine of five pounds if they persisted in going to church. To-day the Church in Connecticut is stronger than in any State in the Union. So much for the effect of persecution.

Persecution of Churchmen in Massachusetts.

Mr. John Checkly, an earnest layman of Boston, printed in 1723 a "Discourse Concerning Episcopacy,"

in which he contended for its primitive and Apostolic institution. For this he was at once proceeded against at law. At first he was peremptorily denied a hearing and pronounced guilty. On his appeal to the Court of Assizes, he was finally condemned, fined fifty pounds, imprisoned, and ordered to keep silence. Some of the Puritans declared that if any Bishops came to the country, they would themselves help to throw them into the river!

Conversions to the Church in New England.

In 1722 Timothy Cutler, President of Yale College, and two of its tutors, Samuel Johnson and Daniel Brown, all prominent Congregational ministers, publicly renounced their errors and were received into the Church. This event made a great stir at the time, and resulted in great benefit to the Church. Their conversion was largely owing to their study of the Prayer Book, and of some works of English divines belonging to the college library. They were promptly dismissed from their posts, and hotly abused by their former associates; being called "cudweds," "degenerate offspring," "high-flyers," etc. As Bishops were prohibited from coming to America by the animosity of the Puritans, the three converts sailed almost immediately for England, and were ordained in 1723 by the Bishop of Norwich. Johnson afterwards became president of King's College (now Columbia University), New York.

The First American Bishop.

Samuel Seabury was the son of a Congregational minister in Groton, Connecticut, who had conformed to the

Church in 1730, and the same year was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of London. The son also studied for the ministry and was ordained in 1753. When the war of Independence was over in 1783, Mr. Seabury was chosen at a secret meeting of Connecticut clergy to be their Bishop. In June of that year he sailed for England with letters and testimonials. The English Bishops were so hampered by their connection with the State that they could not see their way to consecrating him. Then, after waiting for more than a year, Seabury appealed to the Scottish Bishops, who were not so hampered, and by them he was consecrated as the first Bishop of America on November 14, 1784. The Consecration took place in a chapel in Aberdeen, and the Bishops officiating were Kilgour of Aberdeen, Petrie of Moray and Ross, and Skinner, Coadjutor Bishop of Aberdeen. On the day following, an agreement was made that Bishop Seabury should endeavour to introduce into America the Eucharistic Service as used by the Church of Scotland. It is owing to this agreement that the American Prayer Book was enriched by the "Oblation" and "Invocation" which so distinguish its Communion office from that of the English book.

More American Bishops.

In 1786 the Rev. Dr. Provoost was elected by the Diocese of New York, and the Rev. Dr. White by the Diocese of Pennsylvania, as their respective Bishops. As soon as possible both went to England, and on February 4, 1787, both were consecrated in Lambeth Palace Chapel in London. The Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Archbishop of York and two other Bishops. On the following day they left London, and landed

in New York on the afternoon of Easter Day, April 7. These two Bishops, together with Bishop Seabury, of Connecticut, who had received consecration from the Bishops of the Catholic Church of Scotland, completed the number of Bishops necessary for a valid and regular succession in the Apostolic Ministry, and henceforth the Church of the United States became a completely organised national branch of the Holy Catholic Church.

Churchmen the Chief Founders of the United States.

English Churchmen, or, as we would call them now, American Churchmen, were foremost both in the cause of American Independence and in guiding the growth of the nation. To this class belong the names of Washington, the first President of the United States; of Henry Laurens, the first President of Congress, and of John Laurens, "the Bayard of the American Revolution"; of Robert Morris, its financier; of Patrick Henry, who sounded the note of alarm in Old S. John's, Richmond; of Livingston, leader of the opposition to the Stamp Act, and, later, the administrator of the oath of office to President Washington; of Jefferson, the author of the Declaration; of Lee, the mover of the Resolution of Independence; of two-thirds of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of the framers of the Constitution of the United States; of Warren, of Bunker Hill, and Montgomery of Quebec; of eight out of the twelve generals early appointed by Washington, and of Provoost (afterwards chaplain of Congress), Croes and Smith, who bore arms in the American cause and later served the Church in the Episcopate. The first ecclesiastical response to the Declaration was made by the united parishes of Christ

Church and S. Peter's, Philadelphia, on the evening of the Fourth of July, where the Prayer Book was altered to suit the new conditions of civil life. It was an Anglican layman, John Dixon, on the State House steps, who read aloud the Declaration to the assembled patriots; and several weeks earlier than this, June 19, the *first* Declaration of Independence was passed by the vestry of S. Paul's Church, Edenton, North Carolina, that body solemnly pledging itself on the side of American liberty. Moreover, the first chaplain of Congress was a priest, afterward Bishop (White) of the American Church, the opening service being from the Book of Common Prayer.

Military Priests and Bishops.

While John Peter Muhlenberg was rector of Woodstock, Virginia, he received a colonel's commission from Washington. After a patriotic sermon in church he took leave of his congregation in the following words: "There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to pray; but there is also a time to fight, and that is now come." He then gave them his benediction, and throwing back his surplice, discovered to them his military uniform. He ordered the drums to beat for recruits, and soon marched away with 300 soldiers. Muhlenberg became a major-general and remained in the army to the close of the war. This example is not one to be followed, though it was followed during the great civil war of 1861-5 by no less a personage than the Right Rev. Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana. Bishop Polk had been educated at West Point Military Academy, but accepted a commission as major-general in the Confederate army. He was killed, in 1864, by a cannon shot while re-

connoitring near Marietta in Georgia. The reverse of this course pursued by many who served in both armies is much more to be approved. Very many officers and men, who proved themselves brave soldiers during the war, are now ordained officers in Christ's Church militant, doing the work of bishops and priests.

Wesley's "Bishops."

JOHN WESLEY was a priest of the English Church, and lived and died in its communion. He was a very earnest man, but did some very foolish things. He had founded an order of lay-preachers in America, and in his old age felt the necessity of having some one to oversee them. When he was 82, although only a priest and without any power to ordain, he presumed to lay hands on a Dr. Coke, who was also an English priest, and to set him apart as a "superintendent" of the Methodist Societies in America. Afterwards Coke assumed the title of "bishop." It was of this so-called consecration that Wesley's brother, Charles, wrote:

"So easily are bishops made
By man's or woman's whim;
Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid,
But who laid hands on him?"

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY (*Continued*).

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH (*Continued*).

CHURCH PRINCIPLES, ETC.

Confidence in One's Orders.

THE Rev. James Richmond, a clever and eccentric priest of the American Church, once crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel with the Rev. Dr. Sprague, an eminent Presbyterian. The relations of the two men were very friendly during the voyage, and at its close Dr. Sprague said some of his best friends were clergymen of the Episcopal (American) Church, but that there was one thing in them that he could not stand, namely, that they refused to recognize him as an ordained minister of Christ. "Doctor," was the reply, "if every Presbyterian minister in the country should refuse to recognize me as a minister of Christ, it wouldn't trouble me in the least, because I know I am."

"To Obey is better than Sacrifice."

DURING the American Civil War an officer was appointed to a particular position in the field to stand fast and hold it. Presently a column of the enemy gave him a tempting opportunity of attack. He advanced, won a brilliant victory, and then returned with guns and pris-

oners, but only to hear the bugle sound the retreat. His gallant but unauthorized dash had marred the whole plan of battle. And so has it always proved in Christ's warfare. When men with good intentions assume authority, and attempt a work to which Christ has not appointed them, disaster is sure to follow in the end.

The Church that Has a Pedigree.

General Buford, the famous horseman of Kentucky, was "converted" in middle life, and joined one of the many sects that abound in that region of the United States. Later on he left it to become a member of the American Church. On being asked why he did so, he replied, "I can't belong to a 'scrub' church which has no pedigree."

Helping to Build the Church.

Nearly a thousand years ago a poor man was living in a wretched mud cabin in a wild moorland district of Devonshire. He was a good man and felt that if there was only a church in this wild spot the people would be less savage and wicked. So day after day as he returned from his work he would pick up a large stone and carry it to a place near his cabin. He grew old and the heap of stones grew bigger, and then at last the old man died, saying with his last words that the stones would one day build a church to the glory of God. And it all turned out as the man had said. The Lord of the manor heard of the poor labourer's zeal, and undertook to carry out the work which he had begun, and so a parish church rose on the foundation of those very stones that the trusting peasant had collected.

Patience with those who Differ from us.

THERE is a legend of the East which tells us how once an aged traveller in the desert came, weary and parched with thirst, to the tent of Abraham. The Patriarch gave water to the traveller, who, before he drank, let his tired camel drink, and then turning toward the setting sun, poured out a few drops as an offering to the god of fire. When Abraham saw that the stranger was an idolater, he snatched the vessel of water from his hand, and refused to give him drink. Presently an angel appeared to the Patriarch and reproved him, telling him "That God had borne with that idolater these threescore years,

> "And find'st not thou patience to pity him
> Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the end?"

"Who Gave thee this Authority?"

IT is a very natural thing when an ambassador comes to us that we should make diligent inquiry into his credentials, so that we may know that he speaks with authority. It is the first step which one who comes to us from a foreign country or court takes. He presents his letters of credence before he can gain a hearing. This, however, does not seem by some to be thought at all necessary in the case of an ambassador from Heaven. When Dr. Wolff was in the East, in the course of his wanderings he met a Syrian bishop. "Who are you?" said the bishop. "A missionary," was the answer, "come to preach salvation to these poor people. 'How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, or how shall they hear without a preacher?'" "Why do you not finish the text, 'How

shall they preach except they be sent?'" asked the bishop. "Who sent you?" "My metropolitan sent me; his predecessors sent him; and I sent my priests and deacons. Now, who sent you?" "The Spirit of the Lord," answered Dr. Wolff. "Very well," replied the bishop. "When God sends His ambassadors directly He sends their credentials with them. So He did in the case of Moses and of the Twelve. Miracles were their witnesses. To them they appealed to prove their authority. They did not expect men to take their unsupported word. We cannot take yours. What are your supernatural powers?" Dr. Wolff began to think of the subject in a new light. The result was that he came to America, and was ordained by the Bishop of New Jersey, Dr. G. W. Doane.

"The Invincibles."

Some regiments take to themselves this name of unconquerable. This title belongs of right to *our* army, the Church of Jesus Christ. The band of soldiers amongst whom we are enrolled have fought the good fight over all the world; East and West, North and South, have yielded to the Cross. The Church may say, like the Roman victor of old, "I came, I saw, I conquered!" "Thanks be to God, Who giveth *us* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" And has not our Lord Himself said of His Church, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it!"

Apostolic Succession.

A Scottish Churchman, a sound lawyer, found himself seated by a neighbour who used some language of sarcastic contempt of the subject of Apostolic Succession.

He did not take immediate notice of these remarks, but after a slight interval said, "By the way, is not Holy Communion to be administered in your church next Sunday?" "Well, it ought to be," replied the other, "but there is some difficulty; the minister who is to help ours has fallen ill." "Oh," said the Churchman, "suppose I come and administer it." "You!" said the first speaker, in a tone of astonishment, "why, you are a layman." "Oh, then you think that a minister has some spiritual powers which a layman has not?" "Certainly," was the reply. "But who," said the Churchman, "gave the minister these powers?" "Well, I suppose his predecessors, who ordained him." "And who theirs?" "Why, their predecessors." "And who gave it them?" "Why, theirs." "Now, don't you see," said the Churchman, "that at some point you must allow a layman to have started up and claimed this right; or else by your continual retrogression you are affirming an Apostolical Succession?" The satirist was silenced, and frankly admitted that he had never viewed the question in that light before.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY (*Continued*).

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH (*Continued*).

CHURCH EXTENSION OR MISSIONS.

"Go ye into all the World."

ONCE a young clergyman said to the great Duke of Wellington that he did not see any use in sending missionaries to the heathen in foreign lands when there were so many heathen at home. The Duke's answer was, "Look, sir, to your marching orders." Our Great Captain, Jesus Christ, has said "Go," and we must simply obey.

The Missionary Spirit.

ONCE in mid-ocean a ship's crew discovered an abandoned vessel. On the deck they found a man nearly dead from exhaustion and cold. They carried the sick man in safety to their boat and prepared to leave the wreck, when the man pointed his thin finger toward it and mustered up all his strength to say in a faint whisper, "There's another man." They returned, searched the cabin, and saw the second man lying insensible and helpless. So both were saved. If we, too, have been rescued from a sinful life, let us never forget that "there's another man."

The Heroes of the Church.

When the first Napoleon was a young man living in Corsica, the hangings of his bed were of beautiful tapestry, on which was worked the story of the heroes of old Greece. There the young Napoleon saw the might of Achilles and the grandeur of Agamemnon, and of many another ancient hero; and his heart was fired, and he, too, determined to become a hero and a conqueror. But the history of the Church of Christ has far grander heroes, brave men and women, and even children, who have fought and conquered and died for the cross of Christ. Try and learn about such men as S. Ignatius and S. Athanasius and S. Columba, and Bishop Patteson, and Mackay and Bishop Hannington, the heroes of Uganda.

Need of the Church in Heathen Lands.

In the market square of Shanghai every one who comes to buy has his own pair of scales. He will not trust his neighbour. A Chinese wife is a mere "thing in the house," a chattel, or piece of furniture. Children in China are ruthlessly murdered if not satisfactory to their parents. The Comte de Beauvoir, in an evening walk out of the city of Canton, found seven abandoned babies, some purposely wounded, all of them blue and dying of cold. The Sisters of Charity go out to save all they can. In one year they picked up four thousand, most of them too far gone to be revived.

Victories of the Church.

In 1850 one could buy a man in the Fiji Islands for seven dollars, butcher him, and eat him, without public remon-

strance. To-day the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday nine-tenths of the people may be found assembled in the churches for public worship.

Life Obtained in Working for Others.

A TRAVELLER was crossing mountain heights of untrodden snow alone. He struggled bravely against the overpowering sense of sleep, which seemed to weigh down his eyelids; but it was fast stealing over him, and if he had fallen asleep death would have been inevitable. At this crisis of his fate, his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, though no stone could be colder. He found it to be a human body half-buried in snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his chest and hands. This effort to save another brought back to himself life and energy. Speak to others of the life-giving Saviour, and you shall find it restoring vitality to your own soul.

Apparently Lost Service in Missions.

IF there was ever a man who seemed to spend his life for nothing, it was Henry Martyn—a man of an exquisite nature, great power, and a sweet and loving disposition. Taking the highest honours at the university, and having the best prospects in the Church, he was led by the Spirit of God to consecrate himself to the cause of foreign missions. For that object he sacrificed that which was dearer to him than life—for she to whom he was affianced declined to go with him. He forsook father and mother and native land and love itself, and went,

an elegant, accomplished scholar, among the East Indians and Persians, and spent seven years (1805-1812) almost without a single conversion. Still he laboured on, patient and faithful, until, seized with a fever, he staggered. And the last record that he made in his journal was, that he sat under the orchard trees and sighed for that land where there should be sickness and suffering no more. The record closed—he died, and a stranger marked his grave. A worldly man would say, "Here was an instance of mistaken zeal and enthusiasm. Here was a man who might have produced a powerful effect on the Church and in his own country, and built up a happy home, and been respected and honoured; but, under the influence of a strange fanaticism, he went abroad, and sickened and died, and that was the last of him." The last of him! Henry Martyn's life was the seed life of myriads of noble souls. Scores and scores of missionaries, who have brought into the Church multitudes of men in heathen lands, all over the world, have derived inspiration and courage from the eminently fruitful, but apparently wasted and utterly thrown away, life of Henry Martyn.

Missionary Zeal.

What a striking scene is that which the historian describes of Columbus, after his long and toilsome voyage, reaching the first land of the New World, and leaving the weather-beaten caravel, attired in scarlet, and holding the Royal Standard of Spain; then, after the keel of his galley had grated on the shore of the strange land, kneeling down to thank God, and rising up to plant the banner of his country in the soil, and thus claiming possession of the new territory in the name of his sovereigns, Ferdi-

nand and Isabella! Just so should we strive to promote Christ's kingdom, to enroll new souls under His banner.

Christ's Need of Helpers.

"CHRIST alone can save the world, but Christ can't save the world alone."

The Transformation of Uganda.

MATTERS in Uganda came to a climax in May, 1886, when Mwanga himself attacked a Christian boy in his court with his spear, and sent him forth to execution, following this up with orders that all Christians should be killed. Many hid till the storm passed by, but some openly avowed their faith. Munyaga Robato, the man who recovered Hannington's Bible, was seized in his house, but told his murderers that he would offer no resistance, and was flung into the flames after terrible mutilation. Alexandro went boldly to the court and confessed himself a Christian. Nua, the blacksmith, pleaded with his jailers to accept Christ, and begged the life of cattle stealers imprisoned with him, because they were not ready to die. Kidza prayed for his master, the fierce executioner Mujasi. Some were thrust into the stocks. Thirty-two were burnt at one time. Even the executioners owned to Mwanga that the Christians did not die like other men. Yet boys and women, as well as men, came still for baptism, and were received into the ark of Christ's Church in the deep shadows of the night. Mwanga had fought Christianity with all his might by his torturers, and he had failed. Henceforth its complete victory over Uganda was a mere question of time. The

infant Church came forth from the ordeal stronger than ever, though its strength was not yet to appear. The expedition of Stanley in search of Emin Pasha had reached in the autumn of 1889 the shores of the Albert Edward Nyanza lake, and Stanley was in some doubt as to their future course seaward. To the north lay Uganda, with its half-a-million spears and 2,000 guns. Every preparation was, therefore, made for difficulties, and all were on the alert. Just at this critical juncture, there suddenly appeared in camp a band of men in cotton dresses, spotlessly white, as well clothed as any of the tidiest natives of Zanzibar, intelligent, diplomatic, and sober, who announced to Stanley that they were the Christians of Uganda, and that they had come to ask him to restore, with their help, Mwanga, who had become a Christian. Stanley himself has left on record the surprise and pleasure with which he heard, after listening to the details of the revolution, that the persecuted Christian Church had become in twelve years from its commencement a political power so strong as to be able to depose the most powerful king in Africa, and to hold together against all possible combinations; but this was not all which he learned. He noticed that when they returned to their huts, they had little books which they drew out of the long folds of their dresses, and lay on the ground reading. These were the gospels and prayer books which Mackay and Ashe had printed for them. As he listened in camp to the stories of the martyrdom from the lips of the converts Zachariah and Samuel, it recalled to his mind the days of Caligula and Nero, and the Christians of early Rome. Thus the world first learned of the triumph of Christ in Uganda. It was not long before Mwanga was restored.

Answering One's own Prayers.

A LAD who heard his father pray for missions, and especially for the needs of missionaries, that they might be supplied, and that their institutions might be amply sustained, said to him, "Father, I wish I had your money." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father. "I would answer your prayers," was the reply.

"Scattering yet Increasing."

IN Connecticut, a few years ago, lived a lady who had a beautiful flower garden, in which she took great pride. The whole country was proud of it, too, and people drove miles to see it. She fastened two large baskets on the outside of her fence next to the road, and every morning they were filled with cut flowers—the large, showy kinds in one basket, and the delicate, fragile ones in the other. All the school children going by helped themselves and studied the better for it, and business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices that helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get in their forlorn lives. "You cut such quantities," some one said to her; "aren't you afraid you will rob yourself?" "The more I cut the more I have," she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well, for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I am like the man in 'Pilgrim's Progress':

"'A man there was (though some did count him mad),
The more he gave away the more he had.'"

A Parable on Religious Faiths.

Sir Monier-Williams, the eminent oriental scholar, in a late address compared the adherents of the different religious faiths within the wide domains of Queen Victoria. On a vast plain the 350,000,000 subjects of the queen are assembled before her throne, and on a table near the throne are the five sacred books of the East: the Bible, the Vedas, the Koran, the Tripitaka, and the Zend Avesta. Rising from her throne the queen says: "Let all those who believe in the Divine inspiration of the Vedas take their sacred book and pass out and away." Two hundred millions go out, and 150,000,000 remain. Sadly the Christian queen again speaks: "Let those who believe in the Koran now leave." Her grief increases as 60,000,000 more go out, and but 90,000,000 remain. Again she speaks, and again there is an exodus of those who believe in the Tripitaka, the sacred book of the Buddhist, and in the Zend Avesta, the Parsee Bible, 40,000,000 more. Out of the 350,000,000 only 50,000,000 remain who accept the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as their Bible, and only a part of these are heart believers in God's Book. This parable shows that the disciples of Jesus still have much to do before it can be said that the glad tidings have adequately been made known to every creature. It is important that the Christian Church should comprehend the magnitude of the work to which she has been called by her Leader.

The Church an Evidence.

A crew of sailors who, to use their own phrase, did "not take any stock in missions to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough experience changed their minds. Cruising

among one of the Pacific groups their vessel struck a reef and foundered. There was no alternative but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information, it was a choice between sharks and the natives. The part of the coast where they landed happening to be uninhabited, they hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length one of the boldest ventured to climb to the top of a hill, where he could look over to the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet and swing his hat, shouting, "Come on, boys; I see a church!"

The Mouse that did not Believe in Missions.

Once upon a time a mouse started out to seek his fortune. The first thing he came to was a tall tree, up which he climbed, and at the top he found many large nuts. "Here is food," he said, "if I can only get inside." He soon gnawed through the rough husk, but then came to the hard bark of the nut. "Perseverance will overcome all difficulties," he said; and soon he found a small soft place in the bark, and he quickly pushed his way through it, and there before him lay a most delicious feast of milk and sweet white cocoanut meat. Now this mouse might have hurried out and told his friends and neighbours of the feast he had found, enough for all for many days, or he might have stood in the hole and handed out meat to his friends, who could carry it to other mice who lived at a distance. But our mouse did neither of these things; he said, "Charity begins at home," and "Look out for number one," and "First come, first served," and some other proverbs that he had been careful to remember,

and these taught him that he would enjoy himself most by keeping quiet and eating it all himself. So he stayed inside the nut, and ate, and ate, and ate, till he had eaten it all up; and then he said, "I will go out and find another nut." But, alas! when he would go outside, he could not possibly squeeze through the hole, he had grown so big; and he could not gnaw the hard shell, so he had to stay inside till he died; and when the cocoanut gatherers came they found one nut too light to be good, and on cracking it open, lo! it was the tomb of the unfortunate, selfish mouse. Please bear in mind that this is a true tale. It is quite a common thing to find these empty nuts with nothing inside but a dead mouse. This is the way the poor things get there. And this is the lesson that they teach. We have all had an abundance of good food given to us, whereby our souls may grow, even the knowledge of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. We may hasten to share this feast with others who do not know about it; we may call them together and give it to them, or we may send messengers abroad to carry it to those who live afar. Or we may do the other thing that the mouse did—we may keep it all for ourselves. But if we follow the mouse's example we shall meet with his terrible end. Do you know how? So soon as we go away by ourselves and forget our hungry brothers and sisters, a shell begins to grow up around us. We don't notice it at first, but it grows very fast and very hard; and by and by, if we do not take care, it will surround us and shut us in a prison of selfishness, and our souls will grow smaller and smaller, and will be so used to thinking only of themselves that they will have lost the power of doing good, and will be as worthless in God's sight as the dead mouse is in the sight of the nut gatherers.

Unsaved Alone.

"Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul and it shall save thine own."

—*Whittier.*

"First the Blade," etc.

Small beginnings and slow progress at the first is the universal rule in missionary work. Henry Martyn, the great missionary to the East Indies, in seven years of work (1805-1812) only baptized one Hindu woman. Bishop Patteson (martyred 1871) only baptized thirteen natives as the result of thirteen laborious years among Polynesian savages. Samuel Marsden, after eleven years of patient work in New Zealand (1814-1825), had but one conversion. These were indeed years to try men's souls, years of patient waiting, but to-day New Zealand has a Christian Church of over 20,000 members, and India has more than 500,000; that is, as many probably as there were in all the world at the close of the year 100.

"The Patience of the Saints."

In 1849 a mission of the Church of England was established in China in the province of Fu-Kien, with a population of twenty millions. In 1856 the first missionary died, not having made a single convert. In 1857 another missionary dies; still no convert. In 1861, at last there are three converts. In 1863 another missionary dies. In 1865 there were 35 converts; in 1868, 227; in 1877, 2,323; in 1893, 10,323.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

The Church in Paradise and on Earth is one.

A PROCESSION is one, though part be out in the cold Christmas night and part in the beautifully lighted church. An army is one army in crossing a river, though part be on one side and part on the other.

The Communion of Saints on Earth.

How striking is the story told of that Royal saint, S. Elizabeth of Hungary, who lived in those proud feudal days, when the noble was so tempted to look with contempt on all beneath. On one occasion she found a miserable leper lying helpless on the stairs of her castle, and she, with much effort, raised the unhappy being in her arms, bore him into the palace, and there tended him with devoted care. Surely between the young and beautiful princess and the suffering leper whom she tended for the Saviour's sake, there was a communion of saints.

"He Calleth them all by their Names."

YOU know what the "milky way" is. It seems to the naked eye like one indistinguishable mass of light, or at

most it looks like a path of stardust. Yet when the milky way is examined through a powerful telescope it is seen that each grain of this "dust" is a separate star, just as truly so as any other star in the sky. To us all are blended together, but God "telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names" (Psalm cxlvii. 4). So our blessed Lord knows each saint, no matter how poor or lowly or unknown. "He calleth His own sheep by name."

Our Home in Paradise.

"I saw three years ago a great ship come into port from across the ocean. We waited for her long, but nothing could be seen; mist lay on the waters, hiding the distance from view. At length, close at hand, the vast hull appeared; light foam rippled under the bows; the sun broke forth, the black sides shone in the light, and we saw on deck those whom our hearts loved, their eyes fixed on us, their hands extended in recognition. Thus may we also, who are still out on the waves of this troublesome world, come home at last; and thus may we see those who have gone before waiting for us on the peaceful shore of Paradise."—*Morgan Dix.*

"Members one of another."

Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England in the south of Africa, from the top of a neighbouring hill saw lepers at work. He noticed two particularly, sowing peas in a field. One had no hands; the other had no feet, these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other, who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he again carried the

bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his feet: and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Such should be the true union of the members of Christ's body, in which all the members should have the same care one for another.

"Bear ye one another's Burdens."

ACCORDING to a writer in *Nature*, the small, migratory birds that are unable to perform the flight of 350 miles across the Mediterranean sea, are carried over on the backs of cranes. In the autumn many flocks of the latter may be seen going from the north with the first cold blasts from that quarter, flying low and uttering a peculiar cry, as if of alarm, as they sweep over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may then be seen flying up to them, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. But for this kind provision of Nature numerous varieties of small birds would become extinct in northern countries, as the cold winters would kill them. What a lesson there is in this, as to how the strong may help the weak through the vicissitudes of adversity.

"Love as Brethren."

THERE is a charming tradition connected with the site on which Solomon's Temple was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in shocks, the elder

brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." The brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events occurred for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so when, on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this was the Temple of King Solomon erected—so spacious, so magnificent, the wonder and admiration of the world.

"No Man Liveth to himself."

THERE is an old story of one who was taken as a passenger on board a ship, and when the vessel was in mid-ocean, the sailors discovered that the passenger was busy making a hole deep in the ship's side. When they spoke of the madness and wickedness of his act, the man answered, "How does it concern you? I have made the hole directly under my own berth." He never considered that in destroying his own life he would sacrifice the lives of all in the vessel. So is it with every wilful act of sin. Every bad word uttered poisons some other soul. Every angry passion indulged in does harm to some one else besides the sinner.

"Home, Sweet Home."

DURING the American Civil War the two rival armies were encamped opposite each other on the banks of the Potomac River. When the Federal bands played some national air of the Union, the Confederate musicians struck up a rival tune, each band trying to out-play and silence the other. Suddenly one of the bands played "Home, Sweet Home," and the contest ceased. The musicians of both armies played the same tune, voices from opposite sides of the river joined the chorus, "There's no place like home!" How ought not the thought of an everlasting Home to make all Christians be of one heart and mind!

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

(*See also the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.*)

The Ever-open Door.

THE daughter of a poor Highland widow had wandered from her home, into one of the cities of Scotland, and was leading there a life of sin. The mother went after her lost one, who repented, and was coming home. But temptation assailed her on the way, and she returned to her old haunts. The desolate mother went back to her cottage alone; and yet she was not alone, for she called upon the widow's God. He was entreated of her. As she sat by the fire one sleepless night, she heard a footfall on the floor. She turned at the sound; it was her repentant child. The first glad surprise and full confession over: "How came it, mother," said the daughter, "that at this dead and lonely hour, I found the latch of the cottage open?" "The latch has never been shut day or night since you left me," was the mother's answer; "I feared that if you came and found it shut, you might turn away for ever." So, while life lasts, God's door is ever on the latch, ready to be opened by the penitent sinner.

Confession of Sin.

A VERY learned man once said, "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken!'" Frederick the Great, the King of Prussia, once wrote to the Senate, "I have lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." That confession showed more greatness than all his victories.

"I Believe in the Forgiveness of Sins."

THERE is an anecdote told of a young monk who was in the utmost distress of mind about his sins, when an aged priest gave him comfort by reminding him of what he daily professed to believe, in the recitation of the creed, "*The forgiveness of sins!*" Often had he used the words, little had he realised their meaning!

"I will Forgive."

A SETTLER in South Africa, who lived some distance up the country, one day found a native lurking about his stable. He accused the man of trying to steal a horse. The captive reiterated his innocence, and explained that he was making home to his kraal. Despite his frantic struggles and efforts to escape, the poor Kaffir was dragged to a tree, and there, with one blow of an axe, his right hand was severed from the wrist. It was about three months after this tragic event that the settler found himself benighted while still far away from his home. He came to a Kaffir hut and asked admission. A tall native desired him to enter, and food was placed before him. Next morning when he rose to depart, his host confronted him, and holding up his right arm asked the

white man if he knew it. The squatter turned pale—the hand was gone! He knew that he had been at the mercy of the man he had treated so cruelly. The Kaffir continued: "You were in my power. I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has maimed you for life,' but I replied, 'No; I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'"

"Whosesoever Sins ye Remit."

It is quite true that God only can forgive sins, but how does He forgive? Ordinarily by the mouth of His Church, by the words of His ministers to whom He has given express authority for this very purpose. God uses the Priest as His mouthpiece. The forgiveness is God's but it is pronounced by man. Suppose that a man is sentenced to death in England. No one but the Queen has the power to grant him life. But that pardon does not come from the Queen directly. It comes through the Home Secretary. It is the Queen's pardon indeed, for no one else can pardon, but it is pronounced by one of her ministers.

Archbishop Laud and his Persecutors.

It is most touching to read the record of the last hours of the martyr, Archbishop Laud, and the noble words of his prayer on the scaffold for his persecutors. He prayed, "Lord, pardon them all, and those especially who have drawn down this present judgment upon me;" and in his dying speech he concluded, "I forgive all the world, all and every one of those bitter enemies which have persecuted me." And seeing through a chink in the boards of the scaffold that some persons were standing under the place where the block was fixed, he re-

quested the officer in attendance either to stop the crevices with dust, or remove the people thence, for it was not his wish " that his blood should fall on the heads of the people," no doubt remembering the Scripture words on the subject, lest it should happen to their condemnation; and putting some money into the hands of the headsman, he said, " Here, honest friend, God forgive thee, and I do! "

FOURTH SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

(*Also for Third Sunday after Epiphany.*)

BAPTISM—THE OUTWARD SIGN; THE INWARD GRACE.

(*See also First Sunday after Easter.*)

"Wash away thy Sins."

"We have some little difficulty," said a scientific lecturer, "with the iron dyes; but the most troublesome of all are Turkey-red rags. You see I have dipped this into my solution; its red is paler, but it is still strong. If I steep it long enough to efface the colour entirely, the fibre will be destroyed; it will be useless for our manufacture. How, then, are we to dispose of our red rags? We leave their indelible dye as it is, and make them into red blotting-paper. Perhaps you have wondered why your writing-pad is red. Now you know the reason." What a striking illustration of the fitness and force of this figure of God's Word, and of the power of "the precious blood of Christ" to change and cleanse, is furnished by the above explanation. The Spirit of God led the prophet Isaiah to write, not "Though your sins be as blue as the sky, or as green as the olive-leaf, or as black as night." He chose the very colour which modern science with all

its appliances finds to be indestructible. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Grafted into the Body of Christ's Church."

THE gardener takes his slips to the tree or stock on which he intends to engraft them, and having made an incision in the proper places, he carefully inserts the grafts into the stock and binds them close, that they may not be shaken by the wind, and that the wounded parts may be protected from the sun and rain. This is the first thing necessary; the next is that they should take hold of the stock. The slips may be injured and die; or they may not, from some cause or other, receive sap from the root: but when we see them bud, then we know that they are really united to the tree. Apply this to the sacraments as they are means of uniting us to Christ; in the first case we have the outward sign, in the second the proof of inward grace.

Baptism a Seed of Life.

BAPTISM is but a germ or seed. It is like the seed that you sow in the garden. That seed is neither fruit nor flower, but it contains within it the possibility of both. The seed may indeed die from frost, or excessive heat, or lack of care. But one thing is certain, that unless you sow this seed, you never can have either flower or fruit.

"Put off the Old, Put on the New."

THE man who desires to enter the army, is first stripped and examined. Then, if accepted, he is dressed in a new

uniform, and forsakes his former clothing. So the soldiers of Christ must strip. The old garment of sin must be laid aside, and "the wedding garment" of righteousness put on.

THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

(*Also for Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.*)

THE MEMORIAL IN THE EUCHARIST.

(*See also Palm Sunday.*)

Emblem of Christ's Intercession.

About the year 1350 Edward III. of England invaded France with thirty thousand men, and at the battle of Crecy defeated Philip, who was at the head of the French army. After the battle Edward besieged the city of Calais, which, after an obstinate resistance of a year, was taken by the English king. He offered to spare the lives of the inhabitants on condition that six of their principal citizens should be delivered up to him, with halters round their necks, to be immediately executed. When these terms were announced in the city there was consternation on every countenance. The rulers of the town came together, and the question was publicly proposed. "Who will offer himself as an atonement for the city?" There was silence in the assembly. The form in which the question was put suggested another, which, after the lapse of a few moments, fell from the same lips: "Who will imitate Christ, who gave Himself for the salvation of men?" Eustace St. Pierre, the commander of the town, immediately stepped forward and said, "I will

lay down my life for your sakes. I do it freely—cheerfully. Who is the next one?" "Your son," cried a young man, not yet arrived at manhood. "Who next?" Another and another quickly offered, until the whole number was made up. They started for the English camp. Their families and fellow-citizens clung around them, groaning and weeping until the noise was heard in the opposite army. On reaching it they were received by the soldiers of Edward with every mark of commiseration and friendship. They appeared before the king. "Are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" he inquired sternly. "Of France, my lord," they replied. "Lead them to execution." At this moment a shout of triumph was heard in the camp. The queen had just arrived. She was immediately informed of the punishment about to be inflicted on the six victims. Hastening to the king she pleaded for their pardon. At first he sternly refused to grant it but her earnestness conquered and the king yielded. What a forcible illustration is this of the intercession of our Lord Jesus Christ! God's only Son can never plead in vain. But Jesus has done more than the Queen of England ever did for the captives of Calais. He gave Himself. He shed His blood to save us. It is this sacrifice we plead every time we celebrate the Holy Eucharist. And He is ever pleading the same in Heaven.

"He Gave Himself for me."

"A NATURALIST has told us the sweet pathetic tragedy of a piece of English gorse. The gorse was set fire to. The fire swept on fast, until it came to a linnet's nest. And the naturalist found covering the little brood, which were saved from the storm of fire that swept over them,

a small black and blasted skeleton, which might have been a coloured and winged song under the blue sky had she not been 'faithful unto death.' Small but beautiful picture of the love of Him who gave Himself for us!" —*Archbishop Alexander.*

A Brother's Intercession.

Once among the old Greeks there was a man named Æschylus, and he was condemned to death, and was going to be led to execution. But he had a brother named Amyntas, who had gained victories for Greece, and in one battle had lost his hand. Just as Æschylus was going forth to die, Amyntas entered the court, and without saying a word to the judges, he held up on high the arm which had no longer a hand. Then the judges remembered his service, and pardoned his brother. And the Lord Jesus is our Brother. He also is ever holding up those wounded hands, pleading for us in Heaven, and here on the altar on earth his priest holds up before God and pleads that same wounded Body under the sacramental signs of Bread and Wine.

The Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Notice how the Bread and Wine, apart from their consecration, are each, as substances, eminently typical of the suffering of Christ's sacrifice. The wheat in growing is subjected to, and often overcome by, wind and storm; it is cut down, threshed, winnowed, ground, sifted by violent shaking, kneaded, and lastly subjected to fire. Grapes are pressed, their juice is fermented and refined.

SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

(*Also for Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.*)

COMMUNION IN THE EUCHARIST.

"The Bread of Life."

A FRIEND of mine was coming home from Australia when the ship took fire. He escaped in a small boat, with some of the crew, while the rest took refuge in a larger one. Into the larger boat were cast a number of cases of bacon. By some strange accident into the smaller boat were put a large number of cases of solid gold, by way of ballast. But more were put in than ought to have been put in. Night drew on. The probability was that by morning the boats would have lost sight of each other. Those in the smaller boat looked over their stock of provisions. To their horror they found they had a great many cases of gold, but very few cases of bacon. My friend said he never should forget the moment when two lusty sailors lifted up a case of solid bullion, and shouted out across the water, to those who were in the other boat: "Ten thousand pounds for one case of bacon." The gold was not suited to their wants, and the bacon was. The bacon meant life and preservation; the gold starvation. Even so, the profit

that comes in this world, being not suited to thy spiritual nature, can no more satisfy thee than gold those hungry men; and, therefore, if thou desirest anything like satisfaction, thou must lift thine eyes higher, to where Christ says, "I am the Bread of Life. He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

Parable of the Magnet.

Take a bar of steel, and rub it with a loadstone. You perceive no change. Measure it, test it, examine it with a microscope; to all outward appearance it is simply a bar of steel, exactly what it was before. But it is changed; it has now "become" a magnet. The magnetic power exists in, with, and under the steel; it is "really present" under the species of steel. You know this only by its effects. It attracts and it repels; it points ever to the north; it dips with one end to the horizon, and elevates with the other above it. It also imparts its own mysterious virtue to those bodies which it attracts. So does our Lord make this sacrament the test for attraction and repulsion to men's hearts (S. John vi. 54; viii. 30). It ever points to God; it dips to earth, and elevates to heaven; it imparts its properties to those whom it attracts; and it makes them like Christ. No one can say of it that "it represents a magnet," for it *is* a magnet; for the same reason no one can say that it is not really a magnet, but that it virtually acts as such, when it comes in contact with such bodies as are affected by it; again, no one can say that the steel is transubstantiated into a magnet, so that it is no longer steel; nor, again, that there is any confusion of the properties of the steel with those of the magnet, as in consubstantiation, where the

spiritual substance is supposed to be confused with the material. All we do know is that the steel, without ceasing to be steel, is a magnet; and in like manner we believe and confess that Christ is in His sacrament by the operation of the Holy Ghost, provided there be bread and wine and an apostolic priest, duly commissioned by Christ to bless in His Name, and to say the words of Institution.

The Cost of the Cup of Christ.

CLEOPATRA put in her cup a jewel, which contained the price of a kingdom: *this* sacred cup we are to drink of, enriched with the Blood of God, is above the price of a kingdom.

Early Celebration.

AN ignorant person was once asking about the early Celebration of Holy Communion, and she called it the early *Separation.* Surely that chance word is full of meaning. That Blessed Sacrament is the sign of separation of the believing from the faithless, just as it is the union of all the faithful in the One Body of Christ.

Napoleon's Happiest Day.

NAPOLEON I. had almost everything the world could give him—kingdoms and armies, and riches and power. Yet when he had them all, and millions of people were ready to do his bidding, he was asked by a friend, "What was the happiest day of your life?" They expected he would speak of one of his great victories, but he did not. "The happiest day of my life," he said slowly, with a far-off look that grew softer as he spoke, "the happiest day of my life was when, as a lad, I took my first Com-

munion." Yes, he was near Jesus then—very near Him —and he saw the glory, and therefore he was very, very happy. Alas! he went down and down from that mountain-top, and he gained a great many things, but he lost his happiness, for no soul can be happy that goes away from Jesus.

The Need of Constant Communion.

We were at the foot of Mt. Blanc, in the village of Chamouni. A sad thing had happened the day before we reached the village. A young physician, of Boston, had determined to reach the heights of Mt. Blanc. He accomplished the feat, and the little village was illuminated in his honour; the flag was flying from the little hut on the mountain side—that all who have visited Chamouni well remember—that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety, as far as the hut, he wanted then to be relieved from his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remonstrated with him, told him it was not safe, but he was tired of the rope and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to yield. The young man had only gone a short distance when his foot slipped on the ice and he could not stop himself from sliding down the inclined icy steeps. The rope was gone, so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body of the young physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the village illuminated in honour of his success, but, alas, in a fatal moment he refused to be guided; he was tired of the rope. Do we not get tired of the rope? God's providences hold us, restrain us, and we get tired sometimes. We need a guide, and shall till the

dangerous paths are over. Never get disengaged from your Guide; let your prayer be, "Lead Thou me on," and sometime the bells of heaven will ring that you are safe at home!

The Power of Christ in Holy Communion.

LORD CHATHAM once exclaimed, "Impossibilities, I trample upon impossibilities!" When Napoleon was told that the Alps stood in the way of his army, he answered, "There shall be no Alps," and so the Simplon Pass was made for his march into Italy. But it is the Christian who feeds on Christ at His altar continually who can say with greatest truth, "I can do *all* things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"As Doves to their Windows."

ONE of the old prophets, who lived seven hundred years before Christ, foresaw how, when Christ came, people of every land would crowd to His Church and its altar "*as doves to their windows.*" (Is. lx. 7, 8.) Perhaps what I am going to tell you may explain what Isaiah meant by this. If you should ever go to Venice, you must not fail to visit the great square of San Marco, so called after a magnificent cathedral built there many centuries ago. But it is not the cathedral that I am going to speak of now. You must be sure to be on the square a few minutes before twelve at mid-day. You will then see clouds of beautiful doves flying from all quarters of the city, and lighting on the eaves of the houses, on the domes of the old church, and indeed on every spot where a resting place can be found. They seem to be waiting for something, and so they are, for long habit and instinct teaches

them to be there at that time. As the great clock tolls the hour, a window opens and a hand is stretched out, scattering grain on the pavement beneath. In a second almost, down sweep all the doves, each one trying to get more than his share. The air seems darkened with them, and there is such a fluttering and haste as never was. But they need not be in such a hurry, for the grain is thrown out again and again, till all are satisfied. Some years ago, a rich lady of the city died, and left a piece of ground to be cultivated for the birds. So they have their own farm, which cannot be taken away from them. And we Christians are the doves that Isaiah foresaw. We too have a rich legacy left to us. Christ died in order to give it to us. That legacy is the Holy Communion. But when the time for Holy Communion comes do *we* "fly as doves to their windows"? Are we as eager and as prompt as they? *Should* we not be so? "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life."

The Grace of Holy Communion.

A YOUNG man came one day to S. Philip Neri, entreating him to help him in getting rid of a sinful habit, of which he had long been the slave. The saint comforted him; gave him wise counsel; and having listened to his humble confession, sent him away absolved and happy. "Receive the Holy Communion to-morrow," he said, "and if it should happen that you fall again—from which God defend you—come to me at once, and trust in the goodness of God." The very next evening, the poor young man had to return, and with tears confess that he had fallen once more. The kind saint raised him up, encouraged him, gave him absolution, and bid him, as

before, go next morning to receive the Body and Blood of his Lord. The youth, struggling on one side with the power of the evil habit, and on the other with his desire to return to God, found in these frequent Communions a source of such vigorous energy, that he returned thirteen days running to the saint, who was as unflagging in his kindness as the young man was in his efforts. Grace at length prevailed; and Jesus reckoned in His ranks another faithful servant, who, in a short time, made such progress in holiness that he was judged worthy of the priesthood; and, having edified his native city with his virtues, died, while still young, the death of a saint.

All Equal at the Altar.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once, when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man went up the opposite aisle, and, reaching the altar rail, knelt down close by the side of the Duke. Some one (probably a pew-opener) came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move farther away, or to rise, and wait until the Duke had received. But the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand, and held him, to prevent his rising; and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move: we are all equal here."

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.

THE BENEFITS OF HOLY COMMUNION, AND WHAT IS REQUIRED.

Christ our Refuge.

On the coast of Northumberland there is a piece of land which twice in the day is an island, and twice in the day is a continent. That sounds odd, but it is the work of the tide. Holy Island, for that is its name, is twice a day surrounded by the sea, and then of course it is an island; and twice a day the sea goes back and leaves three miles of good, firm dry sand, joining the island to the shore. You can then walk to the island on dry ground. But here and there along this strip of sand are strange looking structures like sentry boxes on poles, with steps leading up to them. These are placed all the way between the island and the shore, about 200 yards apart, and they are called "refuges." Now why do you think they need these refuges? The reason is that when the tide rises, it comes in very rapidly, and if any one is caught by it he is likely to be drowned unless he can make for one of these refuges. Not long ago some people, instead of keeping close to the track beside the refuges, took a road of their own from the island, and the sea came rushing up, and they were drowned, because they could not reach a refuge in time. That track is the way of your Com-

munions. Your path is studded with them. Only there are you safe, for Christ comes to you in them. "Other refuge have I none."

The Power of Repentance.

I HAVE read of a hospital chaplain who ministered for a long time to a sick man, and seemed to make no impression on him. One night the chaplain went to bed, weary and dispirited with his failure, and dreamed a dream. He thought he saw the sick man standing before the judgment seat of Christ. The angel of justice cast all his many sins into one scale, and there was nothing in the other. Suddenly another angel came flying to the scene, and cast into the scale of mercy a handkerchief wet with tears. In an instant the scale of mercy outweighed that of justice. Next day the chaplain hastened to the hospital to find the man dead, and beneath his pillow a handkerchief wet with tears.

One Gate of Entrance.

IT is said there was but one gate in ancient Troy by which men might enter or leave the city. So there is but one way to escape for us now, through the door which Jesus opens for us. "Behold," He says, "I set before you an open door." That door is repentance, and Christ has opened it by the shedding of His Blood on the Cross.

The Need of Constant Effort.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, and found him finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again, and the sculptor was still at his work. Looking at the

figure, his friend exclaimed, "You have been idle since I last saw you." "By no means," said the sculptor, "I have retouched this part and polished that. I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; and I have given more expression to this lip, and energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," said Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." It is daily self-examination and constant Communion that can alone produce true Christlikeness.

Danger of Neglecting Self-examination.

How the world was agape recently when it came out that a neglected handful of some foreign aquatic seed, dropped into one of our great canals, had grown and grown and multiplied, until miles were being choked up with the pestiferous weed! And yet we will not see that "small sins" have this very principle of growth and increase.

"Snuff your Candles."

Not long ago I went over the old Eddystone Lighthouse, which has been taken from the sea and built up on Plymouth Hoe. Up at the top of the lighthouse is the lantern with the old candlesticks which were used before improved lamps, or gas, or electric lights were thought of. In one of the chambers is a curious clock, which was given by Smeaton, the builder of the lighthouse, and which struck every half-hour, to remind the keepers to *snuff their candles.* If you want to give a clear, pure light, you must watch yourselves. You must examine yourselves. You must take care to *snuff your candles.*

Importance of Self-examination.

MERCHANTS take *copper* coins without ringing them. Not so *gold* ones. These they always ring to see if they sound clear and true, showing that they are genuine, not lead gilded or a thin outer surface of gold filled with lead. And our souls are far more valuable than all the gold coins in the world. We should not think they will pass with God without our trying them.

Penitence.

IT has been beautifully said that the pearls upon the gates of Paradise are the tears of penitents. The entrance into the heavenly city is through penitential sorrows into eternal joys.

"O Cleanse Thou me from my Secret Faults."

CHEMISTS tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart colour to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things: one weakness, one habit, may influence the whole of life and character. "Let a man examine himself."

Benefits of Holy Communion.

THERE was a poor woman in a Black Country town, whose religion brought down upon her much persecution from her husband. But by degrees her gentleness, and her perseverance in her duties, in spite of his cruelty, softened his heart, and he began to go with her to church, and to be interested in religion. One day he was questioning her about the Holy Communion. "I wish," he said, "you would explain it to me. What is it that you go for?" "I can't *explain* it to you," she replied, "but

I can tell you this about it—*we goes up empty and we comes down full.*" Simple but beautiful words! "In Thy presence is the fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore."

Constant Self-examination.

In the old Greek stories Hercules is the very strong man. One hard thing that was given him to do was to clean out the stable of King Augeas, which had never been cleansed in the memory of man. Hercules performed this task by turning aside a river out of its course, and carrying it through the stable. If we do not watch our lives and our tempers by preparing constantly for Holy Communion, they will become as foul as the Augean stable.

Need of Constant Repair.

The great Cathedral of Cologne was begun in A.D. 1270. Work was carried on for 250 years, and the beautiful design was not finished. At the reformation in the beginning of the 16th century the work had to stop entirely, but the builders left a crane or derrick on one of the towers as a constant reminder to the people of its unfinished state. For 300 years this silent witness stood through summer and winter, sunshine and storm. When the crane perished from age or weather, a new one was always reared in its place, and so the witness was always there. At length, a few years ago, the church was completed and solemnly consecrated to God amid great rejoicing, but even to-day work still goes on. When the sound of the chisel died away decay had already begun, and the work of repair had to commence. So must it be also in the life of the Christian.

Penitence must be Entire.

A MERCHANT in Bremen lately received a letter from a man who confessed that he had robbed him of a thousand marks some years before. The man enclosed one hundred marks in part payment, saying that his conscience had troubled him of late, and that he would send some more money if he found his conscience kept on troubling him!

The Holy Grail.

THERE is an old legend about S. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich councillor, in whose garden the body of the Lord Jesus was buried. We know from Holy Scripture that Joseph asked Pilate to let him take down the body of Christ from the cross, but the legend has it that he also asked Pilate to be allowed to go to the upper room and get the vessel from which our Lord ate the Passover with His disciples. This vessel, which is called the "Holy Grail," Joseph took to the cross, and there he received into it many drops of blood which issued from the still open wounds in Christ's feet and hands and side. The story goes on to tell us that when Joseph was put in prison without food, the Holy Grail supported his life for many years, and that he brought the vessel with him when he came to England to preach the gospel, and set up the Church there. This is only a legend or story, but there is a great truth at the bottom of it all. The chalice or cup for Holy Communion in every one of our churches is the real Holy Grail that brings to us the true blood of the Lord Jesus which is "verily and indeed," though spiritually, "taken and received by the faithful" in that holy sacrament.

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